

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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- ART. I.—1. *Jornal da Sociedade Catholica.* No. 1—33. Lisboa, 1843, 4.
2. *Carta Pastoral de D. Pedro Paulo de Figueiredo da Cunha e Mello, Arcebispo e Senhor de Braga, Primaz das Hespanhas, do Conselho de S. M. F.*—May 20, 1844.
3. *Carta Pastoral de D. Jeronymo José da Costa Rebello, Bispo do Porto, do Conselho de S. M. F.*—July 22, 1844.
4. *Carta Pastoral de D. José de Moura Coutinho, Bispo de Lamego, &c.*—Oct. 23, 1844.
5. *Carta Pastoral de D. José Xavier Cerveira e Sousa, Bispo do Funchal, Ilha da Madeira, Porto Santo, e Arguim, &c.*—Aug. 10, 1844.
6. *Letter Apostolic of His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI., on the reduction of the number of Holydays of obligation in Portugal and the Algarves.*—June 14, 1844.
7. *Carta Pastoral de Francisco II., Cardeal Patriarcha de Lisboa.*—Sep. 10, 1844.

AMONG the signs which, when we consider the present state of the English Church, force themselves upon our notice, there is one that, apparently of small importance, does, in fact, bear witness to a great and most dangerous evil. It is, the little knowledge that we possess of the past history, and the little interest that we feel in the present prospects, of Sister Communion. A general idea of the ecclesiastical annals of our own land, a still more superficial acquaintance with those of the Church Catholick, is, it should seem, sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of Anglican Churchmen. It does not enter their thoughts to take a more minute view of the various national

Churches of Europe; they class them together as Roman bodies; and in that vague and general appellation lose all sense of their individual existence. Whether Monasteries exist, or have been abolished, whether Bishops are nominated by the Crown, or by the See of Rome, whether the Priesthood is supported by tithes or by a government allowance, whether Education is in the hands of the Church or the State—these are questions which are seldom asked, and still more seldom answered. Be it the Gallican Church or the Austrian, the Spanish or the Belgian, the Italian or the Brazilian; be its tenets *cis* or *ultra-montane*, be it reviving into vigour, or yet lying in torpor,—an Englishman can, or will, see no difference. It is Popish; he knows no more, and seeks to know no more. We well remember, that, returning by sea to a foreign city, we were pointing out to an English parish priest, then visiting it for the first time, its various buildings, and describing them to him. ‘That is the Franciscan Convent; that, the Cathedral; that, the Church of “our Lady of the Mount.”’ ‘A Convent?’ he inquired. ‘No,’ we replied; ‘a parish church.’ ‘Do you mean,’ he said in amazement, ‘that Papists have parish-churches, just as we have in England?’

Now what interest can be felt for those of whom our ideas are so vague, and our information so false? Through our ignorance, we lose the privilege of sympathy; for who can sympathize with an unknown object? We lose the power of intercessory prayer; for where there is no sympathy, how can there be intercession? And thus we debar ourselves from partaking in the intercessions of others; for *qui orat pro se solo, orat pro se solus*. And we are puffed up with the most extravagant ideas of our own exertions and our own successes, simply because we measure ourselves by ourselves, and compare ourselves among ourselves; and therefore—it is an Apostle that says it—are not wise.

It is this which, to the most hopeful among us, cannot but cause sad apprehensions as to our future destiny. We refuse that experience which we might acquire from foreign ecclesiastical history, and prefer rather to trust to our own impromptu resources, than to the wisdom, often the painful wisdom, of the trials of others. True, we are beginning to look back to ‘primitive times;’ it is a step in the right direction, and we bless God for it. We are beginning to take an interest in the history of the Universal Church, even in mediæval ages; and we cannot but derive benefit from such a course. But the more remote the period, and the more general the account, of necessity the less lively the interest, and the less pertinent the example. He would be but a poor politician, who should draw his inferences from the study of universal history only. We want to see a

national Church coping with the same difficulties by which we are now surrounded; we want to discover how such a point was gained, how such an objection was met, how such an accident was prevented. That contest with the State in which we must sooner or later be engaged, is not unique in the history of modern times; and yet it might almost as well be so, for any advantage we derive from contemplating the successes or reverses of others during its progress. The further development of our parochial system is a thing which cannot much longer be deferred; when we take it in hand, how little of the experience of others shall we have to guide us! Church education is almost a watchword of the day; yet how feeble the interest felt by us in the life-struggle now carrying on between the Gallican Church and the University of Paris! The restoration of Abbey-lands is continually in our mouths; and yet we scarcely know anything of the actual effort now making for their partial restitution in Spain.

The case is the same with matters of less vital import. Ask the veriest schoolboy the capital of France or Portugal, and he will reply without a moment's pause. Ask a man of general information the Primatial Church of either country, and he will hesitate for an answer. The ecclesiastical historians of foreign nations are scarcely procurable in London; their names are unknown to catalogues and booksellers; their writings have, in many instances, never crossed the Channel. It is not so with profane history. Hardly an European nation but has found more than one English annalist; whereas, with the single exception of the late interesting translation of Mouravieff, we look in vain for an ecclesiastical historian of any.

We are about to attempt a sketch of a Church, which, in a more especial manner, claims our attention. The natural ally of England, Portugal is connected with us as well by historical reminiscences as by present interests. The House of Bragança owe, under God, their first establishment, and two subsequent restorations, to British arms; a Portuguese Princess was the last Queen of England whose father was a Catholick King; an English Queen shared the throne of Portugal at the ever-memorable accession of the House of Aviz; an English Prelate was the first Bishop of Lisbon; the Salisbury Breviary was long employed by that see; to English valour, in great measure, Lisbon itself was owing; England has succeeded Portugal in the empire of the sea and of the East; we are closely connected with her by commercial as well as political interest; weekly is her whole extent of coast, and a lovely coast it is, from the Minho to Cape S^a. Maria, visited by our steam vessels; and in four important cities, Lisbon, Porto, Funchal, and Rio, the two Churches are brought into contact.

And yet, of the Portuguese Church less, perhaps, is known, than of that of most other European nations. There are, indeed, reasons for this ignorance.

Almost all the ecclesiastical historians of Portugal have written in their own language; a language which is little studied and understood among us. The common impression is, that it is a corrupt dialect of Spanish; that it is inharmonious and imperfect; that, practically, it is not worth acquiring, because little spoken; and, intellectually, because it has produced no works of value. Now, we might well urge that it possesses a psychological accuracy¹ unknown even to the accurate Greek; that it has acquired peculiar richness from the admixture of Latin and Arabic; that it is the repository of many words which, but for it, had long since disappeared from their Oriental source; that the dialect of Beira and Estremadura is as flexible, as powerful, as harmonious, as the purest Castilian; and that a language which, in the hands of Camoens, evinces such bewitching harmony, can never, with justice, be called inharmonious. We might also urge that it is spoken over a wider extent of territory than any other European tongue; but we had rather vindicate its literature from the ignorant attacks which have been made upon it. Leaving the great Camoens out of the question, we may refer to the lyric sweetness of Sa, Caminha, Gouvêa, Mascarenhas, and Soares; and the epic strains of Quevedo, Meneses, and Oliveira. It is, however, in her historians that Portugal may fairly challenge comparison with any other nation. Of her ecclesiastical annalists only we refer below to more than fifty, and these not copyists, but original writers. Could the same thing be done for English Church-history?²

¹ We allude to the distinction between the four auxiliary verbs, more especially between *estar* and *ser*—to be; the latter expressing essential, the former accidental, existence: e. g. *estou doente*—I am ill; *sou doente*—I am an invalid. Again, the declined infinitive, and the various singularities arising from the introduction of the preposition *a* between the verb and its accusative, give rise to great beauty and accuracy.

² It may not be useless to mention some of the principal works from which information is to be gained with respect to the Portuguese Church. Ecclesiastical subjects form so large a portion of the secular histories of Portugal, that we shall begin by mentioning some of the most esteemed among the latter. For Portugal itself:—Bernardo de Britto, *Monarchia Lusitana*, (from the earliest times to its separation, as a great fief, from Leon), and his various continuators; Antonio Brandão, Francisco Brandão, and others; the Portuguese translation of M. De la Cledé's History, (which corrects many mistakes of the original work); Antonio de Lemos, *Historia de Portugal*, (20 vols. 12mo., Lisbon, 1786—1804); and the *Europa, the Africa, and the Asia Portuguesa* of Manoel de Faria, (a Spanish author). Almost every particular reign has its own annalist: among these Ruy de Pina, Fernando de Meneses, Damiao de Goes, and Francisco d'Andrade, are deservedly esteemed. For Portuguese India—Lopes de Castanheda, (*Discovery and Conquest*); Joao de Barros, the Portuguese Livy, (*Decades*); Diogo de Couto, (*Decades*); Jacinto-Freire d'Andrade,

In fact, the History of Portugal, from its first existence as a nation, is in the highest degree romantic and picturesque. It

(Life of the Viceroy, João de Castro); Afonso de Albuquerque (Commentaries); and for the later history, Antonio de Muriles and João da Costa. For Brazil—Christovão de Gouvêa, and Francisco Solano Constancio, in their respective histories; Duarte de Albuquerque Coelho, (History of the Expulsion of the Dutch). For the other conquests—Pedro de Cintra, (Navegação a Guiné); Alvares d'Almada, (Trattados dos Reinos de Guiné e Cabo Verde); Fernando de Meneses, (Historia de Tangere). Proceeding now to purely ecclesiastical historians, we will mention, of the Benedictines, Antonio de Yopez, (Cronicas de S. Bento, 7 vols. folio); Sandoval, (Fundações de S. Bento); Leão de S. Thomas, (Chron. Prov. Lusitan.) The first of these is the standard work, though too diffuse to serve for anything besides reference. For the Canons Regular of S. Austin, we may recommend the Historia Tripartita of Gabriel Penotto, and the Chronicles of João Trulho and João Nigravalle. As to the Hermits of S. Austin—Hieronymo Romano, in his Centuries and Chronicles; João Marquez, in his Defence of the last-named works; Thomas Herreira, in his Pacific Reply; and Luis dos Anjos, in his Jardim de Portugal, a very valuable work. On the Cistercians, Bernardo de Britto, in his Chronica de Cister, which is considered a classic, but which hardly, we think, deserves its reputation. It was written during the Castilian usurpation, and abounds with the affected prettinesses and Spanish phrases of that period. It embraces a period of less than three hundred years, and but a small part is occupied with the affairs of Portugal. To this we may add, Bernabé de Montalvo and Chrysostomo Henrique, in their Chronicles of the Order; and Angelo Manrique, in his Annals. Of the Franciscans in Portugal many authors have written. It may suffice to mention Marcos de Lisboa, João Carrilho, Antonio Daca, and João de S. Maria. On the Portuguese Dominicans the standard work is the Historia de S. Domingos particular do reino e conquistas de Portugal; por Fr. Luis Caecgas: Reformada, &c., por Fr. Luis de Sousa, in three small folio volumes, Lisbon, 1662—1668; and the continuation by Fr. Lucas de S. Catharina, Lisboa Occidental, 1733. A more common, though inferior, edition is that of Lisbon, 1767. The student may also consult the Life of Bartholomeu dos Martyres, by the above-named Fr. Luis de Sousa; the Chronicles of Fernando de Castilho and João Lopez; the Compendium of Antonio de S. Domingos; the Thesaurus Arcanorum of Ignacio de Sampaio; the Consensus Prædicatorum of João Afonso Fernandez; the Annals of Malvenda; and the Spanish Chronicle of João da Cruz. The best historians of the Portuguese Carmelites are—Diogo de Corea and Simão Coelho, in their Chronicles; Manoel Romano, in his Antiquities; Luis de Mertola, in his Frutos da Esmola, and in his life of Fr. Estevão da Purificação; as well as the Spanish writers, Miguel de la Fuente and Miguel Muñoz; the former in his Antiquities, the latter in his Propugnaculum Eliæ. We know of but one historian of the Discalceat Carmelites, Fr. de S. Maria in his Chronicles. Fr. Lucas de Montoia has written a History of the Minims in Portugal. The History of the Portuguese Jesuits comprehends much of that of Portuguese Missions. Balthazar de Tollez has left a most interesting, though diffuse, account of the proceedings of the Company in Portugal till the death of S. Ignatius Loyola; it is contained in two folio volumes, and appeared at Lisbon in 1645. To the same author we are indebted for the History of the Ethiopian Missions, an excessively rare book. We may also recommend the Ethiopia Oriental of João dos Sanctos; the Conquista Espiritual of Paulo da Trindade; the History of India of Luis Guzmão; the Corôa dos soldados que morrerão pola Fé, of Guerreiro; and Lucena's Life of S. Francis Xavier. To which may be added the Acts of the Synod of Diamper, Coimbra, 1606, (which have been translated and published by Mr. Hough at the end of his History of Christianity in India, and which form the only valuable part of his work), and the Journey to the Serra, an account of the visitation of Archbishop Meneses at the same place. With respect to the Church in Japan, we may mention Cardim, Catalogus occisorum pro fide; Orphanel, (himself a martyr,) History of the Japanese Church; Garcia Garcez, Persecutions of Japan; Morejon, History of Japan. As connected with the Portuguese missions generally—Simão da Luz, Relação dos Martyres das Philippinas; P. Eusebio, Varões Ilustres da Companhia, (Illustrious Men of the Company of Jesus); Afonso Fernandez,

was a glorious cradle for a future kingdom, that barren heath of Ourique; its hills white with the tents of six hundred thousand infidels; its centre held by the little band that had sworn to live or die with the holy Count Affonso; its sky, beautiful in the calm of a summer morning; the clouds that clustered and rolled around the rising sun, the whirlwind that raised them from the red horizon; the vision of the Crucified, and the adoring Company of the Blessed; the voice that proclaimed victory to the Catholick host, and sixteen generations of kings to their first monarch. It was a fearful mingling of earthly majesty and the pomp of death, when, in the Convent of S. Clara at Coimbra, amidst barons, and knights, and churchmen, the ambassadors of foreign states, and the flower of Portugal, the wasted form of Ignez was raised from the sepulchre; when the royal vest-

Chronica Ecclesiastica de nuestros Tempos, (Ecclesiastical History of our Times); *Pedro Calvo, Lagrimas dos Justos*, (Tears of the Just); *Frere, Primor e Honra da Vida Soldadesca na India*, (Excellence and Honour of the Soldier's Life in India); *Ossorio, Pancarpia*, (Collection of choice Pieces); *Mendoça, History of China*; the *Noticias Summarias das Perseguições da Missão de Cochin China*, (Lisbon, 1700); *Rhó, Historia Virtutum*; *Leonardo, Conquista das Malaccas*, (a very valuable book); *Trigaucio, Life of Gaspar Barzeo*; and the *Malacca Conquistada* (a poem) of *Sã de Menezes*. For the different bishoprics of Portugal; the *Tierras Lusitanas* of *Jorge Cardoso*, and the *Lusitania Sacra* of *Antonio Pereira*, are principally to be consulted. But almost every see has its own historian; e.g. there is a *History of Braga* by *Cunha*, which is one of the best. The *Corografia* of *Gaspar Barreiros*, and the *Portuguese Antiquities* of *Resende*, will be found useful; as well also the *Chronica das Tres Ordens de Rades*. But, above all, the *Agiologio Lusitano* of *Jorge Cardoso*: (of which, however, we are only acquainted with the first three volumes, and know not even whether the others ever appeared). This most invaluable work—a work which, had it appeared in any of the more known languages of Europe, would have given its author a place among the very first rank of ecclesiastical historians—is a Calendar of such Portuguese as have been distinguished for their holiness. A short life of each is given in the text; and then follows the Commentary, enriched with the most copious ecclesiastical information as to the foundation of monasteries, the history of missions, the succession of Prelates, &c. Each volume (in folio) contains but two months, and averages 800 pages of close print. If we shall not seem often to quote from this book, it is simply because it would be endless to particularise our obligations to it. We have yet to mention the principal MSS. connected with our subject. The *Obits* of *Sã Cruz* at *Coimbra*, and *S. Vicente de Fora* at *Lisbon*, contain much most valuable information; they are now (at least we believe so) in the *Patriarchal Library*. The *Fundações* of *Braga*, *Evora*, *Lisbon*, *Lamego*, and other sees, are still in existence, and to be consulted. The *Historia e Saudades das Ilhas* of *Dr. Gaspar Fructuoso* contains a good account of the various islands—*Madeira*, *Cabo de Verde*, *Apores*—in the possession of Portugal. Though MS.—at least as an entire work—many copies are in existence. In heartiness and naïveté, it is fully equal to *Froissart* or *Monstrelet*. The *Historia Insulana* of *Cordeiro* is an abstract of the fore-mentioned work. The information is pretty accurately retained, but the naïveté and interest entirely disappear. It is a very rare book. The *Antiquities* of *Entre Douro e Minho*, by *João Barros*, is valuable, as throwing much light on the early history of that cradle of the Portuguese kingdom.

And to all this we must add the *Breviaries* of *Braga*, *Evora*, and *Sã Cruz*, and the lists of *Bishops*, by *Carrilho*, *Padilha*, and *Cunha*. The above may serve as a very slight sketch of the principal Ecclesiastical historians of Portugal. To many others the reader's attention will be directed in the notes which accompany this article.

ments covered the cerecloths, and the ghastly features were mocked by the queenly crown; when Pedro the Severe stood by, averting his eyes from her whom he had loved so passionately, for whom he had sinned so deeply, whose murder he had revenged so fearfully; when a shuddering came over the boldest as he knelt to kiss the decaying hand, and to do homage to the senseless form; and when the marriage vow, plighted in this world, was confirmed, as it were, in the very dominions of the grave. It is pleasant to watch with Dom Henrique in his lonely tower at Sagres, with hardly a sound beside the long roll of the Atlantic dashing itself to spray on Cape S. Vincent, with hardly a sight but those constellations which the astronomer-prince loved to study; wars and rumours of wars banished, and his whole soul bent on the motions of the planets above, and the discovery of unknown regions below. Where did the Church more gloriously manifest her power than by cheering the dungeon of the Infante Fernando, and filling him with such a heavenly spirit of endurance, that the hearts of his enemies were touched, and the fetid prison of Tetuan became the portal of a glorious immortality? Where did she more illustriously display the might of faith than in the ship of Da Gama? when lashed and baffled by adverse winds, in danger from conspiracy within, and from the billows without, with hardly a friend among his crew, and hopeless of earthly help, the admiral took the helm in his own hands, and beating up to windward, doubled the Cape of Storms, more fitly termed the Cape of Good Hope; hope not only of the perishable riches and dominions of this world, but full of immortality for India, and China, and Japan, and the islands of the Southern Ocean? When did history more nearly realize the dreams of romance than in the three great empires founded by one little kingdom, in the barbaric magnificence of Indian princes, the heroic sieges or defences of Chaul, and Dio, and Cochin, and Malacca, the long wars of the Xarifes, and the gradual decline and loss of two continents? For a certain wild and grotesque imagery, the contest for Brazil must be unrivalled: the contrast between the savage natives, and the money-loving Hollander, and the chivalrous Portuguese,—one fighting for liberty, one for ancient dominion, and one for the love of lucre only. Or take the mysterious end of Sebastian the Regretted,—the flower of the Portuguese nobility stretched on the bloody plain of Alcacer,—the king, that had once fondly dreamt of a dominion that should embrace Constantinople, flying to the coast, to be heard of never more; but dragging on, perchance, a miserable existence in some Castilian dungeon long after his subjects had ceased to weep for his destruction. Who can but love that Church which first planted,

since Apostolic times, the true faith in India and Africa, and bore such witness to her Lord by the innumerable martyrs of Japan and Solor?

We are not about to dwell on the first planting and the subsequent rise of the *Lusitanian Church*,—though, in truth, it was rich in Saints, and well worthy of love. We shall not take upon us either to dispute or to confirm the legend that S. James, when about to visit the West, sent S. Peter de Rates before him, as a precursor of the gospel of Christ; that landing in one of the ports of Minho, the Apostle bent his way to Brachara Augusta, now Braga; that he made choice of nine companions, on whom he laid his hands, that they should be the first Bishops of Lusitania; that by him, and by his fellow workers, the Church was propagated, till at length, in the person of S. Damasus, and afterwards of John XXI., it gave a successor to the chair of S. Peter. Nor have we time to dwell on the sufferings of the Martyrs and Confessors, who laid down their lives, or bore scorn and suffering, for the Church thus founded, and thus prospering. S. Fabian,¹ and S. Felix of Braga,—he that gave his name to the Serra de Hormilhos; SS. Theophilus² and Saturninus and Revocata,—who received the crown of martyrdom at Viana; S. Celerinus, whom S. Cyprian has preserved to memory; S. Raymond,³ the holy shepherd; S. Ina, who at Thomar protested with her blood against the Mussulman apostasy; S. Gennadius,⁴ the glory of the Church of Astorga; S. Calydonius,⁵ who confounded Novatian, in the very head quarters of his schism: Eusebia Patricia, the friend of S. Gregory; S. Alexander,⁶ a soldier in this world, and a truer soldier of Jesus Christ; S. Narcissus,⁷ the beloved Archbishop of Braga; S. Faustinus,⁸ victorious by his death over the tortures of the Moors; S. Secundus,⁹ the disciple of S. James, and Bishop of Avila; S. Chrysopolitus,¹⁰ the honour of an extinct see, Brittonia, (now Britiandos); SS. Basilius¹¹ and Epitacius, the Apostles of Gallicia; S. Martin of Dume,¹² whose fame is in all

¹ Julian ad. an. 288.

² Martyroll, V. Bed. Ad. Usuard.

³ Luitprand. Chron. Julian. Chron.

⁴ Marieta, Sanct. Hesp. 580. Yezpe, Chron. S. Bent. iv. ad. an. 898. Avila. Theatr. Astorg. 2. 1.

⁵ R. de Cunha, De Prim. Eccl. Brach. 20.

⁶ Martyroll. Rom. Usuard.

⁷ Brev. Valenç. Barcel. Brach. Ribadeneira. Flos Sanct. (Mar. 18.) Surius e. d.

⁸ Conc. XVI. Tolet. Decret. 12. Marian. 6. 18.

⁹ Mariet. Sanct. Hesp. xxii. 6. Truxillo, Thesaurus Concionatorum, 2. 1061. Ariz, Grandez de Avila. i. 6.

¹⁰ Ferrar. Martyrol.

¹¹ Moren. de Vargas Hist. Merida. 2. 2. Tamayo de Vargas, in not. ad Paul Diacon. 143.

¹² Brev. Brach. Ebor. Benedict. et Dom. Port. Loaysa, Not. Concil. 153. Vasco, Chron. Hisp. 1120. Sandoval, i. 4. Cunha, Hist. Brag. i. 71. Lea, Bened. Lus. i. 2. 14.

churches; S. Avitus,¹ Archdeacon of the Primatial See; S. Antidius,² who laid down his life in the persecution of the Vandals; S. Innocentius,³ truly so named; S. Julian,⁴ who witnessed a good confession before Marcianus in Flavia Lambria; S. Gallicanus Ovinus,⁵ whom Bragança sent forth to witness to the faith at Alexandria; above all, the glorious deacon and martyr, S. Vincent. And as little is it our intention to say any thing of the various Mahometan persecutions from which Lusitania suffered. They would form an interesting and valuable feature of history; interesting at all times, valuable more especially at this, when so many of our travellers and writers appear to have imbibed a fondness for Islamism.

But the ecclesiastical, like the profane history of Portugal, properly so called, begins with the cession of that country, as a fief of Leon, by Affonso VI. to his son-in-law, Count Henrique, [A. D. 1095]. It may, however, tend to give a clearer idea of the Portuguese Church, if we first sketch an outline of the form, in which, at the time of its fullest strength, it appeared. And that period was the commencement of the Castilian Usurpation. At that epoch, the Church consisted of three Archbishoprics, Braga, Lisbon, and Evora; and eleven Bishoprics, Porto, Coimbra, Guarda, Beija, Viseu, Faro, Miranda, Leiria, Portalegre, Elvas, Lamego.

Braga, situated at the north-western extremity of Portugal, has been a metropolitical see from the earliest times. The capital, as Bracara Augusta, of the Bracarii, it was, as we have said, selected by S. Peter de Rates, in conformity with the usual practice of the Church, for the Episcopal city of that province; and there he suffered martyrdom, as early, it is said, as A.D. 46. It is certain that, in the time of Constantine, Bracara was the seat of a Metropolitan: if not under that name, at least as the *Primæ sedis Episcopus*. And under Wamba, we find him possessed of seven suffragans,⁶ most of them in Gallicia. It is true, that in the time of the Suevi this power was abridged by the erection of Lugo into a metropolitical see; but the council of Lugo, while reserving this dignity for that city, nevertheless subjected it to Braga,⁷ as metropolis of

¹ Vasc. Disc. Lusit. 501. Marian. iv. 20.

² Known in Portugal as S. Tude: he is thought to have been by birth a Gaul.

³ Britto, Monarch. Lusit. 2. vi. 20. De Vargas, Antiguid. de Merida. iii. 12.

⁴ Padilha, Eccl. Hist. ii. 40.

⁵ Cunha, Hist. Brag. i. 478.

⁶ Tuy, Astorga, Lugo, Iria Flavia, Britonia, Porto, Ora.

⁷ The ecclesiastical establishment of Braga consisted, (before the spoliation) of thirteen dignities, forty-two prebends, and six other Ecclesiastics; in this it was far inferior to some of the Spanish Cathedrals. It reckons fifteen Prelates among the Saints.

all Gallicia, Emerita having then the same authority over Lusitania. It is well known that, from time immemorial, Braga and Toledo have disputed the Primacy of All the Spains;¹ and it will be remembered how, previous to the final opening of the Council of Trent, Don Bartholomeo dos Martyres, himself the humblest of men, battled stoutly for the rights of his Church. This dispute, which had already been warmly contested² under Honorius III., was left undecided by the prudent interposition of Pius IV., who ordered that Archbishops should take precedence according to the order of their consecration, no respect, in this particular, being paid to the dignity of Primate Churches.

Lisbon was also a very early see. Its first bishop is said to have been S. Gens, a disciple of S. Peter de Rates, and who suffered martyrdom in A.D. 100. During the times of Saracen tyranny, its succession of prelates was lost; and when Affonso the Holy, assisted by William Longsword, and other Norman and English crusaders, annexed³ it to his dominions, Gilbert, (an Englishman, or inhabitant of Normandy,) was raised to the See. In 1394, Lisbon was advanced by Boniface IX. to the dignity of an Archbishopric, as a reward to Portugal for the fidelity with which, during the great schism, she had maintained her allegiance to the Urbanists. Dom Joaõ V. conceived the idea of still further elevating the capital of his kingdom; and, accordingly, in 1717 obtained the golden bull of Clement XI., which separated it into two sees: Eastern Lisbon, namely, which retained the dignity of an Archbishopric; and Western Lisbon, raised to that of a Patriarchate. The Patriarchal

¹ A clear idea of this (to us not very important) question, will be gained from the following works:—On the Portuguese side: Cunha, *Trat. da Primazia*; Bernard. de Britto, *Monarch. Lusitan.*; Anton. Brandaõ, *Contin. I. viii. 18*; Amadoro. Arraez, *Dialog. iv. 18*. On the Spanish side:—Tarapha, *De reb. Hisp. iii. 15*; Flor. do Camp. iii. 16; Morales, xi. 71; Padilha, *Eccl. Cent. iv. 46*; Avila, *Theat. Astorg. 4*.

² The decision of Eugenius III. does not seem to have been considered definite, although Braga, for a time, had then submitted herself to Toledo. (*Fleury, xiv. 632.*)

³ This siege took place in 1147, and occupied four months. Immediately after the conquest of the city, Affonso built the church of Nossa Senhora dos Martyres, in remembrance of those brave men who had fallen before the walls. The church was rebuilt in 1602, but the Font remained with this inscription:

Esta he a pia em que se baptizou
o primeiro Christaõ nesta cidade
quando no anno MCLVII se to—
mou dos Monros.

“This is the Font in which the first Christian of this city was baptized, when it was taken from the Moors in 1147.” The Church of Lisbon celebrates the feast of N. S. dos Martyres, on the 13th of May. The remains of the principal knights who

church, built with the cumbrous magnificence of the age, was destroyed in the great earthquake. This ecclesiastical arrangement did not last long; inconveniences arose, and the same monarch who had conceived the plan, found it expedient to alter it. Another bull was obtained from Rome, which, uniting the two Sees, gave them the dignity of a Patriarch, though it has been usual, since that time, that a Bishop *in partibus* should reside at Lisbon, and share in the government of the Church. The Patriarch is usually a Cardinal, (the present Patriarch, Dom Francisco II.,¹ is so); and even where he is not, he has the privilege of wearing a Cardinal's vestments and insignia.

The third Archbishopric is Evora.—The first Prelate is said to have been S. Mansus, or Mansus,² the disciple of Christ; who sealed the truth with his blood, in A.D. 110. Evora continued a simple Bishopric till 1541; when, out of compliment to Cardinal, afterwards King, Dom Henrique, who at that time governed the See, it was made an Archbishopric by Paul III. Its revenue, at the time, was calculated at 80,000 crusados, and exceeded that of any other Portuguese See.

Porto was also a Bishopric from Apostolic times; for its first prelate, S. Basil, succeeded S. Peter de Rates at Braga, and suffered (if we may believe the traditions of the Spanish Church,) in A.D. 60.

Coimbra is supposed to be of equal age. For the valour shown by the then Bishop during the siege of Arzilla, he was

died in the siege are said to have been buried beneath the Altar of All Souls, in the new Church. An old hymn thus alludes to them:

Castra ubi quondam sacra sunt locata
Exteræ gentis, procerumque Christi,
Martyrum est sedes sacra adhuc, et illa
Nomina servat.

Virgini Templum Mariæ dicatum
Ac viris sanctis pietate notis,
Queis mori pulchrum fuit et decorum,
Dura ferendo &c.

On this subject, see Cunha, Hist. Lisboa, I. xxxiii.; Diogo de Teve, De reb. Div. 147; Brandaõ, Cont. Mon. Lus. iii. 10. 26; Viegas, Princip. Port. § V.

¹ Since the above was written, D. Francisco has departed this life, and is to be succeeded by a zealous Prelate, the Bishop of Leiria.

² He is thus commemorated by the Little Office of the Saints of Portugal, in the hymn for prime:—

Mancius primo, Domini sodalis,
Edocens natos Evoræ vetustæ
Transtaganorum madefecit agros
Sanguine fuso.

See also the Breviaries of Evora, Braga, Burgos, and Leon; Morales, Chron. Hisp. 9. 3; Padilha, Hist. Eccl. ii. 2.

created Count of Arganil, a title which his successors have retained.¹

Guarda, under the title of Idania, appears for the first time at the first Council of Braga, in A.D. 412, in the person of Panerius; as does Lamego, in that of S. Tiburtius. Viseu is still earlier, being mentioned in A.D. 320.

The Bishopric of the Algarves was first placed at Ossonoba; and a Prelate assisted in A.D. 300 at the Council of Eliberis. The notorious Ithacius, the persecutor of the Priscillianists, occupied this See. It was soon removed to Silves: for among the signatures of the sixth œcumenical Council, is that of Episcopus Silvensis. After long subjection to the Saracens, it was retaken in 1189, though not finally liberated till 1250, when the mosque was purified, and converted into a Cathedral. But the city gradually decayed, and in 1577 the See was removed to Faro,² the ancient Ossonoba, where it still exists. The history of Beija is more uncertain; the See was suppressed in 1647, but afterwards—we are not acquainted with the precise date—restored.

The other Bishoprics are comparatively modern. Miranda³ was separated from Braga in 1547; and the extent of that diocese, as well as the peculiarly wild and impassable nature of the Spanish frontier mountains (on the further side of which Miranda lies), rendered the division an act worthy of the zeal of Dom João 'the Pious.' The cathedral is modern, having been rebuilt by the first Bishop, and possesses no interest. The same monarch united the most outlying portions of the Sees of Lisbon and Coimbra, and procured their erection into a new Bishopric, or rather re-erected a suppressed one, by the name of Leiria. The cathedral, begun in 1559,⁴ is, with the exception of Mafra, the most famous modern church in Portugal. Portalegre was, also by João III., created in 1550. This part of Alemtejo, lying at a great distance from its Bishopric, Guarda, and separated from it by two mountain ranges, the Serra de Estrella, and the Serra de Arminno, had been fearfully neglected; and the first Bishop, Dom Julião D'Alva,⁵ a Castilian, and the Confessor of

¹ Ignorance of this fact has led Mr. Hough into a curious mistake in his translation of the Acts of Diamper. Printed at Coimbra, they were approved by the Bishop as ordinary, who signed himself, as usual, *O Bispo Conde*, the Bishop Count. This Mr. Hough prints, "The Bishop Conde."

² The student of natural history will be acquainted with the name of Faro, from the fact of its being the only place in Western Europe where *caprification* is practised.

³ Maris, Dialog. v. 3.

⁴ Ant. Brandão, 9, 25. Fr. Brandão, 5, 17, 56.

⁵ The life of this excellent man is to be found at the beginning of the Constitution of Portalegre, made by the Bishop D. Lopo de Seguevia. Dom Julião resigned his Bishopric for a Royal Chaplaincy, and lies buried in the choir of his own cathedral.

Queen Catherine, nobly fulfilled its duties, by erecting new benefices among the mountains, and supplying them with pastors, able to understand the patois of Spanish and Portuguese spoken by the inhabitants. Lastly, Dom Sebastian still further supplied the necessities of this district by erecting Elvas (though little more than thirty miles from either Evora¹ or Portalegre) into a separate see. This was in 1570.

Such, as we said, was the state of things in 1580; since that time some changes have taken place. The Bishopric of Miranda has been transferred to Bragança, the reigning House naturally desiring to honour the place from which their duchy receives its title. Beija and Portalegre have been united: an alteration evidently effected on political grounds only, and highly inconvenient to the two sees, between which both Evora and Elvas intervene. Lastly, the outlying portions of Coimbra, Guarda, and Portalegre have been formed into a new diocese at Castello Branco; those of Coimbra and Porto into that of Aveiro; and Pinhel erected into a separate see. Thus the present Church of European Portugal consists of three Archbishoprics, and thirteen Bishoprics.

The number of parish churches—or, as the Portuguese reckon, baptismal fountains—is just over 4,000. But that statement needs explanation. The parochial system in Portugal bears a close resemblance to that which, previously to the Reformation, existed in Cornwall. The *church town* of the one answers to the *igreja matriz* of the other: while a number of smaller chapels exist in each parish, under the title of *Igrejinha*, *Capella*, or *Ermida*,—the last being, as nearly as possible, an oratory. The city, for example, in which we are now writing, contains but four parish churches, but it would be easy to count forty or fifty chapels in its environs. To reckon them, as a general rule, at five or six times the number of the *matrizes*, will expose us to no charge of exaggeration; and thus we should obtain a total of 20,000 for the whole of Portugal. Many of the *corundas*, however, are excessively small: the choir may be twelve feet, perhaps, by six, and six in height; the nave will present merely a roof, supported on open wooden pillars, with a stone bench running round it. In some instances these naves are little more than four feet in length, and are intended only for the infirm: the more able-bodied among the worshippers kneeling on the outside. The place would be ill-adapted for the changeable atmosphere of England: for a quasi-tropical climate it answers admirably.

¹ The Cathedral of Elvas, an interesting building, is particularly remarkable for its stained glass.

Before the dissolution of religious houses, the number of monasteries was 307, of convents 111, of military preceptories, &c., 585. To estimate their real revenues is well nigh impossible: because, in the accounts given in to government, so much was probably disguised or omitted. The principal of these were;—the Benedictines, introduced six years before the death of their founder: their head, Tibaës, in the Archbishopric of Braga;—the *Conegos Regrantes*, (Augustinian Canons,) among whom Grijó, near Porto, was the oldest, S. Cruz, at Coimbra, the most illustrious, house;—the Cistercians, with the magnificent Monastery of Alcobaça for their head;—the Dominicans, whose principal seat was S. Domingos, at Lisbon; and the Franciscans. Of the military orders, that of Christ had nearly as many houses as all the other religious communities put together: there were also those of Aviz, Santiago, and S. John of Jerusalem.

An interesting comparison might be drawn between the respective developments of the monastic system in England and Portugal. With about 12,000 parishes, our own country possessed about 920 religious houses: Portugal, with but the third part of the former, supported 448 of the latter. Of military preceptories and commendatories, England possessed 28; Portugal the amazing number of 585; though some of these must have been hardly worth the name. In England, the Benedictines and the Augustinian Canons took the most decided lead, followed, at some distance, by the Cistercians: in Portugal, the Franciscans (reformed and unreformed) more than quadrupled any other order: next to them came the Dominicans, and then the Augustinian hermits. Now from this it might appear fair to adduce the consequence, that in Portugal the power of the regular clergy must have been far greater, in comparison with that of the secular, than it was in England. But to such a conclusion there would be two objections. In the first place, the influence of the monastic system depended not so much on the number, as on the size of its houses. And though Alcobaça was larger and more magnificently provided than any of the English monasteries, we look in vain for a series of foundations to correspond with our own mitred abbeys,—such as Glastonbury, and Reading, and S. Bennet at Hulme, and S. Alban's, and S. Edmundsbury. In the second, the dissensions between the friars and the regular monks were scarcely less than those between the latter and the secular clergy; and therefore the more nearly balanced the two former, the less influence would they possess separately on the national church: influence, we mean, of a secular nature, and for their own protection and aggrandisement. Now in Portugal, the friaries outnumbered the monasteries: in England they were only as one to five.

Another inference which we might draw from the above facts would be more correct: namely, that the great multitude of preceptories, joined to the close connexion that subsisted between them and the monarch, must have given the Crown far too much influence in the affairs of the Church. And, certainly, state interference was carried to an extent of which we had no idea in England before the Reformation. The circumstance that it was always, till within the last twenty years, exerted for the good of the Church, doubtless rendered the Portuguese prelates patient of this over-meddling with sacred things: an indifference which they have long since had deep cause to regret.

Such interference is the more unjustifiable in a state which, in a most remarkable manner, owes its very being to the Church. The fief—for, whatever Portuguese writers may say, we cannot believe it more—bestowed on Count Henrique and Theresa, comprehended the country lying between the Minho and the Tagus, with the right of conquest as far as the Guadiana. But of the former part of this grant, much remained unconquered; and it appeared doubtful whether the Moors would not win back the whole. Porto, Coimbra, Braga, Viseu, and Guimaraës, were the only places of first-rate importance which the Count held: for even Lamego formed but a feudatory Mahometan state. During the life of Henrique, his ability and valour maintained some degree of tranquillity in his little dominions; but the stormy regency of Theresa, and the long minority of Affonso Henrique, gave occasion to fear the worst for the re-awakening Church and rising kingdom. Passionate, impetuous, and impotent, the Regent was guided by unworthy favourites, and madly turned her views against her own sister, from whom she was compelled to beg an ignominious peace.

In the midst of these troubles,¹ and in the year of grace 1119, the Church prepared herself, as usual, to celebrate the nativity of S. John Baptist. Far away from Portugal, in the monastery of Clairvaux, S. Bernard, on that bright summer morning, awoke to the matin service, and, according to his wont, remained, after the brethren had departed from the choir, to pour out his whole soul in prayer. What he then saw, by what divine revelation the future was made known to him, rests on the authority of, it may well be, a true, but, at the same time, a not well-authenticated legend. But the result is, beyond question, certain. The Mellifluous Doctor summoned his disciples, and chose eight of

¹ Bernardo de Britto, Chron. i. 57. We quote from the highly valued edition of 1602: Lisboa, por Pedro Craesbeck; a great printer of such works. It is a small folio of 479 (= 958) pages.

them to commence the reform of the monasteries in further Spain. Of these eight, Boemund was to be the superior; but all were to act by the advice of John Cerita, a Portuguese hermit, to whom S. Bernard furnished them with a letter, and whom they were, before engaging in any enterprise, to visit. Arrived at Lafoës, they found the aged man, and were by him introduced to the young Count Affonso. They stated their wishes,—the foundation of a new religious house, under the rule of S. Benedict, and the reform of Cîteaux; and were favourably heard by the Prince and by his mother the Regent. The charter by which they received permission to erect a monastery in whatever part of the royal domains they chose, is still extant, and bears date 'Martii 1. E. 1158.' It is necessary, in reading Portuguese history, to remember that the æra of Cæsar, used in that kingdom till the reign of Dom Joaõ 'of good memory,' anticipates the usual reckoning by thirty-eight years: so that Affonso's charter is dated, in reality, A.D. 1120. Furnished with this grant, and under the guidance of Cerita, the pilgrims, with the true Cistercian love of natural beauty, tracked the course of the Barossa, till, some distance to the east of Lamego, they discovered a wild plain, well suited to their purpose, and now known by the name of Pinheiro: here they built an oratory and four cells. Guided, it is said, by a supernatural intimation, they determined to shift their quarters to a neighbouring spot called Tarouca; and of this they obtained a more especial grant from the Crown. A circumstance which shortly afterwards occurred, considerably raised the credit of the new order. Affonso, who had already commenced that rapid career of victory which has immortalized his name, was on his way to recover Trancoso, then lately seized by the King of Badajoz; and passing by the convent of S. John of Tarouca, requested the company of Aldebert, its Prior, in his expedition. The King of Badajoz,¹ expecting nothing less than a sudden attack, was completely routed; and the pious Count attributed his success to the prayers of the holy man who had accompanied him. Following up the victory he had already gained, he attacked the remains of the Moorish host: but Prior Aldebert had left the army, and the Christians received a severe check. In a third engagement, the ecclesiastic having now been recalled, Affonso was again victorious; and he showed his gratitude by raising a church at Tarouca. Before the dissolution, a stone in that building bore the inscription—

fundata fuit ista
 eramelxiikaljul
 ii.

¹ Lemos. ii. 9. Britto. 60.

i. e. June 30, 1122. On the death of Boemund, Aldebert succeeded to the abbacy, and at the same time Cerita, taking the habit, commenced the celebrated Abbey of Lafoës, and received abbatial benediction from the Bishop of Viseu. S. Christopher of Lafoës, was the first Cistercian church dedicated in Portugal, for that of Tarouca, as being larger and more expensive, was not finished till more than forty years' subsequently.

On the field of Ourique Count Affonso was, by the grateful voices of the army, and in obedience to the miraculous apparition,² acclaimed King of Portugal. This, of course, gave great offence to the King of Castile, who had hitherto regarded Portugal as a fief of Leon; and he lost no time in appealing both to arms, and to the chair of S. Peter. Affonso sent an ambassador to the Court of Rome; and Innocent II. despatched a nuncio to determine the dispute on the spot. A meeting of the principal parties interested took place at Burgos: it was proposed that Portugal, on the condition of paying a nominal tribute, should be recognised by Leon as an independent kingdom; but Affonso, elated by his success, would acknowledge no superior, except God alone. The nuncio, indignant at his refusal, laid Portugal under an interdict, and set off on his return; but he was arrested by order of Affonso, brought back by force, and constrained, not only to annul the interdict, but to confer several privileges on the kingdom. Affonso, dreading a rupture with Rome, despatched Roland, one of the original pilgrims from Clairvaux, and his own brother D. Pedr' Affonso, to request the mediation of S. Bernard. He offered to hold the kingdom in fief of Rome, paying an annual acknowledgment of four ounces of gold; and this proposal, backed by the representations of S. Bernard, induced Innocent II. to erect Portugal into a kingdom. The tribute was refused by D. Sancho, the succeeding monarch, again paid by D. Affonso III., but never after either exacted or allowed.

Full of gratitude to S. Bernard for this timely interference, Affonso made the whole kingdom feudatory to S. Mary of Clairvaux, with an annual payment of fifty maravedis to that monastery;—and by the same deed, dated April 28, 1142, took all Cistercians, resident or travelling in the kingdom, under the

¹ As an inscription remained to prove:—

² *Era mcccvii. xv. kal Junii: dedicata fuit ecclia ista per manus ihanis Pracharenensis archiepi et Petri tertii Portugalensis et Memendi Lamacensis et Gundisalvi Viseensis episcoporum.*

This church was consecrated May 18, 1169, by John, Archbishop of Braga, Peter the Third, Bishop of Porto, Mem of Lamego, and Gundisalvo of Viseu.

³ This apparition forms the subject of a treatise by the celebrated Pereira, who is said to have satisfactorily established its authenticity.

especial protection of the Crown, a boon, in those days,¹ in a state as yet unsettled, of great value. How long the payment continued to be made we cannot say: the latest example that Britto could find, bore date 1250: this was written at the end of a volume containing Lives of the Saints, preserved in the monastery of Lorvão. But it probably lasted longer.

Thus, Portugal may fairly be considered a Cistercian kingdom. Had it not been for the prompt interference of S. Bernard, nothing could have preserved it from being, like Valencia, or Biscay, or Leon, swallowed up by one of the more powerful Spanish states. Naturally, with the rise of the monarchy, the Cistercians also rose; and by degrees, the more devout Benedictine monasteries were eager to embrace the new reform. The first that did so was S. Pedro das Aguias,² situated in a most romantic turn of the Tavira. The house itself lay in the hollow crescent of a mountain ravine, clothed with forest trees to the very summit: in front, and on the other side of the stream, was the Eagle's Rock, which gave its name to the place. This was, in 1145, received into the order of Cîteaux, and the filiation of Tarouca.

Santarem was now one of the strongest places which the Moors held in Estremadura. Affonso, who had heard much from his brother of the sanctity of S. Bernard, and the reputation that Clairvaux enjoyed in France, happened, on his way to form the siege of Santarem, to be sleeping on the Serra d'Albardos. 'If,' said he, 'God, in answer to the prayers of His servant Bernard, will deliver the Moors into my hands, I will dedicate to His service all the land that lies between the sea and the spot where I now stand.' And the place where the vow had been made was long after commemorated by a stone, with a suitable inscription.

The city was attacked, unexpectedly, about eleven o'clock at night. The Portuguese historians love to dwell on the struggle: the gallantry of the knights that first mounted the walls,—the flashing of the torches, and braying of the trumpets,—the shouts from the Moors of *Armachena!* (the Christians!)—from the Portuguese of 'Santiago for the Catholics! our Lady and victory!' The contest was sharp, but short: and before morning, the Quinas waved from the castle. That same night, says the legend, S. Bernard was observed to be more than usually fervent in prayer, as he occupied his accustomed place in the choir at Clairvaux; the morning hours passed on, and his agitation and his earnestness increased; till, towards day-break, his countenance assumed its ordinary placidity, and he

¹ Britto, 120.

² Chron. de S. Petro de Aquilis. Donationn. Antiqq. Ejusd.

appeared relieved from a heavy weight of anxiety. Assembling, then, the brethren, he addressed them on the text, 'Blessed be the Lord my strength, Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:' and gave directions that Te Deum should be sung. As soon as the conquest was secured, Affonso despatched an embassy to S. Bernard, acquainting him with the happy success of his enterprise, as well as informing him of his vow, and urging him to send some of his monks for the purpose of taking possession of the territory awaiting their disposal. The Saint lost no time in acceding to the monarch's request; and the second deputation from Clairvaux arrived at Coimbra on the Christmas-eve of the same year.

This was the commencement of the famous monastery of Alcobaca, one of the largest religious houses in the Western Church. And it is a beautiful picture,—king, nobles, and monks, searching among the pathless wilds of the Serra d'Estrella for a place suitable for the commencement of the work, and which should be in accordance with the express and particular directions of S. Bernard. The king, when the spot was chosen, wound his horn,—the nobles assembled,—and, in the presence of all, he opened the ground with a mattock, and thus commenced a dwelling for the Lord. The first church was completed in four years; at a later period it served for the Igreja Matriz, till Cardinal Henrique, (afterwards king,) who was Abbat of Alcobaca, rebuilt it in the sumptuous, but wretched, taste of his time. The great church with the monastery attached to it, was not consecrated till 1223. It is said that there were for a long time nine hundred and ninety-nine monks in this house, but that this number could never be exceeded, death always removing some of the brethren, when others were added. They were divided, according to the rule of S. Benedict, into deaneries; as soon as an office was finished by one set, it was taken up by the next; so that praise was never intermitted. The Abbat was mitred: he was *ex officio* High Almoner, Precentor of the Chapel Royal, General of the Cistercian Order in Portugal, subject immediately to Rome, and without any dependence on France, and (till the time of D. João III.) Visitor of the Order of Christ. He was also temporal as well as spiritual lord of a fine district of country, containing four ports. The tenth Abbat, Domingos Martinz, was commemorated as a saint in the Calendar of the York Missal: this is said to have arisen from the fact that Alcobaca had a cell in Ireland, the name of which is corrupted by the Portuguese into Mazande.¹ The Black Death reduced

¹ Chron. Cist. iii. 22. Henric. Fascic. 2, xxvi. 7. The epitaph of S. Domingos Martinz was this:—'E. MDCCCXL. (i.e. A.D. 1302.) in die S. Vincentii, obiit D. Dominicus quidam Abbas Alcobaciæ: cujus anima requiescat.'

the monks to eight, a blow from which the abbey never recovered; for its revenues were seized, and the income that was left was barely enough for the support of an hundred brethren. Yet, notwithstanding, Joaõ Dornellas, the fifteenth Abbat, was able to send eleven bodies of his vassals to fight for their country at Aljubarotta: they distinguished themselves in this great victory, and D. Joaõ 'of good memory' gave a large portion of the spoils to Alcobaça. Cardinal Henrique was the twenty-sixth, and last, of the Abbats for life;—then began the succession of triennial heads, which lasted till the dissolution. And now this princely foundation, the burying place of Affonso II., Affonso III., Pedro the Severe, and Inez de Castro, is used as a cambric manufactory! Whatever may be England's faults, she cannot be sunk lower than this.

Notwithstanding the victories of Affonso, great part of Beira and Estremadura still remained in the hands of the infidels. Some knights determined to form a holy league against them. They at first designed to fix themselves at Ciudad Rodrigo; but, persuaded by a hermit, erected a fortification on the river Coa. Having resolved to embrace a strict rule of discipline, they consulted the Bishop of Salamanca; (a striking proof, by the way, how unsettled was the ecclesiastical division of Portugal, for they were nearer either to Lamego or to Viséu,) and, by the advice of that prelate, embraced the Cistercian institute. They took the title of Knights of S. Julian de Pereiro, the name of their castle; their heads were called Priors, till, on the confirmation of their institute by Pope Alexander III.,¹ they received the appellation of Masters. Some time afterwards the Knights of Calatrava seized on the fortress of Alcantara, and, finding it too far removed from their own head quarters to be conveniently retained, they made it over to those of Pereiro; and from Alcantara the latter, after that period, received their name.

The order of Aviz, the grand-master of which more than once plays so conspicuous a part in Portuguese history, was also under the Cistercian rule. At the battle of Campo d'Ourique, some knights swore to live or die together, and, both in that engagement and in the siege of Lisbon, acquired great reputation. The King formed them into a Cistercian body, and his brother, D. Pedr Affonso, was their first grand-master. When Evora was taken by the daring of Giraldo Sem Pavor (the Dauntless), it was given to these knights, as being a desirable outpost in their excursions against the Moors. The Knights of Evora—so they were then called—owned a kind of superiority in those of Calatrava, and carried on their excursions with

¹ Chron. Cist. p. 294.

such success as to liberate the centre of Alem-Tejo, and, by degrees, the greater part of that province, from the Saracen tyranny. It was then necessary to advance still further, that their arms might not be unemployed. As they were searching between the rivers Zetas and Soro for a place that might serve their purpose, two eagles rose at their feet. This was accepted as a good omen: the spot where the birds had risen was instantly selected; and both it and the order thenceforward were known by the name of Aves, corrupted into Aviz. João Cerita drew up their rule. Of their earlier feats, a testimony long remained in the name of the Cistercian nunnery, (and it was the first seen in Portugal,) of S. Benedict de Castris, near Evora: it arose on the ruins of the camp that the knights had occupied when put in possession of that city. Thus, in Portugal, as elsewhere, the Cistercians, like true disciples of S. Bernard, were closely connected with the military orders and the liberation of Christendom from the Moors.

They soon began to be brought into collision with the unreformed order of S. Benedict. It is remarkable how little influence this order ever possessed in Portugal: we cannot call to mind an illustrious man which it produced; nor, except that it was the second 'religion' which visited Brazil, did it ever render any very essential service to the Lusitanian Church. The monastery of Lorvão¹ was the oldest which it possessed, having been founded, as we have already said, by Lucentius, about the year 537. It was situated in a kind of hollow, amongst the precipices of a wild *serra*, and its abbats were important personages in the time of the Gothic kings,² and were, in virtue of their office, summoned to councils. When the Moors, after the defeat of Roderick, had advanced as far as Lorvão, they had become weary of destroying churches and monasteries, and were well disposed to be satisfied with a moderate tribute, and to preserve them. It happened, too, that Alboacem, king of the territory that lies between the Mondego and the Agueda, was benighted in the wood, and hospitably entertained in the Benedictine monastery. Gratified with the attention he had received, he thenceforward exempted it from all taxes; and the neighbouring Christians found, in the Abbat of Lorvão, a powerful protector and inter-

¹ The first nunnery is said to have been that of Archas, near Lamego. At least, it must have been one of the first; for a stone was found there with the inscription, 'A. D. Florentia Virgo Xpi vixit ann. xxi. et explevit tempora multa: obdormivit in pace Jesu quem dilexit Kal. Ap. E. 626.' (i.e. A. D. 588.) This convent was destroyed by Almanzor, who slew S. Comba, its abbess, and all her nuns, in A. D. 982. See Ant. Leite, Hist. N. S. da Lapal. 3. Britto, Mon. Lusit. 7. 20.

² Lib. Donatt. Lurb. ap. Britto, x. 447. See also, Yezpez, i. l. a. 563. Lesão de S. Thomas, Prol. Const. S. Ben. Cunha, Bisp. Port. i. 4. Brandaõ, Monarch. Lusit. 1229. Alonso de S. Vict. El sol del Occid. ii. 2. ii. 20.

cessor. A miracle, wrought by him on the king's son, still further increased the Abbat's influence; and Alboacem expressed his gratitude by a munificent grant of lands. This uninterrupted prosperity led, in time, to its natural results—luxury and want of discipline. The result of this we shall presently see.

It is wonderful that, with his limited income, which did not exceed 4,000*l.*, and with the vast sums that his wars must have cost, D. Affonso should have been able to erect so many—and those so magnificent—religious houses. Not content with his foundation at Alcobaça, he built the glorious Church of Santa Cruz, at Coimbra, and presented it to the Canons Regular of S. Augustine, whom he greatly favoured. S. Theotonio, its first prior, had been high in the favour of the old Count Henrique, and was honoured with the friendship of S. Bernard. He procured very large privileges from Rome for his congregation.¹

Sancho, the son of D. Affonso, pursued his father's policy in all respects; but a dispute arose between Portugal and the Roman see which had nearly been attended with serious consequences. The Princess Theresa, the most beautiful woman of her time, had married her cousin, the King of Leon, without dispensation, and had several children by him. The Pope ordered them to separate; and, after a long struggle, they were forced to obey. Theresa, with her two sisters, D. Sancha and D. Mafalda, have been since beatified. The Princess took the Cistercian habit, and requested her father to remove the dissolute Benedictines from Lorvão, and to convert it into a Cistercian nunnery. The Abbat made great resistance; but, on being threatened with a visitation from the Bishop of Coimbra, was obliged to yield, and was provided with another house.²

It would appear, however, that the Cistercians in Portugal soon declined from their first discipline; at least, the state of the Church at the beginning of the thirteenth century is represented as deplorable. Affonso II., 'the Fat,' had deprived his sisters of the portions set apart for them by their father. Rome—the refuge of the injured—took the part of the Princesses, and the kingdom was laid under an interdict, with the exception of those towns which belonged to the injured parties. It was just at this time that the great Reformation of the Church was brought to pass, under God, by those astonishing examples of monastic perfection, S. Francis and S. Dominic. The former, while on

¹ Braga, Evora, Coimbra, and Leiria, celebrate his festival, with proper lessons, on the 18th of February. See Trugilho de Sanct. 664. Vasco, Desc. Lus. 522. Penotto, Chron. Ord. xi. 60, 61.

² Manrique, Laur. iii. Henriquez Corvon, Cister. 5. Vasconcellos, Anaceph. 41. Id. Desc. Lusit. 528. Anjos, Jardim de Portugal, iii. 3. Winon, Lignum Vitæ, 4. 15. Ant. Brandaõ, Monarch. Lusit. xv. 20.

pilgrimage to Santiago of Compostella, became acquainted with the state of Portugal; and, on his return to Rome, despatched two of his disciples, Zacharias¹ and Gualter, to found the institute of the Minorites in that country. They were received with much affection by the Infanta Sancha, then residing at Alanquer, and in her palace the first Franciscan convent was formed.

It will not be amiss to say a few words on that most illustrious of the Franciscans of Portugal, S. Antony of Padua. Born at Lisbon, in 1195, he entered the order at the age of twenty-six, and soon after went into Africa, in the hope of receiving martyrdom from the Moors. On his return, he was cast on the coast of Sicily, thence passed into Italy, and at once acquired the reputation and the influence that he deserved. His talent for preaching was considered almost supernatural; and, though his sermons were delivered in Italian, a most difficult language for a Portuguese to acquire, he became one of the most celebrated preachers of the middle ages. It must be confessed, after having read of the wonderful effects produced, under God, by his eloquence, the conversion of heretics, the reconciliation of feuds, the abandonment of evil courses of life,—after picturing to ourselves the vast crowds that flocked to him, and the eagerness with which both rich and poor hung on his words, that the first feeling, on reading his printed sermons, is disappointment; the second, wonder that they could ever have been popular. In tenderness, pathos, appeals to the feelings, in everything, in short, which would be understood and relished by the poor,—especially an excitable poor, like that of Italy,—they are altogether wanting; and their very beauties, ingenious subtleties, technical distinctions, curious allegories, and bold adaptations,—are precisely those which would be lost on the auditory to which they were addressed. They are, in short, much like what S. Bonaventura's discourses would be, could you deprive them of that divine spirit of love which renders them what they are, and has distinguished the Seraphic Doctor above every other writer of the Church. It is no wonder that Fleury, always prejudiced against mediæval times, should say, '*Je n'y vois rien de cette éloquence et de cette force que leur attribue l'auteur de sa vie: ce n'est qu'un tissu de passages de l'écriture pris dans des sens figurés, souvent fort éloignés du sens littéral, et qui par conséquent ne font point de preuve. On ne voit dans ces sermons ni raisonnemens suivis,*' [the Abbé was evidently thinking of the court-preachers of Versailles,] '*ni mouvemens: la fin n'est plus touchante que le commencement.*'² And, at first sight, there seems some truth

¹ S. Antonin. iii. 24, 7. Cunha, *His. Eccles da Lisboa*, ii. 27. Rodolph. Chron. Ord. i. 130. Wadding, i. 40, 41. Reboledo, Chron. Ord. i. 3, 48.

² Fleury, lxx. 7.

in this. It might be supposed that the sermons we now have are not the same as those which created the sensation to which we have alluded, but rather exercises in divinity, composed, probably, at an earlier period of the saint's life; and in favour of this opinion, it might be urged, that the homilies to which half Italy flocked were in Italian, those we possess, in Latin; and that the latter, arranged as they are for the whole year, one sermon (and, generally speaking, but one) for each holiday, have not the appearance of discourses delivered as circumstances required, but composed for the purpose of forming a book. But a closer inspection will prove, we think, this opinion to be untenable. There will be found, scattered here and there, references to vulgar proverbs,¹ which must have come home to the hearts of a poor audience; allusions to trades of various kinds,—to agriculture—to vine-dressing—to the keeping of flocks—to everything, in short, likely to interest those with whom the preacher had to deal.² A student, writing a volume of sermons, would not,—if indeed he could,—have introduced these.

We do not, however, for a moment imagine that the discourses, as we have them now, are anything more than the sketches of those which came from the Saint. They appear to have been taken down, in the way of notes, at the time, or from memory directly afterwards, and then translated into Latin; losing all that would make them popular in the first process, and, perhaps, something of life and reality in the second. We are persuaded that any one, accustomed to a country congregation, might, by expanding one of S. Antony's sermons, produce a discourse which should be quite within their comprehension, and full of interest for them. This hypothesis accounts for the extreme brevity of many of these compositions, as well as for the bald opening and termination, and disjointed sequences, of nearly all. And the whole was evidently arranged, and accompanied with explanatory remarks, long after the death of the Saint.

The Franciscans, most honourably distinguished as the first labourers in the wide field of the East, produced no other Saint, in Portugal, of distinguished eminence. On the Dominicans we must dwell a little longer.

Sueyro Gomes, a friend of S. Dominic, arrived in Portugal in the year 1217, at the time when that kingdom lay under the interdict which we have already mentioned. Proceeding to Alanquer, where, as belonging to D. Sancha, the offices of the

¹ *E. g.* 'Unde vulgo dicitur, Iste est pauper plus quam puella aut virgo,' p. 358, col. 1.

² *E. g.* To pearl-fishery, 292; to horses and oxen, 201; to the difference of grapes, 78, 2; to the *formido* of fisherman, 105, 2. We quote from the Pedepontine edition.

Church were still allowed, he began to preach with great earnestness and success. 'You have conquered,' he said, 'the Moors; now conquer yourselves; a victory by how much the harder, by so much the more glorious.' Sancha heard the new preacher, and determined on establishing him near herself; she founded a monastery on Monte Junto,¹ in ancient times, and, as it were proleptically, called Mons Sacer; and in 1218 it was opened for the reception of novices. The visit paid by S. Dominic to his native Spain, and the kindness with which he received Sueyro, probably heightened the reputation of the latter: at least, we find the Bishop of Coimbra, shortly afterwards, desirous of having a house of Friars Preachers in his own Diocese. His approbation of the institute is extant; and though not dated, must have been given between the years 1217 and 1219, inasmuch as it bestows on Sueyro the title of Prior. To this name he had no claim before the former of these dates; and after the latter he was Provincial. At Coimbra he held his first Chapter, as Provincial of Spain, and received briefs from Honorius III., recommending the new order to the Kings and Prelates of that country. The situation of Alanquer was soon found to be so horribly wild and destitute of every necessary of life, and, moreover, at such a distance from the habitation of all whom the Friars might hope to profit, that the house was removed to Santarem, which may be considered as the then capital of Portugal.

The Provincial was soon entrusted with a very difficult commission; the adjustment of the respective claims of Church and State, as respectively put forward by the King, D. Sancho II., (who had been charged by Affonso on his death-bed to submit to Rome,) and the Archbishop of Braga. The dispute, originally commenced on behalf of the injured Infantas, had branched off into a variety of other particulars, which are expressed in the Concordat² with more minuteness than Latinity; Sancho being obliged to make restitution, for that he was in the habit among other crimes *sforciandi monasteria*. In the hands of Sueyro, this matter was brought to an amicable conclusion. The order now increased in number, without relaxing in purity; and a curious proof of its poverty was long preserved at Alcobaça. This was a book of the Lives of the Saints, received in pledge for a copper cross, which, apparently, could not be redeemed.

A Saint of some eminence in Portugal, though little known out of it, assisted in maintaining the high esteem with which the

¹ S. Antonin. Vit. S. Dominici, 3, xxii. 13. De Pedro Luc. Ant. 16, 21, 22, 25, &c. Marcos de Lisboa, i. 1, 48.

² Resende, Antig. Port. i. 40.

³ The most essential parts of this document are given by Luis de Sousa, in his Cronica, i. pp. 47-8, &c.

Dominicans were regarded. Gil Rodrigues, encouraged by the favour shown by Sancho to learned men, applied himself to the study of medicine; in which, though influenced by the most base motives, he made great progress. The King bestowed on him, by way of reward, two Canonries and three Priors; a striking proof of the unworthy manner in which, even at so early a period, such preferments were awarded. Gil next undertook the study of magic, which he pursued at Paris, where he led an abandoned life; till, brought to deep and true repentance, he returned to his own country, and was so much struck by the piety which he observed in a Dominican house in course of erection near Palencia, that he joined that order, and was, in course of time, elected Provincial of Spain. Under his government,¹ the first approximation to the Spanish Inquisition was made by the Bull *Declinante jam mundi*, issued at Spoleto, May 6, 1232; and S. Gil was thus the first Inquisitor.

In the meantime, the disputes between the civil and ecclesiastical powers had again broken out, and the common people were arrayed on the side of the latter. Sancho was not a bad, although a weak man; and was, by evil counsellors, hurried on to the execution of the most hurtful measures. As the great Council of Lyons was now drawing on, the King sent the Archbishop of Braga and the Bishop of Coimbra to represent the clergy of Portugal in that assembly. They offered such strong remonstrances to the Pope, and to the assembled Fathers, with respect to the proceedings and policy of Sancho, that this unfortunate monarch was deposed, and Affonso, his brother, invited to assume the Regency. S. Gil, at the hazard of his life, announced this intelligence to the King, whose death, a few years later, put an end to the civil war. Affonso, infamous for his cruel conduct towards his wife, the Countess Matilda of Boulogne,—alas that Rome, on that occasion, heaped fresh oppressions on the oppressed!—was a bad man, but a politic king; and in the peace which his dominions enjoyed, the Dominicans multiplied their houses, and extended their influence.

The history of the Portuguese Church, during the next two centuries, is a lamentable picture of decline. The frightful increase of the Commendams, the relaxation of monastic discipline, the example in some instances of a vicious court, the plagues that depopulated the kingdom, and, above all, the Black Death,² conduced to this result. The Great Schism, although

¹ There is a life of S. Gil by Resende, printed at Paris in 1586. See also Sousa, 1, 2, 36. Marieta, Sanct. Hesp. xii. 25. Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 34. Bzovius, Annal. Eccl. xiii. ad ann. 1230. Calvo, Lagr. Just. 2, 17. Vasconcell. Desc. Port. 553, 11.

² Sousa, ii. 2. Suf. Castellfranc. Chron. Ord. 73, 74. Leander, i. 23.

Portugal always remained faithful to the true successor of S. Peter, allowed crimes to pass unpunished, which, in a more settled age, would have met with exemplary chastisement; and the period of anarchy that preceded the election of Joaõ of Good Memory, was one truly deplorable. The Concordat of the see of Rome with King Diniz is the most interesting ecclesiastical epoch, and the lovely character of S. Isabel, the fairest spectacle of these times. Her patience with her husband, her gentle winning him to repentance, the long-suffering with which she laboured for peace betwixt him and his rebellious son, her love to the poor, her union of rare asceticism with feminine duties,—all these have stamped her as the most inviting, the most loveable, (if we may use the expression,) the most alluring to goodness, among the mediæval saints.

Monastic laxity was now, probably in the first instance ironically, called *Claustra*, and it seemed determined to resist all attempts for its extirpation. The Dominicans were the first to receive a wholesome reform. During the schism, the Provincial of Spain followed the party of the Antipope Clement; this led to a subtraction of obedience on the part of his Portuguese brethren, and ultimately, to their erection into a separate province. The introduction of the reform of Raymond of Capua was thus facilitated, and it was not introduced till it was wanted; for friars were then in the habit of spending more time at home than in their monastery, and of enjoying the possession and administration of their own goods. Fr. Vincent¹ of Lisbon was the chief agent in this amelioration of discipline, commonly called the Reform of Bemfica, from the convent which first received it.

With the accession of the house of Aviz, discipline began to revive. Doubtless the deep piety of Philippa of Lancaster² was not without its weight; and that the English ecclesiastics who accompanied her possessed great influence, the adoption of the Salisbury Breviary at Lisbon is amply sufficient to prove.

¹ This celebrated man was subjected to a somewhat curious occurrence. When born, he appeared so sickly an infant, that the midwife, considering his life in danger, baptized him. He, however, grew up, took orders, became distinguished for his learning and talents, and especially celebrated as a preacher. Happening one day to deliver a sermon in the church of the parish in which he was born, the woman who had baptized him forced herself on his notice, and related the circumstance. As if struck by a sudden doubt, 'Good mother,' inquired the preacher, 'what words did you use?' 'What other words,' she replied, 'than those which I always employ? "I baptize thee, and commend thee to God and Our Lady."' Fr. Vincent was, of course, rebaptized, made his profession (conditionally) again, and under the same cautela, again received Holy Orders.

² The piety of this excellent Queen, the darling of Portugal, seems to have been transmitted to her descendants. D. Felippa de Lancastre, daughter to the great and unfortunate Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, was one of the most noted, not less for the

It is perhaps peculiar to the Portuguese Church, that, having reached its lowest declension about the end of the fourteenth century, it should thenceforward rise, till it attained its highest glory in the sixteenth and former part of the seventeenth.

With the latter years of D. João I. began the foreign conquests of the kingdom. In Ceuta, the Church gained an outpost for propagating the faith among the Moors; an outpost, however, from whence little was effected, except in the way,—and that principally through the indefatigable exertions of the Trinitaries,—of redeeming captives. The discoveries of D. Henrique, though adding greatly to Portuguese wealth, and stimulating Portuguese enterprise, were productive of few missionary efforts; the African islands thus added to the dominions of his country being, for the most part, uninhabited. The disastrous African expedition, the long-continued plague of the reign of Duarte the Eloquent, the protracted regency that followed, its civil broils, the rise of the then hateful house of Bragança, the military fortunes of Affonso the African,—all these things were adverse to the prosperous estate of the Church. But with the accession of João 'the Perfect,' a new state of things commenced; and the Regale, though certainly encroaching on ecclesiastical authority, was exercised with vigour for the support and aggrandizement of the Church. The reign of this prince, though short, seems to have been designed by Providence, through its severity and rigour, to prepare the Portuguese for the amazing accessions of wealth and influence which they were so soon to enjoy.

The expedition of Vasco da Gama, the noblest exertion of human courage and human faith on record, and an enterprise which, when fairly compared with that of Columbus, shows more of resource, more of determination, more of the science of command,

devotion with which she led a monastic life, than for her talents in sacred poetry. Of the latter we subjoin a specimen:—

'Naõ Vos sirvo, naõ Vos amo,
Mas desejo Vos amar
De sempre: Vossa me chamo
Sem Quem naõ he repousar.
O Vida, Lume, e Luz,
Infindo bem e inteiro,
Jesu, Deos Verdadeiro,
Por mim morto, em a Cruz;
Si mim mesma naõ desamo,
Naõ Vos posso bem amar:
A me ajudar Vos chamo,
Para saber repousar.'

The Portuguese scholar will observe that there is hardly any difference between the language of these times (the poem was written about 1480), and that of the present day. See Ruy de Pina, *Cron. Af. V.* 126. Chrys. Henrique, *Menol. Cist.* 8 Kal. Aug. Duarte Minez, *Elog. dos Reis de Portugal.*

is fairly attributable to the impulse of the Church; that Church which the pride of the nineteenth century brands as crippling energy and annihilating genius. It is a cruel, though unintentional, calumny of Mickle, to call the *Lusiad* the Epic of Commerce. It was, to adopt the beautiful allegory of Camoens, celestial Venus that urged the chiefs of the enterprise: it was to be expected that their voyage would be stormy in its course, and triumphant in its ending, if we believe in the ever-present, and oftentimes material, warfare carried on by the Prince of the power of the air against the Church of God. A noble sight, indeed, must that have been, when the solemn procession of these Christian Argonauts set forth for the Church of N. S. de Belem, —a foundation of the great D. Henrique,—to implore the succour of God, and the blessing of His Church, on their combat with unknown oceans: still nobler, perhaps, on the following day, when, accompanied by half the population of Lisbon, and preceded by a noble band of priests, and the triumphant banner of the cross, they descended to the shore; the spectators regarding them as doomed men, the actors themselves fully aware of the fearful jeopardy to which they were to expose themselves. That was to part as a Christian armament should part.

And so they proceeded on their long voyage. Now almost in despair, now almost in mutiny,—beating round Cape Bogador,—becalmed in southern latitudes, believing themselves in actual conflict with demons, and foiled by 'the Spirit of the Cape,' at length they heard the news of a certain India—they hailed the long-lost pole-star—they saw, on a bright Sunday morning, the lofty mountains of Calicut.

We must not here turn that wonderful page of profane history, the Indian wars, and the heroic defence of Cochin. Our business is not with the conquests of this world, but with the spiritual victories of that Church who is not of this world.

The Franciscans were the first¹ of the religious orders to enter on the work of evangelizing India. The Dominicans, however, though five years later in the field, were even more successful than their predecessors; and the Solor mission is one

¹ It may, perhaps, give the reader some idea of what was effected in the first ardour of missionary enterprise, if we put down a few facts connected with the number of the converts.

In less than a century, the kings of the Maldives, Ceylon (by which, we believe, Jaffnapatam, and that part of the island is to be understood,) Trincomalé, Timor, Bachén, Ternate, Siam, Tange, Pambe, Pate, Badaren, Kandy, Ormuz, and Bungo, —we might mention many others,—had received the faith. Before 1556, seventy thousand natives of Ceylon had been converted by the Franciscans; before 1583, forty thousand inhabitants of the country round Goa had been baptized by the same order: so had five thousand souls in Timor. The Dominicans, before 1598, had converted twenty thousand at Sena, and fifty thousand in Solor; the Jesuits, before 1581, twenty thousand at Omura, and one hundred and fifty thousand in Bungo.

of the most interesting features of Eastern Church history. In the first and second sieges of Goa, Domingos de Sousa headed the advancing troops with a crucifix in his hands; and the Dominicans at once established themselves in the capital of Portuguese India.

It appears that no bishop was sent out to the newly-acquired colonies till the year 1515,¹ when the titular Bishop of Laodicea was despatched by D. Manoel 'the Fortunate,' to superintend the rising churches. It is beautiful to observe the skill with which the civil government supplied the necessities and provided for the wants of the Church. When it is remembered that, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Oriental missions were divided among five or six different orders, totally independent of each other, and owning no common superior, it must be allowed that to prevent interference and intrusion was a delicate and difficult task. It was adroitly managed. Care was taken that each separate mission should be under the especial care of some one order. Thus, the island of Goa, the town of Malacca, and the Moluccas, were, among other places, allotted to the Dominicans; Ceylon, Timor, and Bejapoor, to the Franciscans; Persia, to the Carmelites; the Fishery Coast, Japan, China, Tonkin, and Cochin China, to the Jesuits. A holy rivalry was thus excited between the different orders, but only such an emulation as the Apostle recommends; each was ready to support the other when necessary,—each, at the same time, shrunk from obtaining needless assistance. And the government took care to fall in with this arrangement of the Church, by appointing, for example, a Dominican bishop to a Dominican station, and so with respect to the other 'religions.'

It is true that, with the decline of the Portuguese empire in the East, dissensions broke out between the various orders of missionaries. But nearly a century of peace had, ere that unhappy period arrived, brought in hundreds of thousands into the fold of the Church.

And this will be a proper place to give some account of the Portuguese colonial bishoprics. We shall, however, purposely omit all mention of Brazil; because the Brazilian Church is too important a subject to be treated incidentally, and demands a separate account.

To begin with Africa. Here there were the Sees of Ceuta, Tangere, Safim, Mazagaõ, Funchal, Angra, Cabo Verde, S. Thomas, Congo; besides the titular bishoprics of Morocco, Fez, Salé, Targa, and the Patriarchate of Æthiopia.

¹ Luis de Sousa, iii. 302, &c. Comment. de Alfonso de Albuquerque, i. 2, 4. Gaspar Correa, Op. MS. § 8. Andrade, Chron. del Rey D. Josõ III. ii. 27.

Ceuta was erected into a see shortly after its capture. Its first prelate was an English Dominican, Fr. Aymer, who had been confessor to Queen Philippa. In 1444, the Bishop was made Primate of Africa, and subjected immediately to Rome; but thirty years afterwards he was constituted a suffragan of Braga, and, at a still later period, of Lisbon.

Tangere was made a bishopric in 1471, but was afterwards united to Ceuta. Safim and Mazagaõ had prelates while they remained in the hands of the Portuguese, but have long since been deserted.

Funchal, though founded in 1422, remained without a bishop for many years. Tangere having then claimed it as a part of its diocese, and the Pope having allowed the jurisdiction, D. Manoel forbade the arrangement to take place, and, in 1514, nominated a bishop to the see of Funchal, Madeira, Porto Santo, and Arguim, and built the fine cathedral at his own expense. It is a tradition in the island, that, during the erection of this church, a frigate came from Lisbon, for the purpose of bringing thirty dollars (or 6*l.* 5*s.*), in specie, for the payment of the workmen.

Angra, the capital of Terceira and Bishopric of the Açores, was raised to that dignity in 1534; and Cabo Verde, including as well the continental as the insular possessions of the Portuguese, in those parts, in 1533. About the same time, S. Thomas was made a bishopric, and the diocese included the kingdoms of Congo. D. Diogo de Ortiz was the first prelate; but he only held the see till Henrique, son to the King of Congo, who had been educated at Lisbon, was himself consecrated to the see. From this diocese that of Congo,—now called Angola,—was separated in 1590. But of all these sees Fez is the most ancient. Its Mahomedan chief, anxious to propitiate the Divine vengeance, for the blood of the five Franciscan martyrs, requested a bishop from the Pope, by whom Fr. Agnello was consecrated. His successor, Fr. Lopo, on applying for his bulls, received from Innocent IV. the punning answer, '*Vide, fili mi, concedo quod postulas; non tamen ut Lupus, sed ut Agnus pergas.*'

We come now to Asia. The earliest arrangement for the ecclesiastical government of the Portuguese possessions here, as well as in her other colonies, was certainly curious. Funchal was constituted an archbishopric, with the primacy of all the Indies; and four suffragans were subjected to it: Cabo Verde and S. Thomas, of which we have spoken before; S. Salvador, comprising the whole of Brazil; and Goa, extending from the Cape of Good Hope to China! The Archbishop of Funchal, by this division, had jurisdiction over nearly two-thirds of the globe. Goa was made a separate bishopric in 1532. Francisco de Mello, who was consecrated to it, died before sailing; and a

bishop *in partibus*, sent out as a temporary supply, governed so well, that, during his life-time, D. João 'the Pious' would make no other appointment. On his death, João de Albuquerque was despatched to Goa, which he reached on Lady-day, 1538; and, after celebrating pontifical mass, he presented to the viceroy a patent, erecting Goa into a bishopric, under the title of All India, and the church of S. Catherine into a cathedral. Albuquerque is therefore variously reckoned as the first and second bishop. He divided Goa into four parishes; and, though he had leave to return on account of ill-health, he preferred dying among his own people. But, in the mean time, the absurdity of the Madeira scheme had been discovered; and, on the death of D. Martinho de Portugal, second bishop of Funchal and primate of the East, in 1550, the archiepiscopal dignity was not conferred on his successor.¹ Five years later, Goa was made an archbishopric, and received, in process of time, six suffragans. These were Cochin, established in 1559; Malacca, of which the first bishop, Fr. Jorge de Sa. Luzia, was a rare example of a truly apostolic missionary; China, the bishop being generally resident at Macao; Japan; and, at a later period, the Archbishop of Angamale, that is, of the native Christians of S. Thomas; and, lastly, the Bishop of Meliapor.

It would evidently be endless to enter into the details of all the Indian missions; and to mention them without details would be to inflict on the reader a catalogue of unintelligible and barbarous names. We will confine ourselves to one or two only.

Malacca, conquered by Albuquerque the Great, and become the second city of Portuguese Asia, fell to the lot of the Dominicans. The mart of the distant East, it was a most important missionary station; and, in the hands of these poor friars, was a valuable outpost in the holy warfare of the Church. Its most important branch of commerce was the sandal-wood of Timor; and as that island possesses a climate most deadly to Europeans, one of the Malacca merchants requested Father Taveira to accompany the vessels that were bound thither, in order that he might assist such of the sailors as might be seized² with illness while in so unhealthy a region. The Father accepted the commission with thankfulness; and found a great disposition among the natives, hitherto reputed utterly barbarous and untractable, to receive the faith. Encouraged by the fruit of his toils, he extended them among the neighbouring islands; and soon found so marvellous success in the islands of Solor, as to induce him to apply to the then newly erected Dominican convent in Malacca for

¹ As a memorial of their former dignity, the crozier was, we believe, till of late years, borne before the Bishops of Funchal, instead of the pastoral staff.

² Sousa, iii. 346.

further assistance. Antonio da Cruz had the charge of this mission, and founded a little monastery, fortified with an entrenchment and palisade against the incursions of the Javanese, in the principal island of the group. And this precautionary fortification was not in vain; for two years after the commencement of the mission, and when considerable progress had already been made, the missionaries were attacked by a whole squadron of proas, but, with the assistance of the native Christians, were enabled to keep the foe at bay till the arrival of a Portuguese galleon dispersed the barbarians. In process of time the Solor group became Christian: each island was divided into parishes, each parish church provided with its own priests; the appearance was that of a long Christianized and civilized country. But this state of things was not to last. The Solors were possessed by two castes, or, more properly speaking, by two different races,—the Paginaras, and the Dammaras; and while the latter had lent a ready ear to the missionaries, and delighted in all things to affect Portuguese customs, the former, in many cases, retained a secret attachment to the rites of their ancestors, and a readiness, on the first favourable opportunity, to return to them. The chief of the Paginaras, a professing Christian, was imprisoned by the Governor of the Portuguese fort, on suspicion of Moorish practices and faith. This conduct rankled in the breast of the chief after his liberation; and he contrived, with no less secrecy than ingenuity, to organize a conspiracy for the restoration of the ancient religion and policy. On the Feast of S. Laurence, the patron saint of one of the islands, when the Governor was attending mass in state, the conspirators were present, and would assuredly have massacred the worshippers, and thus have raised the standard of rebellion and apostasy, had it not been for an accidental misintelligence. The plot, thus delayed, was carried into effect a few days later; the Christians were simultaneously attacked throughout the islands, and many were honoured with the glory of martyrdom. One of the most illustrious of these was an aged native, by name Cosmo Romeiro.¹ ‘Many years,’ said he, while suffering the tortures inflicted by his persecutors, ‘have I followed the law of Christ, and, by His grace, you will not terrify me into forsaking it now.’ The Vicar of Lamqueira, and two youths from the Dominican seminary,²

¹ Sousa, ii. 363. João dos Sanctos, *Ethiop. Orient.* ii. 2, 5. Aff. Fernandez, *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 9. It is much to be lamented that a more particular account was not left of this persecution; but the good fathers were probably so busy in repairing its effects, that they had not time to describe its triumphs.

² We are not aware who was the protomartyr of Solor; but the second sufferer for Christ is said to have been Father Simão das Montanhas, one of the country vicars, who, while praying, was attacked by savages, and, in spite of the resistance

were carried off and eaten. The victorious apostates not only laid siege to the fort, but, equipping a squadron of proas, attacked some Portuguese vessels taking in cargoes of sandal-wood at Timor. A contagious disease, however, of a character unknown to that country, which broke out among the Moorish army, was regarded by them as the judgment of God; and a small fleet from Malacca easily dispersed the insurgents, and put an end to the rebellion. Fresh missionaries were sent to supply the places of those that had fallen like good soldiers of Christ; and, for some time, these islands had rest. But the Moors were never entirely subdued; nor was the country again settled peaceably with its twenty-seven vicars and parish churches.

The mission of Camboya¹ was one of much interest. It was commenced at the instance of the King, who, however, soon wearied of his attachment to the Fathers. A long drought succeeded, and the monarch obliged them to put up public prayers for rain, hoping either to have the power of denouncing them as impostors if they failed, or to obtain a substantial benefit if they succeeded. God was pleased to honour His servants by hearing them in a remarkable manner; and they then acquired considerable influence among the common people. The mission was extended to Siam; but four Dominicans were, at its very outset, slain by the Moors. The gospel was to be propagated in another way. The King of Siam made a descent on Camboya, and carried off the missionaries from the city of Angor, which he took; and from this commencement a prosperous Church was formed, both in Siam and in Pegú. In fact, the whole of further India may be considered Dominican. These enterprises extended long beyond the life of King Manoel. He appears to have been a good and zealous man, though his fame, in this respect, has been eclipsed by that of his son. Manoel was surnamed 'the Fortunate,' João 'the Pious.'

With whatever success the Franciscans and Dominicans were pursuing their labours in the East, D. João III. was anxious to secure the assistance of a new society, which had lately attracted attention at Rome, and which, though extremely limited as to numbers, had already given proofs of that burning zeal which was to accomplish, in the following century, such wonders. D. Pedro Mascarenhas, the Portuguese ambassador at Rome, mentioned, in his despatches, the rare holiness of S. Ignatius Loyola; and it happened that Diogo de Gouvêa, rector of the college of

of some Christians who took up arms in his defence, barbarously slain. This was in 1581. See João dos Sanctos, *Ethiop. Orient.* ii. 2, 24. *Ant. da Encarnação, Rel. Princ. Christ.* 16.

¹ Sousa, iii. 393. João dos Sanctos, *Ethiop. Orient.* ii. 7. Mendoça, *Itinerario*, 41. Gaspar da Cruz, *Trat. da China*, § 1.

S. Barbara at Lisbon, had been acquainted with him in Paris, and was able to confirm the ambassador's account. João requested S. Ignatius to send six of his disciples, to go out as missionaries with the Indian fleet; and, though so large a number could not be spared, two were designed for this employment. The first of these was Simão de Rodriguez, by birth a Portuguese, and a native of the province of Beira. Accepting the mission with thankfulness, he sailed for Lisbon, and there awaited the arrival of his companion, S. Francis Xavier.

The labours of these two illustrious men were to be bestowed, for some time, on Portugal. The Indian fleet of the year 1540 had already sailed, before they were in readiness to accompany it; and their services in Lisbon were soon felt and acknowledged by all. 'Apostles' was the title which they received from the common people, and the Jesuits retained that name till the time of their suppression. They accompanied the Court on its journeys, and took charge of the education of some young noblemen; and so high was their reputation, that, as the time drew near for their departure, João was anxious that his former scheme should be abandoned, and that the 'Apostles' should remain in Portugal. The affair was considered of sufficient importance to be referred to the decision of the Council, by whom it was debated with great earnestness. The Infante Henrique, afterwards Cardinal and King, distinguished himself by his vehement opposition to the new plan. Possessed of some of the richest benefices of the kingdom, which in his hands were mostly sinecures, he could neither understand nor tolerate the fiery zeal of the new order. He was, in fact, the head of the 'High Church' party of his day;—the present state of things was, in his eyes, perfection. Alcobaca was a rich income in itself; the lands were capable of improvement, the rents might be raised; the Archbishopric of Lisbon, though involving somewhat more trouble, was an honourable piece of preferment, even for a king's son; and the emoluments which he enjoyed in the shape of prebendal stalls, commendams, and *raçoeirões*,¹ were agreeable assistances in keeping up the dignity of an Infante. Then this new order had no notion of Church dignity; it lived more amongst the poor than among the rich; its heads actually preferred an abode at a hospital to one in a nobleman's house; there was something low, enthusiastic, *outré*, in all this: such a thing had never been heard of in the good old times of D. Manoel.

Such seem to have been the feelings, however much altered afterwards, with which D. Henrique then regarded the Jesuits;

¹ A *raçoeiro*, contracted from *racioneiro*, is the prebendary of a church not cathedral; a *raçoeira*, the prebend; but the word is generally restricted to incomes of small value.

and which rendered him desirous of their labouring in India, or anywhere else, so it were not beneath his very eyes in Portugal. A compromise was agreed on, and it was determined that S. Francis Xavier should proceed to India, while Simão Rodriguez remained in Portugal.

We shall not follow the former in his labours and in his perils. First employed in the reformation of manners at Goa, and in placing the newly erected college of S. Paul on such a footing as to render it an efficient missionary establishment, he thence sailed to the Portuguese factory in Cape Comorin, and, in spite of ignorance of the language and the inefficiency of interpreters, he made some progress in the conversion of thirty villages, and returned to Goa with a few native youths, whom he placed for education in the new college. In his second visit to the south, though still unacquainted with Tamul, he rendered an essential service to the Rajah, by (whether supernaturally or by the more ordinary effects of a determined mien,) routing a host of the Badagâs; and on again returning to Goa, he left two missionaries with the recent converts. A third visit to the south showed him the happy success of his labours; and he now penetrated as far as to the island of Manaar. Extending the scene of his enterprises, he next visited Malacca, where he had far more success among the Portuguese than among the heathen: thence he proceeded to the Moluccas, to the barbarian islands Del Moro, to Java, and to Ternate, and so, by way of Jaffnapatam, returned to Goa. (1549.) This brief sketch of his proceedings was necessary to the progress of our narrative.

Meanwhile, the Jesuits in Portugal were rapidly acquiring influence. Having received the convent of S. Antão de Benespera¹ at Lisbon, as a grant from the crown, they were thus possessed of a foundation for future operations. Several novices had now entered themselves, and S. Ignatius, hearing of the great success of the Company in Portugal, despatched thither some of his more tried disciples. It is remarkable, that the first enter-

¹ The original grant was of the Augustinian monastery of N. S. de Carquere, founded by the Conde D. Henrique, in 1099, and situated three leagues from Lamego. In the lapse of years it had become a mere commendam. This was exchanged by P. Simão for S. Antão: and the whole transaction shows how entirely, even among the most pious Portuguese, Church property was considered transferable at the will of the King from one order to another, and commendams regarded as a marketable commodity. The monks of S. Antony, founded, it is said, in 1095, for attendance on such as were seized by the disease called S. Antony's fire, were under the control of a Preceptor Maximus, and their houses were termed Preceptories. They had five such in Portugal, though the year of their coming into that kingdom is not known. Their head was S. Antão de Benespera, near Guarda. The house in Lisbon, which was given to the Jesuits, was tenanted but by one aged hermit, who became the sacristan of the new society. With respect to the monks of S. Antony, the reader may consult Onuphr. Chron. 109, 5; and Hieronymo Romano, Resp. Christ. 6.

prise of the new order was not unattended with that wisdom of the serpent, which, in its decline, became its most remarkable feature. Manoel Godinho, the first Lisbon novice, was sent to Coimbra, (the University of which city had been almost refounded by D. João,) under the garb of a common student; that, by the strictness of his behaviour, and holiness of his life, he might win over his fellow-students, who would believe him but one of themselves, to regularity and devotion. A great sensation was at the same time created in Lisbon, by the announcement which Father Neto, a popular preacher of the day,¹ made at the end of one of his sermons: 'I have preached to you,' he said, 'of the blessedness of poverty and of the holiness of obedience; my words have either been true or false. If false, let me repeat them no more; if true, let me, as I will do, carry them out into deeds, by joining this new society of Jesus.'

The College in Coimbra was opened in a poor house in 1542. P. Simão began his journey thither from Lisbon on the 9th of June in that year; and, like Laud, on a similar occasion, pleased himself with the thought that the day of SS. Primus and Felicianus promised a *happy beginning* to the new foundation.

A happy beginning, however, it was not permitted to enjoy. Loved and revered by the common people, the Jesuits were, from the first, decidedly unpopular among the middling classes. The citizens of Coimbra were full of complaints, and they found a ready patron in the prejudiced and meddling D. Henrique. The accommodation at the college was miserable, and the revenues of S. Antão only amounted to a thousand crusados.²

The permission of March 14, 1543, to extend the Company, (hitherto restricted to seventy,) to an unlimited extent, gave greater vigour to its operations in Portugal; and a circumstance occurred which proved how much influence it already possessed. D. Miguel da Sylva, bishop of Viseu, and secretary *da puridade* to D. João, who had become possessed of all the secrets of the government, fell into disgrace with the King, and, carrying off the papers with which he had been entrusted, fled to Rome. João revenged himself by seizing the possessions of the prelate, and outlawing his person; on which the Pope presented³ him with the Scarlet Hat. João's indignation was excessive; and it is said that he even entertained thoughts of following the example of Henry VIII., and throwing off all subjection to Rome. The matter was at length compromised by Loyola, and in a

¹ Orlandin. iii. 81. Tellez, ii. 89.

² That is, about 84*l.*, which might equal 300*l.* at the present time. But the greater part of this income arose from petitories; and when they were abolished by the Council of Trent, the commendams became almost valueless.

³ Tellez, i. 133.

manner which shows the wretched laxness of the times. Cardinal Alexander Farnese was presented to Viseu, on condition of resigning its revenues to Sylva; and by this expedient, such as it was, peace was restored. At the same time, P. Soares, one of the most famous preachers of his time, having been raised to the chair of Coimbra, the tutorship of the Prince, hitherto held by him, was entrusted to P. Simão, and a door thus opened for his acquisition of court influence in its highest degree. João shortly afterwards presented a hundred thousand crusados to the new college: the provincial would only accept eighteen thousand; and he returned even these to the King on an alarm being raised that a Turkish armament was about to attack Ceuta.

The Cardinal Infant ceased not to carry on his designs against the rising society, and no charge was more easily made against it than the popular outcry of heresy. Paris had been the cradle of the Jesuits: and Paris was well known to be suffering from the attacks of heretics and schismatics of every possible description. What more likely than that the 'Apostles' should be secret and disguised emissaries of Calvin and Bucer? Even João's friendship for S. Ignatius was not proof against this suspicion: and he appointed a commission of inquiry, to examine into the alleged charges. Rodriguez, on learning this, requested to be confined till their truth or falsehood should be made manifest; and though his request was not granted, people argued well from the confidence which he had exhibited in making it. Fr. Diogo de Murça, Rector of the University of Coimbra, opened the inquiry with all due formality; and, attended by the necessary officers, proceeded to take depositions, and to examine witnesses. 'Have you ever,' he said to Rodrigo de Menezes, a young novice of high birth, 'seen, or pretended to see, or to have, any visions, revelations, or 'supernatural intimations?'—'I have indeed,' replied Menezes, 'been favoured with a most wonderful vision.'¹ Looks and signs passed between the various members of the Commission, and its President requested to be informed to what vision it was that the novice alluded. 'To a vision of my own sins,' replied the other; 'which, till I entered the Company, I had never yet 'clearly understood.' The discomfited Commissioners closed the inquiry.

At this time commenced the public mortifications, as they were called: that is, the performing the most menial offices, as porters or mechanics, in the sight of the whole city, by the fathers and novices; which, however ingeniously defended by P. Simão at the time, were afterwards tacitly abandoned as injudicious.

¹ Telles, i. 172.

They were evidently a servile imitation, in a changed state of public feeling, of the austerities of the early Cistercians and Franciscans; and far more likely to excite ridicule or blasphemy than devotion and humility. A similar proceeding, however, on the part of one of the novices was attended with great success. The office of porters, quaymen, and the like, was then, as it is now, for the most part undertaken by Gallegos, (inhabitants of Galicia,) and they, from belonging to no parish, and from the very nature of their occupation, were in a state little better than that of heathens. Alfonso Barreto, a novice of Porto, obtained permission from his superior to disguise himself as one of these men, and to labour in their instruction and information. The plan proved highly successful.

In 1545, letters were received from S. Francis Xavier, stating his progress, and earnestly craving more help. They were read before the college, and the most eager desire prevailed among the fathers to be in the number of the three missionaries that were to be despatched. Antonio Criminal was appointed superior of the mission, and he received the tidings of his election on his knees: a practice which, from him, became the custom of the Jesuit missionaries. He sailed with the celebrated Don João de Castro, the liberator of Dio; and having been sent by S. Francis Xavier to the Fishery Coast, in 1549, was successfully engaged in teaching the natives, when he was attacked by the wild Badagâs. A large collection of Portuguese and Paravas were together; the former, forty in number, fled to their ship, and cried to Criminal to accompany them. He refused: if he could not save his flock, he could die for them. The Badagâs passed him as he knelt in prayer; the Moors, inspired with deadlier hatred to Christianity, pierced him in the side; he assisted them to strip him of his cassock, and at the third stroke he fell: thus becoming the protomartyr of the Company.¹ His companion, João de Beira, escaped, and baptized 50,000 persons in the Moluccas.

In 1546, more missionaries were despatched to India: Francisco Peres was among them. In the famous siege of Malacca he did much to encourage the men: confessing them, and throwing himself into the middle of the fight with a crucifix in his hands.

In the meantime missions were set on foot to various parts of Portugal. One of the earliest was to the province of Minho, and was attended with great benefits. Leão Henriques, afterwards one of the firmest props of the Company, joined it in the

¹ Torcellin. Vit. S. Franc. Xav. iv. 4. Maph. Hist. Ind. 14. Gusmão, ii. 12. Rutil. de Jub. i. 9.

year 1546. He was a native of Ponta do Sol, in Madeira, and, if we may believe the chroniclers, was induced to enter the Order almost against his will. Whatever anecdotes are related of his piety,—and they are many,—and however much we may believe him to have been a most true and devoted servant of the Cross, we cannot forget that his advice induced the Cardinal-King, on his death-bed, to be guilty of foul injustice to the house of Bragança, and to expose Portugal, for seventy years, to the misery of the Castilian yoke. Ignacio de Azevedo was another worthy of this golden age of the Jesuits. It is related of him, that being once on mission in Braga, he was hospitably received by the illustrious Bartholomeo dos Martyres, Archbishop-Primate, and won his affections. He had bidden him farewell, intending to proceed to Porto; but on reaching the hospital, found so large a number of penitents waiting to be confessed, that his journey was retarded many hours. ‘I wonder,’ said the good Archbishop, on sitting down to dinner, ‘how far our excellent brother has proceeded on his way.’—‘To the hospital, my lord, and no further,’ replied one of his domestics: ‘I left him confessing there but a short time ago.’ Struck with the zeal of the missionary, Dom Bartholomeo resolved to supply his diocese with many such; and this was the origin of the Jesuits’ College at Braga. We shall presently have occasion to say more of Azevedo.

The Jesuit mission to Congo, though ultimately, like those that had preceded it, unsuccessful, must not be passed over without a few words. That country had been discovered, in 1484, by Diogo Caõ, whose rude eloquence was blessed to the conversion of its King. The monarch sent ambassadors to Lisbon, requesting an alliance with the Crown of Portugal, and missionaries. The plenipotentiaries received holy baptism, the King and Queen themselves standing their sponsors. The mission was, a few years later, placed under the care of the congregation of S. John the Evangelist; and in 1513 the King sent one of his sons to Rome, to make his submission to the Pope, by whom the Prince was consecrated Bishop of his native land. A second mission was established subsequently, and a third in 1521, neither of them with great success. It was thought that the Jesuits might produce happier results, and four missionaries, who visited Congo, were well received. They found, however, that the condition of affairs was deplorable: the people had a name to live, and were dead;¹ open and frightful licentiousness prevailed: the King, in particular, led a vicious life, and obstinately refused to listen to reproof or warning.

¹ Fr. Rebulosa, 207. Maris, Dialog. iv. 19. Damiaõ de Goes, Cron. del Rey D. Manoel, iii. 30, 37. Tellez, Companhia de Jesus, i. 2. 27. 8.

Happier prospects opened in another part of Africa. D. Affonso de Noronha, Governor of Ceuta, touched with the miserable spectacle of Christian captives languishing under the Moorish yoke, applied for priests who might relieve their misery, and, as far as means would go, negotiate their liberty. The famous Joaô Nunes Barreto, afterwards Patriarch of Ethiopia, was, in company with another, charged with this employment. They fixed their quarters in Tetuan, and evinced the most angelic love in their ministrations to the prisoners. They dwelt with them; they kept their miserable cells in order; they prepared their food; they laboured for them; and in every possible manner afforded them both spiritual and temporal consolation. Among other captives, they found a French priest, and endeavoured to alleviate his misery; he was, when almost in the article of death, examined by a purchaser, and considered worth more than he had been in health, it being believed that the respect shown for him by the missionaries evinced his rank or property. While his companion collected alms from door to door in Ceuta, Barreto redoubled his labours in Tetuan, consoling the prisoners, disputing with the Jews, and convincing the Pagans.

Another illustrious missionary was at the same time despatched to India: this was Gaspar Barzeo, a Dutchman by birth, and yet, though speaking Portuguese with difficulty, an eloquent and an admired preacher. He is considered second only to S. Francis Xavier, and has acquired the title of the Apostle of Ormuz. Despatched to that city, so iniquitously taken, and afterwards so justly lost by the Portuguese, he found it a very sink of all wickedness, but, through his zealous labours, effected a considerable reformation in manners. Four towns of Arabia Felix sent to him, requesting his presence. His fame reached Constantinople, where his services were anxiously desired. Having, however, been ordered by S. Francis Xavier, in virtue of holy obedience, and in consequence of his weak constitution, not to leave Ormuz, he was unable to comply with these requisitions. On the departure of the Saint to Japan, Barzeo became Vice-Provincial of India; and, after having been but seven years in the Company, departed to his rest.¹

The history of one of his contemporaries in the same Religion forms a singular contrast to that of this humble soldier of Christ. D. Theotónio de Bragança, a second son of that house, and thus allied to the Royal Family itself, a youth of excitable feelings, but headstrong disposition, applied for, and with some

¹ There is an interesting life of this missionary, written in Latin, by Nicolas Trigault.

difficulty obtained, admission into the Company. His brother, the then Duke, was indignant at this proceeding, which indeed seems to have exhibited less than the usual prudence and right feeling of Simão Rodriguez, and a complaint was laid before the King. The Provincial was summoned into the royal presence, and not only refused to dismiss D. Theotónio, but informed D. João that, in case of his being taken from the Fathers by force, the Company would be under the necessity of leaving Portugal. This threat prevailed, and the Duke of Bragança was obliged to remain content. But the novice was unmanageable by the Rector of Coimbra; he imposed on himself mortifications, which to his superiors seemed unadvised; and as he had not yet learnt that to obey is better than sacrifice, he was sent to Rome, for the purpose of being under the direction of S. Ignatius himself. By him he was, with João the Third's leave, dismissed from the Company; and, as his relations would not now acknowledge him, he led a wandering and miserable life in Italy, France, Germany, and England. After many years, he returned to his own country, and obtained a little cure in the serras of Tralos Montes. Cardinal Henrique at length resigned in his favour the Archbishopric of Evora. He administered this see with great piety, and is said to have retained his ancient affection for the Jesuits, though he showed more favour to the Carthusians, whom he was the first to introduce into Portugal. He built for them the splendid monastery of *Scala Cœli*, near Evora, at an expense of two hundred thousand crusados.

At this time the Jesuits directed their attention to the rising colony of Brazil. The first actual preacher in that vast region had been Fr. Henrique, a Minorite, and afterwards Bishop of Ceuta; but Manoel de Nobrega, of the Company, is usually accounted its Apostle. The cruelties exercised by the Portuguese, and the natural ferocity of the natives, seemed to render the progress of the Church impossible. Nobrega, by mitigating the former, and fearlessly committing himself to the latter, saw much fruit of his labours even during his short career. The first Bishop of Brazil was D. Pedro Fernandez Sardinha, who was consecrated in 1552. He had studied, in company with a brother, at the University of Paris, and, while there, had assisted him in composing a work on the validity of Henry the Eighth's marriage.¹ After four years' residence at his see, S. Salvador, he wished to return to Portugal on ecclesiastical business. The vessel in which he sailed was cast away near Pernambuco, at a place since called from him, *Monte do Bispo*,

¹ Sander. Schiam. Angl. i. 50.

and here the savages cut off his hands and feet, and those of his companions, and then feasted on their Christian captives.¹

A singular instance of the 'mortifications' to which the Jesuits were exposed occurred at this time. Gonçalves da Camara, of the family of the Counts of Calheta, in Madeira, had fulfilled the duties of Rector at Coimbra with great applause: he was, without any preparation, and without any assigned reasons, removed by the Provincial from this post, and appointed to that of cook. That these changes were injudicious, the subsequent alteration of system by the Jesuits sufficiently proved. The humility of Da Camara in his new office was, in process of time, rewarded by his promotion to that of Vice-Provincial, during an occasional absence of P. Simão Rodriguez at Rome. Cardinal Henrique had, by this time, been convinced of the injustice of his prejudices; and perhaps the general rise of the religious tone of Portugal carried him, unconsciously, along with it. In Lisbon especially he had the opportunity of observing the success that attended the missions. The story made some noise at the time, of a murderer, who, lying in wait for his return at the door of a church where the celebrated Estrada was preaching, and happening to look into it, was arrested in his career of wickedness by the words of the zealous priest. In 1557, the Cardinal resolved on founding a Jesuits' College at Evora. The Infante Luis, surnamed The Delight of Portugal, who had in his youth led a dissolute life, was anxious about the education of his natural son, Antonio, Prior of Crato, afterwards the notorious pretender to the throne, and the ally of Elizabeth of England. He was placed in the new college, which was set on foot by some Jesuits from Coimbra; their number was eleven, and they comforted themselves with the hope that there was therefore no Judas among them. They were opposed in every possible manner, and accusations of the falsest character were heaped on them; but the prudence and piety of Melchior Carneiro,² afterwards Bishop of Nyssa, and coadjutor and designed successor to the Patriarch of Ethiopia, prevailed against all difficulties.

The first preacher was Manoel Fernandez, whose rare talent in instructing the ignorant, and stirring up the indifferent, procured him an illustrious testimony of his worth. Bartholomeo dos Martyres, then at Evora, made an engagement with Luis de Granada to go and hear this new doctor. It must be remembered that the former was the most learned and pious

¹ Maris, Dial. v. 341. This event took place, according to Cardoso, in 1556.

² This prelate never went to Ethiopia. On the failure of that ill-devised and worse conducted mission, he was ordered to embark for China; and at Macao administered the Ecclesiastical affairs of the converts in that empire for some time. On the point of sailing for Japan, he was called to his reward.

prelate whom Portugal can boast; and that the latter was said by Gregory XIII. to have done more service to the Church of God than if he had given sight to the blind, and life to the dead. As they left the church, 'We,' said Fr. Bartholomeo, 'we, my brother, can do nothing like this!' Fernandez was accustomed to preach six times a week, besides delivering a lecture every evening to the young and ignorant; and he found an useful coadjutor in a man of humbler station. This was Simão Gomez, commonly known by the name of the Holy Shoemaker, who exerted himself in procuring audiences for the preacher. The death of Fernandez was remarkable. On mission at Elvas, he found that a man of high rank was living in open adultery, and the evil example was not without its force. He preached strongly against the crime, though not against the person; and the adulterer could not forgive his boldness. It was the custom of Fernandez, when on a journey, to travel at some distance behind his companion, that he might have greater liberty for prayer. He was not far from Elvas, and alone, when he was beset by hired assassins, who, in order that they might not shed blood, beat him with sand-bags till they left him for dead. The dying priest, recovering a little, called to his murderers: 'You have,' he said, 'no occasion to fear man: none can accuse you, save myself: fear only Him Who has said, Thou shalt do no murder. It may be difficult for you to confess your crime to others; do so to me, and I will give you absolution.' By his gentleness he won over one of his assassins: the man's heart was touched; he confessed, was absolved, and then assisted his victim to reach Evora. Fernandez survived his arrival there but a short time; and, after having been visited by the Cardinal, died in peace.¹

The ships in which the Jesuit missionaries went forth to India became, indeed, temples of God. Those who are acquainted with Portuguese vessels of the present day may well judge what they must have been in the sixteenth century: how private devotion must have been difficult, and public offices must have seemed impossible: yet, in a mission of thirteen priests and lay-assistants, who sailed in the India fleet of 1551, Manoel de Moraes (and he was not alone in this) distinguished himself no less by the latter than the former. On Sundays and holydays Mass was said; the Litany was sung by a choir of orphans daily; at night-fall, just before Ave Marias, the proper antiphons of Compline were chanted; on Fridays some portions of the Passion were read to the crew. A long calm ensued in the 'horse-latitudes,' and the processions which were then instituted

¹ Tellez, i. 534. Ribad. Cent. Mart. 66.

reminded the passengers rather of the Cathedral of Lisbon, than of the tedious waters of the Gold Coast.

In 1552 Simão Rodriguez ceased to be Provincial, and there was a temporary decline in the Company. The new Constitutions were introduced; and just at the moment when lenity was requisite, the second Provincial, Diogo Miraõ, erred by excess of severity. Simão Rodriguez, who had been appointed to the Provincialate of Arragon, excused himself from that charge, went to Rome, and lived many years in Spain. He finally returned to Portugal, where he died in 1579, in the Casa Professa of S. Roque.

Under the new Provincial, a public mortification¹ through the streets of Coimbra scandalized many, even among the well-wishers to the Company. College classes were opened in S. Antao, by the express command of the General, and under the direction of P. Ignacio de Azevedo, of whom we have before spoken, and must now say a few more words. He was, in 1566, named by S. Francis de Borgia, then General, Visitor of Brazil, an office which he performed with great care; and finding the need of fresh labourers, returned for them to Portugal. At Almeirim he had an interview with Sebastian; and thence, provided with a letter of recommendation from Bartholomeo dos Martyres, he proceeded to Rome. On again arriving in Portugal he collected fifty missionaries, chiefly novices; and eager to commence his labours, he would not wait for the squadron which was to carry out the Governor of Brazil, but took his passage on board the Santiago. While waiting till that vessel should be ready, he retired with his little band to Valderosal, a quinta near Cassillas, situated delightfully, and commanding a magnificent view of Cape Espichel. Here, with some other Jesuits, who were about to sail for Madeira and Terceira, he spent five months, in the continued practice of spiritual exercises.

At length the Santiago sailed; and on their arrival at Madeira, the crew heard that the sea between it and Palma, where they were next to touch, was full of pirates. Azevedo, with a full presentiment of approaching martyrdom, gave leave to such of his followers as were faint-hearted to remain in the then newly-erected College at Funchal.² Four only availed themselves of that permission; and they were afterwards, it was

¹ Tellez, ii. 9.

² This college, founded in 1566, to supply the place of the clergy massacred in the sack of Funchal by the French Huguenots, was one of the most expensive of Sebastian's erections. It occupies a large square, which is now used for the purpose of barracks. The church is, or rather has been, barbarously magnificent. The library, judging from its catalogue, must have been curious; it was greatly injured at the suppression of the Order under Pombal, but its remains were purchased by Bishop Costa Torres for the cathedral seminary. The present Rector, Canon

observed, expelled the Company for unworthy behaviour. For Azevedo himself, he might, observes Tellez, say, 'Ascendam ad Palmam,¹ et apprehendam fructus ejus.' They came to an anchor at Terça Corte in that island, and thence had to sail round to the city; but as the coast was infested by a pirate, an old friend of Azevedo's endeavoured to induce him to cross the mountains, a distance only of three leagues. This the Father steadily refused. On Saturday morning, July 15, 1570, the Santiago, at day-break, was three leagues from the roads, when the pirate, Jacques Soria, a violent Calvinist, gave chase. Encouraged by Azevedo, the Portuguese defended themselves valiantly, but were at length compelled to surrender. Azevedo, when he saw how the day was going, said, 'How much better to land in the Port of Felicity than on the Coast of Brazil!' Soria gave quarter to the mariners; 'but as for these Papists,' he cried, 'who are going to sow false doctrines on the continent of America, let them die!' Azevedo, after receiving three wounds, exclaimed, 'Bear witness, angels and men, that I die in defence of the Holy Roman Church!' And he and all his companions were thrown overboard.

In 1553 the influence of the Jesuits in Lisbon was greatly increased by the foundation of the Casa Professa of S. Roque. This house had been originally endowed for a confraternity of that name, by D. Manoel, in the time of plague; and now the suburbs of Lisbon, which surrounded it, began very rapidly to increase. The King at first thought of erecting a church here, which should rival those of Batalha and Belem; but this boon was refused by the mistaken humility of Diogo Miraõ. P. Gonçalo de Sylveira was the first President; he obtained extraordinary celebrity as a preacher. In the same day he once delivered a morning sermon of five, and an evening discourse of seven hours, and that to unwearied and attentive congregations. He, like Azevedo, had a presentiment of martyrdom, and, in the hopes of obtaining it, went to India, where he became Provincial. He superintended the College of Goa, and brought to pass a great reformation among the Portuguese of that city and island. When Chaul was besieged, one sermon of his sent forth a large band to its defence. Thence he went to Monomotapa, where he baptized the King. The Moors conspired against him, and he forbade his Portuguese companions to remain near his tent. They watched him, however, at a distance. As evening drew on, he walked up and down before his door; he then

Pestana, is extremely liberal and obliging in allowing access to this collection. Among its curiosities are two MS. volumes of sermons by a celebrated Madeiran Jesuit, who died about 1670, in the odour of sanctity.

¹ Cantic. vii. 8.

prayed, and afterwards laid himself down to sleep; and, while sleeping, he received the reward of his labours by martyrdom.

Camoens, who had probably himself been in Monomotapa, has made this martyr the subject of one of his sonnets.¹

'Pass not, O traveller!—Who repeats my name?
A voice, ne'er heard by voyager before,
Of one, that this poor mortal life gave o'er
For infinite, divine, and spotless fame.
Ask'st thou who such high words of praise can claim?
He that his dearest life-blood dared to pour,
Following Christ's Banner to barbaric shore;
Himself Christ's Captain, and by death o'ercame.
O end of joy! O sacrifice of glory!
Offered to God and to the world together,
And meet eternal memory to inherit!
Add to his death his life's illustrious story,
Who, as he passed this world's tempestuous weather,
Gave promise still the martyr's crown to merit!'

We must now say something of the Three Plagues of the seventeenth century, for they gave abundant opportunity to the Church of displaying her courage and her charity. The first of these, known by the name of the Great Plague, raged fearfully during the year 1569, and the beginning of the next. D. Theotónio of Bragança distinguished himself by his intrepidity and charity during its course; he exposed himself to all the violence of the disease, and melted down his plate for the relief of the sufferers. Gaspar da Cruz, a Dominican, and the first that had preached the faith in China², ministered indefatigably to the sick in Lisbon; and when the virulence of the fever began to abate, he returned to Setubal, where it still lasted. Here he was appointed to the Bishopric of Malacca; but he fell a victim to his exertions, and, as he had foretold, his was the last death in that visitation. The second is sometimes called the Little Plague; it is the same that in Italy is named from San Carlos, and raged in the year 1579. The third commenced in 1599. One of those who most illustriously signalized himself in it was

¹ It is the 37th in the 1st Decad of the edition of Faria. It is remarkable that this learned Spanish author was ignorant to whom these lines allude. 'Bien,' says he, 'quisiera yo no ignorar quien él fuesse.' And he seems disposed to refer them to the Viceroy, João de Castro. It is sad that the harmony of Camoens' sonnets was so seldom applied to similar subjects. Out of 264, which he has left, twelve only (Century iii. 34—46, Ed. Faria) are religious. He has again celebrated Sylveira in the beginning of the tenth book of the *Lusiads*. For further information on the subject we refer to Eusebio, *Varões Illustres*, ii. 122; Spinell, *Thron. Virgin.*; and more especially to Godino, in his *Life of the Martyr*; as well as to Tellez, ii. 147, 19.

² This is Cardoso's opinion, who has given the subject a careful examination. See also F. Hieron. Gracian. *Prop. Evang. Opp.* p. 255. Affons. Fernandez, *Chron. Nuest. Tiemp.* ii. 43. Gonç. de Mendonça, *Hist. Chin.* ii. 3.

Alexo de S. Joaõ, of the third order of S. Francis. He laboured day and night at Coimbra, both for the temporal and spiritual wants of the sick; and when the cordon was taken off, he was met in procession, and carried in triumph to the cathedral.¹ But the humble man refused to dwell in the city: it was not good for him, he said, to be continually conversant with those whom he had cured, and to receive their honour and applause.

Padre Soares, who braved the whole of that visitation, in a letter of August 25, describes the mortality at Lisbon as from two to three hundred daily; and ten thousand sick as under the care of the Jesuits. There was a report that, on the 13th of July, the city would be destroyed: the Tagus was thronged with boats; the country, for eight Portuguese leagues round, was full of the tents of fugitives, and the disease was thus more widely diffused. S. Antaõ was made the hospital, and many of the Fathers lost their lives through their charity. After the Great Plague, the College of S. Martha was erected at Lisbon, for the education of those young ladies who had lost their parents during the sickness.²

At this time the exercise of Holy Doctrine, as it was termed, was introduced into Lisbon. P. Ignacio Martinz was its prime mover. He would go through the streets ringing a bell, and assembling the children: he would then catechize them, and teach them hymns which he had composed for their use; and the effects which are said to have followed are almost miraculous.

Another step in the progress of the Jesuits was the erection of the College of Evora into an university. Coimbra naturally opposed itself, alleging that one university was fully enough for the wants of Portugal; and, during the lifetime of Joaõ III., the Cardinal Henrique was unable to carry his scheme into effect. After that monarch's decease, the Bull of erection was procured, and the foundation was on a very liberal scale. There was a Rector, subject only to the Provincial of the Company; and, in secular matters, without any superior. There were three Professors of Scholastic Theology, and one of Scriptural History, besides the more usual chairs. The influence of the Rector was immense: he was Superior of the two Colleges of the Holy Ghost and the Purification; Protector of the prior foundation of the Madre de Deos; Lord of Soveral, Abbat of Passos de Souza, Prior of S. Jorge, near Coimbra, and Canon of Evora; and he had at his disposal the greater part of the

¹ Obit. Prov. ap. Cardoso.

² The Irish College was also founded for the instruction of a certain number of Irishmen, who were bound, at the hazard of their lives, to return and preach in their native country.

University offices. One of the earliest Doctors of Evora was the too celebrated Molina. Leão Henriques was the first Rector, and, by his singular talents, obtained great influence, not only in Portugal, but among the whole Company. At the election for Fourth General (on the decease of S. Francis Borgia), it is generally believed (and Ranke repeats the tale) that the Pope compelled the choice of Everard Mercurianus, in order that the Generalship might not seem to belong of right to the Spanish nation. The interest of Henriques was at the bottom of this decision; he knew that neither of the two principal candidates were fit for the office, and as they both happened to be Spaniards, he bethought himself of this method of securing their rejection. This celebrated man, after refusing the Archbishopric of Goa, had, in his capacity of Porter of S. Roque, the care of a Frenchman who was ill with the spotted fever; from him he took the infection, and in three days it brought him to the grave.¹

We have already disclaimed any intention of treating on the Brazilian Church. For this reason we pass over the astonishing career of S. Joseph of Anchieta, and the no less glorious martyrdoms of Pero Correa and João de Souza. Nor is it our intention to say anything of the Ethiopic Mission, opening, as it does, a widely different range of history and thought. An enterprise conducted by the arms of this world, rather than those of the Church, carried on in defiance of the rights of Alexandria, and marked throughout by rashness and disregard for the feelings of a powerful and a Christian nation, could not but have an unhappy ending. Its fairest historian is Tellez: there is a French account by La Croze, and a contemptible English history by Michael Geddes, the friend and imitator of Burnet.

The last benefit conferred by João on his favourite society was the subjecting to them the Lower Schools at Coimbra, till then under the management of foreign masters. Some of these had fallen under the suspicion of heresy; and Buchanan brought all into odium. But very great opposition was made to this appropriation of the University revenues; and the matter was only set at rest by a Bull from Rome.

The Angola mission at this period assumed a favourable appearance. Balthazar Barreiro was its head; and the prodigies of valour performed by the Portuguese factory where he dwelt, in support of their own liberties and those of their converts, have never been surpassed.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on these occurrences; but the rise of the Jesuits in Portugal is a subject of deep importance.

¹ Sandoval, iv. 3. Calv. Lagr. dos Justos, ii. 14. Veiga, Fund. de S. Roque.

We have already said, that the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century was that in which the Portuguese Church attained its height; and, at the risk of being thought tedious, we will string together a few of the glorious deeds then done.

We might tell of the noble constancy of Hieronymo d'Avila,¹ seized at Morocco as a Christian, and maintaining the faith, through threats and tortures (1550), till, at length, after receiving more than a thousand strokes, he went home to his reward;—of John,² who, after apostatizing from the Church, served as an engineer at El Katif, in Arabia, and a little to the north of the Great Pearl Bank; how he wrote to the missionary Gaspar Barzeo, (of whom we have already spoken,) then at Ormuz; how the letter fell into the hands of the infidels, and John acknowledged and justified all that he had done, and was forthwith cut to pieces (1550); how his body was sent by the Viceroy Noronha, when he took El Katif, to Barzeo, and preserved in the principal church at Ormuz, as long as that place was in the power of the Portuguese;—of Isabel de S. Francisco,³ a Minorite, in the Convent of S. Clara at Coimbra, who daily used the office of the Nativity, and, on coming to the words, *Non erat Ei locus in dicorsorio*, was always melted in tears;—of Luis Mendez,⁴ a layman, who, praying in the church of one of the villages of Comorim, was attacked by the Badagâs, and remaining true to his faith, went from the earthly temple (1552) to the House not made with hands;—of the incorruptible virtue of Antonio Galvão,⁵ celebrated for his Eastern conquests, more especially the victory at Tidore, where, with one hundred and twenty Portuguese, he overthrew a vast army of the infidels, more celebrated as the Apostle of the Moluccas: so rigorously honest that he would not accept cloves as a present from the inhabitants of the Spice Islands, because, he said, they were stamped with the royal quinas; who, after seventeen years' service, died (1557), with much resignation, in a hospital at Lisbon;—of Affonso de Castro, who, after five weeks' imprisonment for the love of Christ, was stabbed at Ternate (1558);—of Melchior de Lisboa⁶ (1560), a Friar Minorite, and confessor to the viceroy of India, Constantine of Bragança, who, while travelling with that nobleman, heard that, at a little distance, several Catechumens were waiting for holy Baptism, and regard-

¹ Maph. Hist. Ind. xv. 34. Calvo, Lagr. dos Justos, ii. 16.

² Trigaucio, Vit. Gasp. Barz. ii. 11. Elias de S. Theresã, Eccl. Triumphans, 11. xxxi. 20.

³ Valerius, SS. Femine Ord. Seraph. iv. 41.

⁴ Alvaro Lobo, 4, 13.

⁵ Rhô, Hist. Virt. 4, 5, 10. Leonardo, Conquist. das Malucc. ii. 62. Barbida, Emp. Mil. Lusit. l. 15.

⁶ Boss. Sign. Eccl. i. 12, 57, 22. Hel. Costa, Hist. Cath. 366.

less of the danger incurred, left the escort, fell into an ambuscade, and was wounded by the arrows of the infuriated Pagans, but continued to preach the faith of Christ till despatched with a hanger;—of Joanna de S. Domingos¹ (1560), who, after long exercising the virtues of a perfect nun, was heard by her companions repeating to herself, again and again, *Faciem Tuam, Domine, requiram*, and when they went to discover the reason, they found that her speech was departing;—how, at Lunel,² in Languedoc, two Augustinian Friars, Innocencio and Antonio, fell (1561) into the hands of the Calvinists, then in rebellion against their monarch, and persecuting the Church, and were by them cruelly scourged, and, remaining constant, put to death;—how Francisco Moro,³ a disciple of S. Francis Xavier, in Virancella, one of the islands near Amboyna, stood firm before the tribunal of the tyrant Roboangue, and in the sight of two thousand spectators, was cut to pieces with knives (1562). No small glory did the Church of Portugal win in Antonio Pestana,⁴ who, after serving bravely as a soldier in the Eastern wars, took the Dominican habit, at Goa, and was thence sent to Solor; and who, when seized by a crew of pirates from Java, was scourged, pierced under the nails with sharp reeds, and continuing to exhort his murderers, beheaded (1565);—in those six hundred Martyrs,⁵ who, in the same year, laid down their lives at Amboyna, rather than trample on the cross; thus obtaining the crown which was denied to their spiritual father, S. Francis, without losing more than one soul by apostasy;—nor less was God's grace magnified also during the year 1565, in five Portuguese,⁶ who were seized at Achem, for an insult, real or alleged, perpetrated by one of their companions against a Mussulman, and commanded, as its only expiation, to acknowledge Mahomet. The captain of the vessel was flayed alive. Fernão Viegas, one of the passengers, resolute himself against torments, was overcome by compassion to his only son, a boy of fourteen. 'I am old,' he said, 'and if I preserved my life now, must soon go down to the grave; but you are young, and strong, and have happy days before you; God will surely pardon you, if you retain in your heart that faith which circumstances compel you to deny with your lips.' 'Would you

¹ Lopez, 3, 3, 75. Sousa, iii. 1, 16.

² Hieronym. Romano, Ord. Aug. Cent. xii. p. 131. Herrera, Alphab. August. sub litt.

³ Sebast. Gonçalves, Hist. MS. da Companhia no Oriente, iii. 3, ap. Cardos. iii. 496.

⁴ Fr. Estevão de Sampaio, Stemmat. 249. Fr. Anton. da Presentação, Relac. Solor, 16.

⁵ Leonard. Conq. das Malucc.

⁶ Freire, Primor e Honr. &c. i. 70. Sebastião Gonçalves, Hist. Ind. x. 4.

have me,' replied the youth, 'prove the only apostate among so many true-hearted Catholics? God forbid!'¹ And after cruel torments, the whole crew were beheaded. Nor must we forget the zeal and the labours of F. da Rocha, an indefatigable missionary in Peru, and the Apostle of Florida, where (1568) he went to his rest;—nor Pedro Mascarenhas, for many years an active priest in Malacca, who visited Cauripane and Manade, and baptized the king of Siam; and thence, sailing to the island of Sanquim, converted three sovereigns, with their queens, and the greater part of their court: attacked in a mountain path by pagan murderers, he committed himself to God, and throwing himself over the steep side of a precipice, escaped unhurt; at another time, he lay concealed for eight days in a wood, living on herbs and roots, while his enemies were carrying on a vigorous search after him;² and, finally, received the crown of martyrdom (1570);—nor Francesco Rodriguez, of the Company, who, notwithstanding lameness, had an eager desire to be employed as a missionary; and when his wishes were accomplished, and he was actually embarking at Belém, said, showing his crutches to his brethren,—'Look at them well—not to my glory, for I do nothing for my Lord and God—but that none may hereafter excuse himself on the ground of personal infirmity;' he lived many years, rector of the college of S. Paul's at Goa, and used to ride out into the surrounding country and preach (1570);³—nor the Franciscan, Marcos de Portalegre, who had, during a long life,⁴ been engaged in continual contemplation of the Ascension, and frequently had the Antiphon in his mouth, *Videntibus illis elevatus est, et nubes suscepit Eum ex oculis eorum*; and who finally, at that very Antiphon on Ascension-day, in this year, put off mortality;—nor the temporal coadjutor, Fulgencio,⁵ who, after labouring in India and Ethiopia, was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and sent to Cairo, where, during a long imprisonment, he converted many: set free by the interference of King Sebastian, he again sailed for the scene of his former labours, and was never more heard of (1571);—nor Gaspar Villeta,⁶ of the Company, an unwearied labourer in Japan, so worn out with toil, that at the age of forty he seemed seventy, and the author of a valuable work, *Answers to the Bonzes* (1574);—nor Gaspar Camelo, a resident in Cananor, and a married man,

¹ Inca Garcilaso, Hist. Flor. vi. 22. Joaõ de Figueiras, Chron. Ord. iii.

² Guerreiro, Elog. ii. 17. Rhô, Hist. Virt. 2, ii. 16.

³ Eusebio, Varões Illustr. tom. iv.

⁴ Daça, Chron. S. Franc. p. 4, iii. 76. Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 71. Wadding, vii. 40.

⁵ Jarric, Thesaur. Rerum Indic. ii. 17.

⁶ Guerreiro, Corôa, 4, 5. Eusebio, Var. Ill. ii. 642.

who, in sailing through the southern seas, was attacked by a pirate; he exhorted his men to do their duty, and set them an example of the most determined bravery; but the ship took fire, and being forced to surrender, he was carried ashore, bound to a palm, and exhorted to save his life by denying his Saviour. On his refusal, he was first scourged, and then fastened to two trees, violently bent towards each other;¹ by the rebound of which, when set at liberty, he was torn in pieces, (1574.) We may also tell of the glorious end of two Augustinian Friars, Gaspar and Athanasio, sent (1575) to S. George, in Africa—a mission of their order: the ship struck, through the carelessness of the pilot, on the bar of that port; a vessel from Rochelle, manned by a sturdy set of Calvinistic pirates, was hovering about the coast, noticed the distressed condition of the Portuguese merchantman, bore down on, and captured it; the mariners were treated as prisoners of war; the missionaries,² after being scourged, were thrown overboard;—of John, a youth of fourteen, who, going from Goa to Chaul (1576), fell into the hands of Malabar pirates, and was by them, out of hatred to Christ, cut into small pieces;—of two Franciscans, Martinho de Guarda³ and Luis de Amaral, who, in Ceylon (1576), suffered various torments; and, the former having been tied to the feet of an elephant, were both shot to death;—of Pedro Navarro, who, a captive in Morocco, had been induced, by hard treatment, to become a renegado; he was converted by the preaching of an Augustinian,⁴ and attempted to make his escape, but was brought back, and in spite of the great efforts made by the Spanish ambassadors, nailed by the hands and feet to a wall; and after suffering this torment for some time, with great constancy, pierced through the head and throat, and thus, though tenacious of life, at length despatched; the Christians of Morocco met next day to praise God for the courage he had displayed (1579);—of Manoel Minez, a Trinitarian,⁵ and commonly known by the name of the Apostle of Africa, who established the first house of his order in Ceuta, and was a devoted agent in the redemption of young children (1579);—of Antonio Álvito,⁶ of the same order, who, sent to Africa to redeem captives, more especially those taken in the battle of Alcacer, the year before, and not having money enough to liberate the number on which he had fixed, remained behind as a hostage, to receive the diadem

¹ Freire. *Primor e Honr.* i. 11.² *Ant. da Purificação*, Chron. Min. Lus. 41.³ Daça, 4, p. i. cap. 57. Gonzaga, 105.⁴ Ricci, *Triumph. de Christ.* Quintana, *Hist. Madrid.* ii. 36.⁵ Osorio, *Pancarp.* iii. 9.⁶ *Obit. Conv. Trinit.* Lisb. 10, 13. Bernardino de S. Antonio, *Epit. Redemp.* ii. 9. Josão Figueir. Chron. Ord. 437. Osorio, *Pancarp.* 154.

of a martyr;—of P. Barletta, an Augustinian, of rare humility, who was sorely tried by the caprice and unkindness of a superior, but yet laboured with great success in S. Thomas (1580); and nevertheless could say from his heart to an intimate friend, ‘If God had given to you, or to any one else, the helps and graces that He has bestowed on me, you would be a S. Francis; and therefore I consider myself the greatest sinner in the world, who have received so much, and have done so little.’¹ We cannot but dwell with delight on such an one as Joaõ de Aquila, a Capuchin missionary, who, suffering from violent temptations, could comfort himself by the thought, ‘What wonder! if God permitted Satan to avenge himself on me, as he would, for all the pagodas I have thrown down, I should long ago have been torn in pieces by him;’² and who carried on his toils even to his hundred and eleventh year (1580);—as Maria de Cortiçada, a poor shepherdess, who, at Proença, near Castello Branco, had grace, under circumstances of peculiar trial, to defend her honour with her life³ (1580), and is, by the rustic inhabitants, venerated as a martyr;—as D. Branca de Vilhena, who, after a long and holy life in the cloister, was driven almost to despair with doubts, in her last agony, on the fundamental articles of the Faith; till, after a fearful struggle, she departed peacefully, with the words, ‘This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved’⁴ (1580);—as Luis de Monteiro, the general of an expedition (1583) against Achém: a ball struck the powder-room of his vessel, and he, with others, was compelled to swim for his life; falling into the enemies’ hands, they offered him life, on condition of apostasy;⁵ he encouraged his companions to play the man, and after witnessing their triumph, was shot off from a cannon’s mouth;—as Pedro de Alfaro, who was residing at the Capuchin Convent of Alcala, when he heard that labourers were needed in the Philippines: he was one of the earliest that offered himself for the service, sailed to China, and entered the first city, singing *Te Deum*, to the astonishment of the inhabitants; at Macao he founded a convent, and on his voyage thence to India, was shipwrecked: he might have been saved, had he not been too busily employed in confessing his companions, to give a thought to his own danger⁷ (1583);—as Joaõ Rebello,

¹ Alex. de Minez, *Varões Illust. Calvo, Lagr. Just.* ii. 12.

² Joaõ de S. Maria, *Chron. Prov. S. Joseph.* i. 4. Joaõ Moles, *Mem. Prov. S. Gabriel.*

³ Luis dos Anjos, *Jardim de Portugal*, 175.

⁴ And rightly, according to S. Thomas, ii. 2. cxxiv. 5.

⁵ *Relaç. de Odivellas ap. Cardos.*

⁶ *Relação do Estado da India.* 1583. Sã de Menezes, *Malacc. Conquistada*, b. x.

⁷ *Mendoça, Hist. Chin.* ii. 2. Alfonso Fernand. *Eccl. de nuest. Tiemp.* ii. 44.

made prisoner by a Turkish galley, on the coast of Melinde, who, falling ill, and known to be a merchant of large property, was put on shore to be cured, in the hope of ransom;¹ but the hatred of his persecutors prevailing over their avarice, they put salt in his water, filled his mouth with sand instead of medicine, tied him to a horse, and thus dragged him about till he died (1585);—as Antonio Fogaço, imprisoned for two years in the Tower of London for not conforming himself to Calvinistic doctrines, and in the last stage of weakness (1587), liberated but to die.² We might commemorate the grace of God bestowed on Thomas de Noronha, companion to the Portuguese ambassador at the Council of Trent, who, in the midst of great riches, spent whole days and nights in prayer,³ and died (1588) in the odour of sanctity;—on an infant, named Manoel, born of Christian parents, in Lahore, and baptized, to whom its grandmother gave poison, out of hatred to the Catholic faith: the mother carried it to the church, in hopes that the Priest might be able to do something; and he, finding its life hopeless (1588), took it in his arms, and offered it before the altar,⁴ beseeching God to accept of the dying sacrifice which Himself had chosen;—on Francisco Fructuoso,⁵ a Franciscan of the order for visiting the sick, who never went to bed, but took such broken rest as he could gain at the feet of those to whom he was ministering;—on João Lopez⁶ (1590), poisoned at Goa by one who had exposed him to a temptation like that of Joseph, and thus revenged herself on his refusal;—on Roque do Espírito Santo, one of the most illustrious members of the Trinitarian order, who thrust his hand into a lamp to prevent the commission of a crime in his presence, and continued to hold it there till the design was given up; who once, while reciting his office, had the courage to keep a Moor of considerable importance waiting, saying that he was in attendance on a greater Lord; and who, with Luis de Granada, and Ignacio Martinz (of both of whom we have spoken),⁷ bore the title of the three props of the Portuguese Church⁸ (1590);—on Gaspar Coelho, for eighteen years an indefatigable missionary in Ceylon, and afterwards in Omura, a city of Japan, where, as vice-provincial of the Company, he converted ten thousand

¹ Anton. de Vasa, 465. João dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. v. 4.

² Sander. Diar Turr. London. s. a. 1587.

³ Hieron. de Mello, Relaç. MS. ap. Cardos, Jan. 15.

⁴ Pimenta, Cont. Orient. 1599, p. 45. Vasc. Disc. Lus. 472.

⁵ Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 107.

⁶ João dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. 2. ii. 22.

⁷ Fr. João Feliz, Isagog. 170, 30. Fr. Luis de Mertola, Frut. Esmol. 32. P. Alvaro Lobo, Trat. Relig. 71.

⁸ This was, of course, subsequently to the removal of F. Bartholomeo dos Martyres.

natives, and sixty Bonzes¹ (1590);—on Nicolao de Sà, a Dominican missionary in the East, who, on his return to Portugal, was shipwrecked in the Terra do Natal, and therein preached the Gospel along the eastern coast of Africa, till he reached Sena, where the Portuguese had then a factory, and where he joyfully suffered martyrdom² (1592);—and on Leonardo de Sà, second Bishop of China and Japan, who, returning from the Council at Goa, to which he had been summoned by his Metropolitan, was shipwrecked near Adem, and kept his companions, during their captivity,³ constant in the faith (1599).

The seventeenth century, too, may well boast itself in such as Henrique Henriquez, successor of the Jesuit protomartyr Criminal, and apostle of the isles of Manaar,⁴ where he baptized ninety thousand persons, and of whom the very Pagans had so high an idea, that his name was a common oath among them;⁵—as Luis de Fonseca, a Dominican, who, taken captive by the king of Siam, rose in the favour of the Court, founded a Church in that city, and was at length,⁶ while at mass, murdered by a nobleman whose wife he had baptized (1600);—as Antonio do Espirito Santo,⁷ a Discalceat Carmelite, and martyr in Guadalupe, whose death was followed by the almost immediate conversion of the whole of that savage island (1605);—as Bartholomeo da Costa,⁸ commonly known by the name of the Holy Treasurer, because he held that office in the church of Lisbon; who, out of an income of 40,000 crusados, (about 3,300*l.* of that time) allowed himself hardly so much as he did to each of his other poor pensioners (1608);—as Fr. Guilherme, an Augustinian, who was honoured at Ispahan by the crown of martyrdom, one of his disciples suffering with him (1612);⁹—as the famous captain Felipe de Britto, who left Lisbon at an early age to seek advancement in further India, ingratiated himself with the King of Aracan, from whom, having fallen into disgrace, he received the viceregal government of Pegú, as a kind of honourable exile; there he was instrumental in spreading the Church far and wide; besieged in a castle of his province with very superior forces, by the King of Brama, he defended himself with great

¹ Suinar. Xav. Orient. 1, ii. 8. Euseb. Var. Ill. da Comp. 462.

² Gravina, Vox Turturis, ii. 23. Luis de Sousa, i. 192. Andrade, Miscell. Dialog. 5.

³ Relaç. MS. de Convent. de Thomar ap. Cardos.

⁴ It is true that they had been visited by S. Francis Xavier, but he saw little fruit from his labours in them.

⁵ Rhô, Hist. Virt. 6, iv. 23. Hipp. Marrac. Bib. Mar. i. 559.

⁶ Aff. Fernand. Hist. Eccl. de nuest. Tiemp. 28. Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. ii. 27.

⁷ Carta do P. Joaõ P. bre, ap. Cardos, iii. 738. ⁸ Relaç. do Cabid. ap. Cardos.

⁹ Ant. de Gouvêa, 3. Mart. Hisp. How an Augustinian happened to have penetrated into Persia we know not; Ispahan (the Portuguese reader will find it called Aspañ) was a Carmelite mission.

resolution; till at length, the place being taken, he was brought before the conqueror: the latter gave himself out for a god, and demanded to be worshipped. Britto was tortured for a whole day, and expired in torments; his wife also suffered greatly, but survived, to live thirty years in captivity (1613).¹ And though the Portuguese empire was now, under the Spanish yoke, fast declining, the Church still shone with great lustre. Witness the apostolic exertions of Sebastian, the seventh Bishop of Cabo Verde, who setting his face like a flint against the awfully demoralized state of his flock, by whom fornication was hardly considered a mortal sin, held a synod in January, 1614, and fell a victim to his exertions there, and in visiting his vast diocese,² which extends 150 leagues from east to west. Witness the glorious ends of three youths of noble family at Malacca, who were converted by the Dominican mission, and had lived worthily of their profession. A Dutch ship having called in the roads, they were persuaded to go on board, and were there,³ by the Hollanders and Moors, tortured to death, and thrown into the sea. Witness the labours of Pedro de Mello, an Augustinian, whose zeal carried him round the globe, which he was the first to circumnavigate as a missionary; he began his labours in Mexico, continued them in the Philippines, where he baptized 7,000 souls; thence he proceeded to Malacca; thence to Goa; thence into Persia, and so to Muscovy, where he was imprisoned for fifteen years, and then put to death, praying with his last breath for his murderers (1615). Nor must we forget (1617) the glorious triumph at Cangami,⁴ in Japan, of Thecla, who after having become a mother but a fortnight, was carried off, in the depth of winter, to prison, exposed to heavy rain, and compelled to ford a river. Her husband was afterwards allowed to carry her home; but, as the Governor heard that she remained firm in the faith, he threw her a second time into prison, where, shortly afterwards, she went to her reward.⁵ Equally glorious, in the same year, was the passion of the Dominican missionary, João Baptista Machado, who was arrested as he was confessing in one of the isles of Goto. His sentence of death was pronounced by the governor Timmanga Lirio, himself afterwards one of the most illustrious martyrs of the Philippines. 'There have been three days,' said Machado, as he went to execution, 'that have

¹ Guerreiro, *Relaç. Ann.* 1608. 2, 3. Manoel de Abreu, *Conq. do Pegú*. Peregrin. Orient. MS. ap. Cardos.

² Vid. por Alv. Diaz.

³ Simão da Luz, *Relaç. Dominic. Orient.* 1617. xxiv. § 12.

⁴ It must be clearly understood that we do not pretend to give any account of the Church in Japan; it is a subject, however, of the deepest interest, but goes beyond the limits of this paper.

⁵ Morejon, *Hist. Jap.* ii. 21.

been the happiest of my life: that on which I entered the Dominican college; that in which I was arrested;¹ and this.' And this same year ended the labours of André de S. Maria, fourth Bishop of Cochin, and a man of such rare humility that he was washing the plates in the kitchen of the Recollect convent, when the mandate for his consecration arrived. 'Such,' exclaimed Philip the Prudent, when he heard of his averseness from accepting the proffered dignity,² 'such are the prelates whom the Church of God needs!' We would fain do more than merely mention the name of Luis Nunez, a Carmelite, who, going out as a missionary to Brazil, in the S. Salvador squadron, was attacked by a Dutch fleet, and, after the Portuguese had been defeated,³ while confessing the wounded, shot by the victorious heretics;—of João de S. Domingos,⁴ a Dominican missionary in Japan, who, when thrown into prison was tried by a harassing fear that when called to suffer he should deny Christ; and who, after suffering a captivity of four months, was taken away by a natural death from the evil to come (1619);—of Ibram and Joseph, the protomartyrs (since the early ages) of, though not in, Persia; who, having been converted by the Carmelite missionaries, were on their way from Ispahan to Ormuz, when they were seized and slain (1622);⁵—of Mark, his wife, and two sons,⁶ who, at Xendai in Japan, were burnt by a slow fire (1624);—or,—in a very different situation and rank,—of Ignacio Ferreira, high chancellor of Lisbon, a rare example of deep piety in a high official station. It was his custom to have the spiritual works of S. Theresa read at meal-time; and he was wont to say again and again, 'What sort of Christian must that be who can lie down to rest with even a venial sin unrepented (1631)!' We will conclude this hasty sketch of a most remarkable century, with the glorious victory of Sebastião Vieirada, of the Company, who, despatched from Japan to Rome with an account of the second persecution, under which that Church was now suffering, was much esteemed by Pope Urban VIII., who comforted him by the assurance, that if he shed his blood for Christ's sake, he should be forthwith canonized as a martyr: he was honoured by thus suffering,⁷ but we are not aware that the

¹ Lopez, Chron. Dominic. ii. 53. Diogo de S. Francisco, Relaç. Mart. Prov. Felip. 10. Simão da Luz, Relaç. Mart. Felip. 2.

² Paulo da Trindade, Conquista Espiritual, i. 26. There is a MS. life of this prelate, by Dr. Martin Portocarrero.

³ Fr. Luis de Mertola, Relaç.

⁴ Morejon, Hist. Eccl. Japan, iii. 16. The martyr Orfanel, (who was acquainted with him) Hist. Eccl. Japan, 50.

⁵ F. Prosper. do Espirito Santo, Persia Carmelitana, s. a.

⁶ Cardim, Catalog. Mart. Jap. 35.

⁷ Guerreiro, Corôa. P. 4. c. 65. Nadaso, Ann. Dier. Ill. Societ. 173. Eusebio, Varões Illust. iv. 296.

promise was fulfilled (1634);—of Miguel de Jesu, and Francisco de Jesus Maria, of the order of S. John of God, who after labouring in the service of the sick and wounded during the Brazilian wars,¹ were taken prisoners by the Dutch, and shot, from hatred to the faith that they professed; and of Ribeiro Cyrne,² who, made prisoner at Sunda, in Java, and offered, if he would apostatize, the king's daughter in marriage, remained constant, and was stoned to death.

With the reign of Joaõ the Pious, the glory of the Portuguese empire terminated. Amidst all the ambition and folly of Sebastian, there was much that proved him to be a true son of the Church; and even the title of 'Most Obedient,' which he wished to assume, showed the real working of his mind. Every moment of his time was given to the preparation for that expedition, in which he fondly hoped that the Cross would, once and for ever, triumph over the Crescent.

The defeat at Alcacer,—a calamity from which the Portuguese nation never recovered,—gave occasion to one of the most touching instances of self-devotion that the Church can record; and produced a work, which, for depth and tenderness of devotion to the Passion, is almost unrivalled. Fr. Thomas de Jesu,³ an Augustinian hermit, (of the family of the Andrades,) had so well profited by the instruction he received from the great Luis de Montoia, that his name was well known through Portugal for indefatigable zeal and singular austerity. King Sebastian requested his attendance in the unhappy expedition to Africa; and to the care of Fr. Thomas the numerous sick of the Christian army were entrusted. His tenderness was that of a mother; and day and night he laboured in his new calling. In the battle itself, he mingled among the ranks to encourage the living, and to absolve the dying; and, while the event of the day was yet uncertain, was taken prisoner, after receiving a severe wound in the shoulder. Carried to Mesquinez, and exposed for sale, he found a purchaser in a rich Moor, who bent all his efforts to persuade the good Father to apostasy. Disappointed in his hopes, the Mussulman threw Fr. Thomas into prison. Here the foulness, and heat, and misery of the dungeon were as nothing to this servant of God, compared with the state in which he found his Christian fellow-prisoners. Many vented their anger and discontent in imprecations; several permitted themselves, by the hope of temporal riches or liberty, to be

¹ Vid. de S. Joaõ de Deos, Lisb. 1658.

² Carta de Jac. de Villas Boas Quasado ap. Cardos, iii. 329.

³ Fr. Bernardino de S. Anton. Epit. Redemp. 2, x. 5. Arc. Alex. de Menezes, Vid. Fr. Thom. Herrera, Alphab. August. s. n. Thom. Gracian. Script. Ord. 172. Estev. Ribeiro, Cron. Sebast. c. 87. Joaõ Figueiras, Cron. Trind. 43f.

seduced from the faith. To exhort and encourage, to warn and threaten, those in the same place of confinement with himself, but ill-satisfied the zeal of this holy prisoner: he was desirous of extending the same watchful care to the inmates of other and widely-scattered dungeons. To this end he procured, though not without difficulty, pen, ink, and paper. For the greater part of the day the prison was in almost total darkness; but, towards noon, a few straggling rays found their way through the chinks of the door. Day after day, standing so that this uncertain light might fall on his paper, Fr. Thomas composed his inestimable work, '*On the Labours of Jesus.*'¹ Loaded with chains, deprived of books, a prisoner among prisoners, exposed to the ill-treatment of his gaoler, and wounded to the heart by the sufferings and the sins of his companions, he was gifted by the Holy Ghost with a marvellous insight into the length and breadth, the depth and height, of the love of Christ. His book was much blessed in the immediate end for which he designed it; and still more so towards the consolation of the whole Portuguese Church. Da Costa, then employed in negotiating the ransom of the prisoners of Alcacer, represented his case to the Xarife, and the Friar, though still a slave, was permitted to leave his prison. He refused the Ambassador's offer of lodging and attendance, assuring that nobleman that at no place should he more quickly recover his health and strength than at Sagena, the head quarters of the Christian prisoners. His anticipations were fulfilled; and at Sagena he continued for some time. He reconciled feuds,—he consoled the suffering,—he instructed the ignorant,—he confirmed the wavering: on holydays he was to be found in the Ambassador's Chapel; at other times, when not immediately employed in the service of his brethren, he was engaged in the conversion of Moors and Jews. Of the former, he was privileged to behold many disciples that received the crown of martyrdom. The Countess of Linhares, his sister, many times endeavoured to ransom her brother: even Philip the Prudent interfered, but Fr. Thomas was inflexible. 'I hold it,' he said, 'a more blessed lot to dwell with Christ's captives here, than in luxury at home.' He survived his choice four years.

¹ We are glad to see a translation of this work announced in Dr. Pusey's *Devotional Reprints*. The first edition appeared at Lisbon: the first volume in 1602, the second in 1609. There is also a Saragossa edition of 1631, enriched with a life of the author, by Fr. Alex. de Menezes, afterwards Abp. of Goa, and whom we shall mention in the sequel. '*The Labours of Jesus*' have been translated into French, Spanish, and Italian. Besides this, F. Thomas composed the *Sacred Oratory*, (Madrid, 1628;); the *Life of Luis de Montoia*; a *Manual for Confessors*; and a *Treatise on the Mysteries of the Faith*, which was of great use in Morocco: we know not whether it has been published.

The period of the Eastern empire of Portugal had now arrived. With the Castilian usurpation at home, her dominion was at an end abroad. A state of more relaxed discipline can hardly be conceived: in the remoter settlements, every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Large bands of Portuguese hired themselves out to the potentates that would pay most largely for their services; civil wars were fomented between the native princes, and the most horrid atrocities perpetrated by the countrymen of S. Francis Xavier and Alfonso de Albuquerque. The cruelties, more particularly, of Azevedo in Ceylon are a disgrace to human nature.

Even the arrival of the first Dutch squadron could not open the eyes of these degenerate and infatuated men. It is characteristic of the republic, that, in their first negotiation with the Spice Islands, they should have been convicted of passing base money: and, alas, it speaks loudly as to the real character of the Portuguese Viceroy, that not even this fraud could prevent the natives joining the Dutch against them. The defeat of twenty-nine Portuguese by two English frigates in the bay of Surat, convinced the Indians that the former were not invincible. Mickle has well stated the singular positions occupied by the Dutch and Portuguese in these wars. 'The Dutch pretended that their cruelties in India were in revenge of the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal also bowed beneath the Spanish yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, because the Portuguese groaned under Castilian oppression, the Castilian oppression in the Netherlands was revenged upon them.' And thus, at a later period, the Dutch and Portuguese, who, in Europe, were fighting side by side against the Spaniards, were, in Brazil, engaged in implacable warfare against each other.

It has been our wish to confine our attention principally to those parts of Portuguese history which would be less within the reach of the mere English reader. Subjects of equal importance, but more accessible, we must hurry over; and, among these, the journey of Archbishop Menezes to the Serra, and the memorable Synod of Diamper.

The Dutch, carrying with them their devilish policy of the extermination of priests and the suppression of the Church, pursued new conquests. Malacca fell into their hands; Goa was threatened; the homeward-bound fleet was frequently attacked and destroyed; Ceylon was lost to the Hollanders, Ormuz to the Persians, Mascate to the Arabians. The capture of Cochin by the Dutch, and the surrender of Bombay to the English in dowry of the Princess Catherine, reduced Portuguese Asia to the island and city of Goa.

And the state of the Eastern Church was also lamentable. Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits, doubtless at first influenced by the desire of becoming all things to all men, allowed, and even adopted, certain idolatrous practices, more especially in the Madura mission. Paul V. and Cardinal Bellarmine reprobated this practice in the strongest terms; the other Orders refused their communion to the Jesuits; and still they persevered in disregarding the exhortations of their brethren, and in maintaining an almost open rebellion against Rome. Nor were these unhappy disputes terminated till, by the bull, *Ex quo singulari*, Benedict XIV. denounced the order as *perversos, rebelles, obstinatos, perditos*.

The accession of the house of Bragança had a decided effect on the general tone of the Portuguese Church. Hitherto it had been, more than others, devoted to Rome. The disputes between the Vatican and Lisbon had been few, easily settled, and terminating, almost invariably, to the advantage of the former. But the refusal of Rome to acknowledge the Bishops of João 'the Restorer,' gradually alienated the affections, and estranged the dependence of the Portuguese; and though, rushing into another extreme, the Papal Court approved the incestuous marriage of Pedro the Pacific, its complaisance was rather considered a confession of weakness, than a manifestation of goodwill. João V., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said seriously to have contemplated an entire separation from Rome; and the erection of Lisbon into a Patriarchate, and the concession of the title 'Most Faithful,' were necessary to restrain him in his obedience.

The most celebrated Portuguese divine of the seventeenth century was the Jesuit, Antonio Vieira, the politic ambassador in the dangerous times that succeeded the Restoration, the eloquent Court preacher, the indefatigable missionary to Brazil, the fearless advocate of the oppressed natives. Even now, when his Order is held in abhorrence by the self-seeking middle classes of Portugal, the character of Vieira is—*homem verdadeiramente pio, ainda que Jesuíta*—a truly good man, although a Jesuit. His sermons¹ somewhat resemble those of Bishop Andrewes; but the most interesting of his works are his Letters. They are principally on the condition of the Brazilian natives, and are, many of them, addressed to D. João IV., and to his son, the Infante Theodosio, the Marcellus of Portugal.

¹ And they are, like him, not popular at the present day. We remember that P. Macedo, an author who, some twenty years ago, possessed the reputation of a clever essayist, begins the preface of one of his sermons by the indignant contradiction of a charge that he was the copyist of Vieira. 'Of Vieira!' he says. 'I never read more than half a page of his writings, and there I found him asserting that the white horse of the Apocalypse signifies the Human Nature of the Saviour. Oh! no more of Antonio Vieira, after such an interpretation!'

The downfall of the Portuguese Church dates from the administration of Pombal. The principles of his internal policy are well known. Deeply abhorring the Jesuits, he stopped not in his unscrupulous career till he had procured their expulsion from the kingdom. Every frivolous accusation was believed of, and enforced against, them. The mysterious plot of Aveiro, the popular discontent, even the earthquake of Lisbon, were laid to their charge. The weak José was persuaded to acquiesce in their banishment; and the barbarous manner in which the Fathers were simultaneously secured and shipped for Italy, naturally produced a rupture between Rome and Lisbon.

For the spiritual distress which this might occasion among his subjects, José cared little, and Pombal less; but an accidental consequence caused serious uneasiness to both. The nobility of Portugal had intermarried amongst each other, till each family¹ was more or less closely connected with all, and a dispensation was necessary at the contracting of every new marriage. These dispensations could no longer be procured; and the nobility, already hating Pombal as an upstart, and his policy as radical, were thus furnished with a new and pressing subject of discontent. Under these circumstances, the minister found means to employ the able pen of P. Pereira, in defence of the rights of Bishops to grant the requisite dispensations, in cases where recourse to Rome was, whether on just or unjust grounds, impossible. This task was performed by Pereira in the five propositions of his '*Tentativa Theologica*,' a masterpiece of ecclesiastical learning and historical argument.² Though burnt at Rome, it created a sensation over the whole of Europe, was translated into several languages, and never answered. Its author then produced his '*Demonstração Theologica*,' which he is said to have valued more than any of his hundred and twenty other works, and which establishes the rights which he had previously vindicated to bishops during a rupture with Rome only, as theirs under all circumstances whatever. That Pereira was unconsciously ministering to the purposes of a tyrant, is undeniable; but it is equally certain that he was the able supporter of those great privileges for which Hildebert, and Durandus, and S. Bernard, and Gerson, and Bessarion, had long ago contended—Catholic rights against Ultramontane usurpations. To the same author the Church of Portugal is also

¹ This is partly to be attributed to the hatred which the Portuguese entertain of the Spanish, and the little opportunity they have of forming acquaintances among other nations, and partly to the example of their princes, set in consequence of the laws of Lamego. José's daughter, Maria I., was married to her own uncle by dispensation.

² We are glad to see a translation of this work announced from the pen of the Rev. E. H. Landon.

indebted for the beautiful translation of the Bible, by which Pereira is now chiefly known.

The suppression of the Jesuits was followed by other acts of oppression towards the Church. Her lands were seized, her revenues confiscated, her clergy impoverished, and, worse than all, her schools subjected to government influence. The licensing¹ of books had hitherto been in her hands; it was now wrung from her.

And what Pombal had spared, the Constitution finally destroyed. It suppressed every monastery throughout Portugal; plundered the nunneries, and reduced their number. It impoverished the bishoprics,—made parochial cures desirable (in a worldly point of view) for the lowest only of the people, and introduced an infidel system of education throughout the Portuguese dominions. No Church can now be sunk lower than that which could once boast so many Saints, and such indefatigable missionaries.

It may be that there is a prospect of better things. The Sociedade Catholica, lately established at Lisbon, seems anxious to supply the missions which the Jesuits made so effectual. Yet there are other symptoms of a downward direction. A Bull of the past year reduced holydays of obligation to the smallest possible number; even the afternoons of Good-Friday, and Easter and Whit-Monday, are now no longer so. That this suppression was obtained from Rome by government importunity, there can be no doubt; and the pastoral letter of the late Cardinal Patriarch justly bewails that state of public feeling which should have rendered it really or apparently desirable.

And here we conclude our very imperfect sketch. Would that it might so far interest any one heart, as to induce it to join with more earnestness in the prayer of Bishop Andrewes,—*Pro ecclesiâ occidentali, ut restitatur et pacifice agat!*

¹ The press was kept under very strict regulations previously to the time of Pombal; and the multitude of approvals which a book had to procure is almost incredible. As an instance, we will give the dates of those attached to the first volume of Cardoso's *Agiologio*. It obtained the license of a Doctor, April 4, 1647; of a Padre Mestre, April 5; of the Inquisition, on the same day; of the Ordinary, April 8. Thence it went to the government licenser; and it was usual for these authorities to render their judgment a kind of criticism on the work, in which they endeavoured to display all their learning. The document generally concludes,—*'Isto he meu parecer: V. M. fará o que for servido'*—'This is my opinion; your majesty will order what you think proper.' Through this ordeal Cardoso's book passed April 24; thence it went to the *Desembargo do Paço*, a second government office for censure, when it was approved May 8, with the usual proviso, that the printed book must be compared with the original. The MS. then went to press; on Dec. 29, 1651, the volume was declared, by the first doctor, 'conforme' to the MS.; on January 11, 1652, the *Desembargo do Paço* declare, that '*visto estar conforme*,' it may be published; and on January 13, a committee of that body fix its price at 1,800 reis. Thus, in this instance, the passage through the press occupied four years and nine months. By the Constitution, no restriction whatever is put on the liberty of the press, though for publishing blasphemy, treason, &c., the authors may be afterwards punished.

- ART. II.—1. *Minutes of the Committee of the Council of Education, with Appendices.* London. 1843-4.
2. *The Sum of the Catholic Faith. Extracted from BISHOP COSIN'S Devotions.* London: Burns. 1845.
3. *Easy Lessons for the Younger Children in Sunday Schools: adapted to the Church Services for every Sunday in the Year.* Parts I. and II. London: Burns. 1845.

THE state of our Parochial Schools, and the system of education pursued in them, have been for some time past subjects of public thought and inquiry; and much has been said, written, and planned about them. The great importance of this department, and its natural claim upon clerical care and industry, are felt; and education—meaning by that word not scholarlike, or philosophical, or polite education only, but the common average Christian teaching which all the young members of the Church as such, rich or poor, ought to receive—has risen vastly as a subject of intellectual and religious interest in the country. Everybody is talking now about education. Persons devote themselves to the labours of a schoolmaster now, who would not have dreamed of doing so some years ago; and situations of even moderate rank are occupied by men of intellectual gifts and some measure of scholarlike accomplishments, who have sought a less irksome and a politer field some time back. We are now concerned with parochial education solely. In proportion as general thought and attention have been drawn to the educational question, in that proportion have persons become dissatisfied with the plan and method of instruction pursued in most of our day parish-schools. We will anticipate our course of remark, and say at once, and at starting, that we allude principally to the monitorial system now at work in our parishes—a system thought such a happy discovery when first introduced, but which the trials and experience of the last thirty years have now placed in a much more questionable aspect. It will be our endeavour, in the course of this article, to compare the method of giving instruction now pursued in most of the parish-schools of England, with another method of a much older and more authoritative stamp; one which the Church universal, and our own branch of it in particular, has, in direct and express form, recommended and enjoined; one which brings teacher and pupil into much closer contact,—which elicits thought and invites effort, and makes the whole process of education more of a mental, and less of a mechanical, work.

We will now come to the point. To state that there is a vast mass of existing evil in the country, and that all men see that there is but one remedy for the evil, viz. education, would but amount to a truism.

First, then, we will look at the existing systems of teaching as used under authority in the country, and on their face bearing a certain relation to the Church in England; and this is an important fact to remember, viz. that the systems which are now in working, and which we propose to consider, come before us claiming, to a great degree, the authority and sanction of the Church in England; in fact, they are looked upon by most men as the church method of education in this country.

'The Minutes,' we have prefixed to the head of this article, profess to be 'the Minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education.' They contain the result of an investigation made into the state of education in a large part of the country in this day. They bring before us the fact, that the school in each parish which the commissioner has visited, is the church school of the parish, and the very place where the clergyman is carrying out his plan of catholic teaching to the children of his cure. It is the education, then, which the commissioned ministers and authorities of the Church in England are carrying out, and have, in a great degree, attached to themselves as their own. We have two points to deal with in connexion with the matter. The mode in which this system is being carried out, even according to the commissioner's own report, and the merits of that system itself, whatever they may be. The plan of the National Society is the system of education which is being worked with authority. The chief, and most important part of the Minutes, consists of the statements of Mr. Allen, made with reference to his visitation of schools in Bedford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, and schools in the southern district. Two or three facts grieve us at the very outset of Mr. Allen's statement. He gives a most distressing view of the scantiness of any educational systems in very many parishes of Huntingdonshire: *e. g.* out of ninety-seven parishes forty-nine have no daily schools whatever, (p. 1), and out of forty-one rural parishes in which daily schools were inspected in Bedfordshire, the number in which any reasonable measure of intelligent and really valuable instruction was communicated cannot be stated higher than twenty-four; and, consequently, the number of parishes practically without daily schools of value for the poor must be raised to eighty-two. Similarly in Cambridgeshire, the rate of valuable schools was forty-nine, and that of parishes without them was eighty-three; and in Huntingdonshire the good schools were in the proportion of twenty-six to sixty-one,

(p. 2.) Here is a sad deficiency in any education at all in a large number of parishes. Besides this, Mr. Allen tells us that in many places funds were existing for carrying out schools, while no schools were at the time practically existing. He says himself, that in many large parishes in Cambridgeshire, there cannot be found a single intelligent or properly qualified teacher at work in the daily instruction of the poor. Again, (p. 5), he remarks on methods of instruction pursued, and says, 'Lessons are repeated in many long established schools, that seem to have been devised for no other object than to occupy the scholars' time, with as small a demand as possible on the attention and pains of the teacher;—such as useless writing—solutions of useless problems of arithmetic—columns of English dictionaries—and page after page of Lennie and Murray,' (pp. 5, 6), and 'so much,' he says, 'is done in many cases for mere display, that a class is called up, as knowing a chapter of the Bible by heart, while yet the upper boys are acquainted only with the earlier verses, and the lower boys with the latter verses of it.' (p. 6.)

So much for Mr. Allen's own confession to government of the imperfect working of existing systems of education: the whole impression we receive from his report, is, that the dark side of the case was the one which most pressingly presented itself to the eye. The education which is at work throughout the country is not doing even its work in a way in which a system which professes to be the Church and National system should be doing it. A poor apology for education is presenting itself in some of the most civilised counties of midland England, not far removed from the metropolis, in dioceses of by no means the largest territorial extent; and this state of things is confessed by an intelligent commissioner, who for many reasons would wish to give the best and most favourable report he could.

But our work here rather is, to show the inefficiency of the particular method itself of teaching at present at work in the country. Hear Mr. Moseley in his own report of the Midland District Schools: (Report, p. 245) 'All the schools which I have inspected are taught by the aid of monitors, each class of the school below the first being placed under the instruction of a monitor selected from a superior class, and the instruction of the first class being intrusted to a senior pupil of the first class, or to a pupil teacher. In all these schools, with the exception of three, the monitors are changed periodically;—in some cases every week, in others daily: this continual change is to meet the views of parents. The monitors are in some schools paid 1½d. per week. In the actual instruction of any individual child, the intervention of the master is only occasional and incidental, and

'the contact of his mind with that of the child so imperfect and cursory that little impression can be left by it. The mind of the monitor is the one brought to bear on the child. The average age of the monitors is *eleven*.' 'Exercise of skill and judgment,' continues Mr. Moseley, 'are most valuable in fixing children's attention. An individual adaptation to their minds of the subjects and matter of instruction is most valuable.' 'The moral ascendancy which a gentle but skilful teacher may have over the minds of the children is great.' Mr. Moseley then, very rightly tells us that 'all this cannot be expected from children of eleven years old:' 'it is enough,' he continues, 'that they be themselves instructed in the subjects which they profess to teach, and acquainted with the mechanical expedients they are required to use in teaching them; and that they be restrained from the infliction of that juvenile tyranny to which their office may serve as a cloak, and whose influence in obliterating a sense of justice in the mind of a child, and perverting its moral character in the act of formation, it would be unwise to mistake.'

All most true; and coming from the inspector of the National Schools himself, it comes with still greater weight: and we would here remind our readers that *every school* in the midland district, visited by Mr. Moseley, was carried on in this manner: therefore it may be safely put forward as *the system* of the Society. We cannot do better than to let Mr. Moseley exhibit the system still further in his own words.

'The business of instruction,' he continues, (Report, p. 246,) 'being completely provided for by the monitors, the master can have no other motive for taking part in it, than a conscientious sense of duty. He has many temptations to indolence or inactivity, which beset him in the discharge of his duties.'

'The schools of agricultural districts, which show the most judicious management and efficient instruction, are those in which the monitorial system is only partially carried out. One of the most remarkable features, however, of the present operation of the monitorial system, is the *rigid adherence* which the masters of schools usually consider themselves bound to give it. Those National Schools where the small number of the children placed their individual instruction within the power of the master himself, I have found, nevertheless, divided into the accustomed classes, and distributed about in groups on the school-room floor, each under the guidance of its Lilliputian teacher; while the master, who might readily have done all the work himself, has paced the vacant area, satisfied, that in *carrying out the system*, as he calls it, his duties are fully discharged, and perhaps, if the results be complained of, to transfer the responsibility to his monitors, and to the *system*. It is very rarely that a master has the courage to venture upon any adaptation, however obvious, of the *system* to the circumstances under which he is called on to apply it; and he cannot be made to comprehend, that the teaching of the children of his school by the aid of other children, is an expedient which he is justified in using, only in so far as he is unable to teach them himself.'

Once more:—

‘Of the mechanical character of such teaching, the following may serve as an illustration. On entering a large school, I requested the instruction of the children might go on according to its accustomed course,—that I might judge of the means daily called into operation before I proceeded to inquire into the results. Astonished to find that some time elapsed before the machinery could be put in motion, I proceeded to inquire into the cause, and found that the monitors were in the act of placing the finger of each individual boy upon the first word of the lesson to be read; this accomplished, and the monitor having read one word of the lesson, and the boys, simultaneously, after him, each boy advanced his finger one word, and the process was repeated.’

Thus far we have let Mr. Moseley speak for himself. It seemed important he should do so; he has described the system well, with its faults and defects, and, what is more, the irremediable nature of them.

Again, Mr. Bellairs says,—

‘The subject of monitorial instruction, as at present generally adopted, is one which would seem to claim especial attention from all interested in elementary education. The plan usually adopted in schools conducted on the National system, is to take the children of the first class in rotation, five, six, or seven a day, according to the number required, and to place them as teachers to the Junior Classes. The children usually employed in this work are, in age, from eight to twelve years. For their labour they receive no remuneration, and no extra instruction. The parents of the *teachers* complain, for they say their children lose a great portion of time in teaching. The parents of the *taught* complain, for they say that the senior children are incompetent to fulfil properly the task assigned them, and that thereout their little ones receive damage. In some instances, the justice of these complaints must, I fear, be admitted.’—*Report*, p. 113.

Again, hear Mr. Cook’s opinion of monitors, who is inclined to take a more favourable view:—

‘A third cause is the extreme youth and deficient instruction of the monitors. In the school attached to St. John’s Church, Hoxton, there are 292 boys, 209 present at the time of inspection, conducted by one master, with 11 monitors; of whom, two are between twelve and fourteen; four between eleven and twelve; and seven under eleven years of age. This may be an extreme case, and this school has not been long established; but it is to be feared, that very many of the schools in the east of London are not in a better position. I have frequently remarked the inattention of young monitors, their apparent dislike to their work, their negligence in passing over omissions and errors, their gross mistakes in putting questions and correcting the answers; their irreverent, familiar, or passionate remarks upon the religious lessons, reading, and catechism; and I do but state, what is now almost universally admitted, that their influence in many, if not the generality of cases, is positively detrimental to the moral character, while it is assuredly of no great benefit to the intellectual improvement of our schools. In the Special Reports, which have been submitted to your Lordship’s notice, I have given an account of the examination to which the monitors in each of the schools have been subjected. Of these, a large number read imperfectly, or with a bad accent; commit gross errors in

writing; have made little progress in arithmetic; and are possessed of scarcely any general information. At the same time several of them have been in school from early infancy, and bear good characters for regularity, punctuality of attendance, and attention to their duties. We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that parents, in most places, are extremely averse to the employment of their children in this capacity; they consider that they lose their time, being unfairly, or for no adequate compensation, deprived of the opportunities for instruction afforded in the higher class, from which, of course, they are taken. Nor, surely, is it an empty prejudice if others attach little value to the information received by their younger children from boys employed as monitors. Believing, for my part, that the inefficiency of our schools is mainly attributable to this cause; being certain that closer observation will disclose greater deficiencies; I feel justified in asserting that it is indispensable to remunerate monitors for their labours, to give them special training in their duties, and to supply them with instruction which may be valuable to them in after-life. With this view, I have offered various suggestions to the managers of schools in the course of my inspection, of which the principal will be found at the end of this Report. It is obvious, however, that no suggestions will be of much use, though approved by the parties to whom they are made, unless the difficulties previously alluded to be wholly or partially overcome.

‘I would not be understood to express an unfavourable opinion upon the general use of monitors; in some schools they are of the greatest assistance to able teachers; and the very fact that improvements are suggested, proves that I am arguing not against the use, but the abuse of the system. Under proper regulations, confined to legitimate objects, monitors may carry on much of the routine of school business not less effectively than a master. They may, for instance, be employed in all arrangements which are merely mechanical. In acting as overseers of a class engaged in some silent occupation not requiring instruction; in hearing lessons which exercise the memory alone, such as the repetition of arithmetical tables, and in lessons conducted upon a system of which the details are set down in a manual, in the use of which the monitors have been thoroughly instructed. But the education of the monitors should in no instance be suspended for the sake of the questionable advantages of their assistance, and until a system be devised by which the monitors can be so trained and instructed as to undertake not only the foregoing, but somewhat higher duties, there can be no doubt that those persons will be found to be right, who consider that, to the indiscriminate employment of monitors, some of the worst results in our National-schools are to be assigned as a principal cause.’—*Report*, page 67.

Mr. Moseley says, in page 246 of Report:—

‘In the actual instruction of any individual child, the intervention of the master is only occasional and incidental; and the contact of his mind with that of the child, in a large school, so unfrequent and cursory, that little impression can be left by it. In so far as mind is brought into operation at all, in the matter of the child’s instruction, it is the mind of the monitor.

‘The average age of the monitors, taken in respect to twenty boys’ and thirteen girls’ schools, from which I have obtained returns, is $11\frac{3}{10}$ years in the former, and 12 years in the latter; and the average age of one hundred and seven monitors in eleven other boys’ schools, $10\frac{3}{4}$ years; and of fifty-nine in eight other girls’ schools, $11\frac{1}{2}$ years. The number of children placed under the charge of each monitor varies from five to twenty, the average being between twelve and thirteen. They vary in age from 8 to 15 years.

‘Those persons who are accustomed to the actual business of instruction

know how much may be accomplished, in fixing the attention of children, by the exercise of skill and judgment; they know how valuable are the fruits of an individual adaptation to their minds, of the subjects and the matter of instruction; and they have experience of the moral ascendancy which a gentle, but skilful, teacher may acquire over them.

'From teachers, of the tender age of eleven years, such results are not to be expected; it is enough that they be themselves instructed in the subjects which they profess to teach, and acquainted with the mechanical expedients they are required to use in teaching them; and that they be restrained from the infliction of that juvenile tyranny to which their office may serve as the cloak, and whose influence in obliterating a sense of justice in the mind of a child, and perverting its moral character in the act of formation, it would be unwise to overlook.'

Again:—

'I have seen cases where the task is gone through without a single question being asked, and where, when the chapter was finished, the books were shut, and spelling commenced out of it! I have seen other cases, where the class has been left entirely under the charge of an ignorant and thoughtless monitor! and when I have inquired, "What part of Scripture are you reading?" the answer has been, "Anywhere." And it was true: without any direction from the master, they read just where the monitor pleased to "set them on." I found one little class in the Epistle to the Galatians! Indeed it is not unfrequently the case that the lower classes are reading the Epistles! It is obvious that in these cases there can be no religious instruction, nor peculiar benefit in reading the word of God. It would seem desirable that a lesson in Scripture should be conducted on a very different plan, and in a very different spirit.'

Again, of the want of moral influence in our Schools:—

'This is but a poor suggestion, in a subject of such importance. But I can look on the answers given to the question itself, from 120 Schools, that the present means are, by Sunday and Night Schools, by singing classes, and public catechizing, rather as *hints* of what may be done hereafter, than as tokens of what is actually done now. For in every part of our land the complaint is the same.—"Children leave our Schools; we lose sight of them, and know not what becomes of them." There might be in many places School Anniversaries, when all within reach might meet and spend a happy and profitable day, (or half-day, if more convenient). Our public Schools have their meetings, and their dinners. Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow, all meet; and this, in some degree, keeps up the bond of fellowship begun at school. Why should not our National Schools, in a more humble way, have their day of happy re-union, and renewal of connexion with clergymen and masters? I fear that it has been the practice to look upon the lower classes as machines, rather than men; and to forget that their good feelings may be as usefully encouraged, and beneficially directed, as their vices may be censured, and their crimes punished.'

We have such official statements on the subject of monitorial teaching before us. The Church should give moral and religious training to her children. She baptizes them, and she should educate them in their baptismal promises. Her education should especially bring moral influences, personal authority, the force of example, upon them: it should bring the teacher in an authoritative, a magisterial, and, so far as he receives his situation

from the Church, in an ecclesiastical position, before them. But here we see machinery, rather than moral influence; and a mode of instruction is before us, that can neither impress nor mould, neither elevate nor strengthen. What must be the inevitable tendency of placing boys in the position of moral influence and power over others, before they themselves have formed one strong moral habit? added to which, there is the danger of an incalculable amount of vanity incurred by emitting knowledge as fast as it is taken in. All such plans of teaching must, on all sides, lead children to look on education as a merely intellectual process. The pupils have thereby points of knowledge drilled into them; the teacher has no other possession than mere knowledge, even if he has that; and his impression in the imparting knowledge is the main object of his present and future life. The monitorial system discourages all efforts at personal religious influence, and works on children as if they were themselves mere automats, destitute of a moral or social nature.

We might add this objection: that one danger of so working the monitorial system in this way is leading men to work *system* threadbare,—to give them a pure affection for the mere formalities of arrangement. Each man, and especially he who undertakes the education of children, should be conscious, more or less, of some system by which he works—but to put this forward as the main object, as well as means, of his teaching—to make it apparent through every line of their work—to make the pupils themselves conscious of ‘*the system*,’ and to be willing to sacrifice all personal exertion and usefulness, as Mr. Moseley tells us, to the mere pleasure of ‘*working the system*,’ seems to us to be an error.

But the great fault of such a system is, that it fails in giving elementary instruction. It is not catechetical, in the highest sense of the word. Our full meaning in the use of it shall appear presently. But first, to show that the Society does not pay sufficient attention to elementary instruction; let us hear the Report again. In p. 125 of the Report, Mr. Watkins tells us, in his visits to the schools of the Northern District, that, ‘out of *one hundred and twenty* schools, the Church Catechism ‘was only taught well in *twenty-one*; tolerably, in *eighty-seven*; and in a few, *not at all*.’ This is bad for schools taught by the Society’s own masters, and under the Society’s own system. ‘Any direct application of religious ordinances of a public nature, as a part of the educational process,’ (which we take to be the meaning of the fifth article on this page,) ‘was found ‘to exist in *forty-five* schools only out of *one hundred and twenty* schools.’ But still more startling are his statistics under the sixth article. Mr. Watkins informs us, that out of one

hundred and twenty schools, in union with the Society, *twenty-three* had made positively *no* progress in religious knowledge in proportion to the time they had been at school; *twenty-six* only, what the inspector terms *moderate* progress; *fifty-six*, good progress; and only *fifteen*, very good. In *ninety*, out of the one hundred and twenty, no attempt whatever is made to keep up connexion with the children after leaving school. This state of things is what we should expect from the manner in which the monitorial system is worked. All the tables on which we cast our eye in the Report bring before our mind the fact, most strongly, that a very large proportion of time and labour is spent on subject-matter which is not religious, and we should have thought, in many cases, not useful for the class of persons taught in these schools.

The absence of teaching by interrogation, an essential part of the catechetical process, is thus complained of by Mr. Bellairs:—

‘Of interrogation, my impression is, that much benefit would arise if the interrogation of a lesson were to take place, so that it shall be explained, sentence by sentence, as the children are reading it. A frequent plan is to allow the lesson to be read through before a word of explanation is given, or any inquiry as to its meaning made. Then the interrogation is made when the children have lost all interest in the subject, and have forgotten much of what they had read.’—*Report*, p. 115.

These are results exactly such as we should expect, in schools carried out under the monitorial system; since, of course, anything like direct interrogation must proceed from a person who, from superior knowledge, and the moral influence of position, commands the minds of the children. No monitor can do this. No monitor is really a teacher. The teacher must always know considerably more than he wishes to teach the pupil; he must not intend to drown his own stock of knowledge. The monitorial system appoints teachers who, having reached a certain attainment of knowledge, are called on to give out *all that* to their disciples; and the tendency of this is what we have just seen,—the absence, to a great degree, of religious instruction by the catechetical process. Both of these require high attainments in the teacher. The more elementary the subject-matter of education is to be, the higher must be the knowledge of the instructor. He must possess information on each point, the farthest removed from merely elementary knowledge: a shallow teacher and low acquirements will do to teach men the details of things—to plunge them in *medias res*;—but to keep them close, and to work them thoroughly on the elements of a truth, requires a very thorough knowledge of all its bearings. Of course, the monitorial system cannot attempt this.

Turn to the Report again, (p. 124): Mr. Watkins shows the mode of teaching history and geography, in general, to be dry and uninteresting; a mere set of cut and dried questions formed to save the master trouble. It would be endless and tedious to quote all the passages which show the facts we are here concerned to substantiate. The Reporters have been so candid in their statements, that even a cursory reader will find little difficulty in detecting the harm we are asserting to exist in the Society's plan.

Statements like this (p. 127) abound throughout the Report:—

'Children are frequently taught the Catechism by rote. They repeat, sometimes, without a single additional question: sometimes their knowledge extends to the answers of the "Broken Catechism." I agree with Mr. Allen in wishing that the "Broken Catechism" were banished from our schools. If any one attempt to break "the Broken Catechism" with children, who can repeat it without a mistake, he will generally discover how completely it has acted as a hindrance to all further questioning and right understanding of the truths which it contains.'

And yet this Broken Catechism has been constantly used in the Society's schools; and, worked under the monitorial system, must produce all the harm, in different directions, which Mr. Watkins here complains of.

We will not multiply quotations, which might be made from nearly every page, to prove the same mechanical and unelementary state of things: we will proceed to a more important point which is left us to discuss; viz., what is the system we would substitute for this, and which is rather the object we now have in view. We pass on from a review of a bad system, badly worked, to make some suggestions as to the adoption of the style of education which we esteem to be distinctly catholic—'the Catechetical;' what it is, and how it may be applied to general parochial teaching,—either in places where education may be begun *de novo*, or where a bad state of things is already at work.

Instruction is now given, and knowledge conveyed, by exhortation, address, advice, and other like methods, by which the object of the instruction is dealt with without any exertion on his own part. The undue importance attached to preaching is the result of this system. Sermons are thought to be the best mode of conveying religious knowledge. The sermon of the Sunday or holy-day is followed up by the oft-repeated advice of the week; the explicit statement, over and over again, of the same truths, and the reproofs of the same faults, the very fall of which on the ear has become like a dead unmeaning sound. The defectiveness of this method may be seen in almost every parish in the kingdom; and our adults, of a certain age, will be

often scarcely able to give a correct answer to the simplest question as to the faith which is in them, while they have been the objects of direct instruction for years,—have listened to sermons, and received advice, reproofs, and exhortation. There are many such, who will scarcely be able to give you in the words of the Creed a single article to which they were pledged at Baptism. We are not stating controverted facts, nor are we intending to reflect any discredit on the energy and good intentions of those who have occupied the place of religious teachers of late years. They meant well, and they worked well; but they gave up the system of the Church, and their work has been imperfect, and the result crippled and maimed. Our poor are lamentably ignorant. If you ask them a question on the simplest point of religion, they will generally plead their want of scholarship as the reason for their inability to answer it; and this is common where, as we have already said, they have had indefatigable pains bestowed upon them by good and earnest men.

The deficiency is felt in all directions. We have heard the complaint of whole neighbourhoods where, in many parishes named, not one out of a large number of village schoolmasters was able, on being asked, to give a distinct answer, in explanation of any one point in the Catechism, or the meaning of words used in it. Such is the result of the prevalent system. The catechetical method, we say, is the authorized plan of instruction in the Catholic Church; the natural plan for educating a Christian mind: it is the effective, the practical, the solid, sound, and useful, mode of educating; and it is the remedy which most obviously suggests itself, for looseness of knowledge and ideas which have been the effect of the religious instructions of recent times.

The great strength of the catechetical mode of teaching lies in the fact of its drawing out the mind and powers of the disciple, and leading himself to deduce truths on reflection, as well as to enunciate them. Men will always save themselves trouble if they can; they do so unconsciously; the tendency to relax exertions is mixed up with our nature throughout, and influences us frequently when we are not in the least degree aware of such being the case. This is true of our bodies—of our conscience, as well as of our intellectual powers. We know this is strangely true of our conscience; it will soon cease to warn us if not exerted, and it needs to be called to exert itself. People who substitute an external rule, and system of routine, for the voice of their own conscience, and do what they see done around them; who are just as virtuous, and no more, than the world—religious or secular—around them, and who attach themselves to an outward guide, instead of their own inward one, cease to feel the directions of the latter; they gradually lose the genuine native oracle of

conscience. It is equally true in the intellectual world; the understanding is weakened, and the intellect impaired, by not being allowed to exert themselves on the subject-matter of their education. The powers of apprehension and attention are so enervated from being saved trouble, that they soon will cease to exist altogether. This is often the case so unconsciously to ourselves, that, although we wish most earnestly to call those intellectual powers into play, yet, if we are allowing ourselves to be the objects of direct instruction, which does not of necessity call out our mental powers, we shall find them increasingly unwilling, and ourselves surrendering the use of them. Our mental as well as our moral powers should be compelled to exert themselves; their perfection consists in exertion; their strength and keenness in their energy. All this is in close analogy with the natural world. An organ or function of the body is absorbed, or paralyzed, or obliterated, if deprived of a healthy and life-giving opportunity of action. Work is the proper preservative of being, either physical or ethical or intellectual.

The catechetical system unites all this. The subject matter of instruction is first given by direct teaching, and the memory exerted upon it. It is then drawn out by questions, which require a process of thought in the mind of the disciple, calling out his own powers, and strengthening his intellectual faculties. Besides which, the actual subject is clearly apprehended and understood in a way in which it would not be without this process. A direct question involves a logical process in the mind. The child himself gives birth to the idea; he himself has formed into shape what he enunciates; he gives a shape and outline to a floating matter within him; and in giving it definite form, the truth itself becomes clearer to his own mind. The edge which he himself gives it, by exerting his intellectual powers to give it outline, presses keenly on him, and he feels its reality in the act of giving it birth. He receives his knowledge, in the first instance, in so modified a shape, that he does not see or understand its separate part or tendencies. In answer to a question, he must place the truth in some defined idea; he must use the power of abstraction; he must discover the aptness of the answer to the particular point in view, and whether the exact portion of the general truth floating in his mind is that which answers to the question. To do this, he must abstract, generalize, and divide. He has then formed his idea: this is one step towards definition, and in doing this he has ranged over the whole surface of his knowledge on this point, has discovered its different bearings, and has got it into shape; the general diffused body of light has become a focus; the floating sounds have formed themselves into a distinct tune.

The expression by words becomes the next step in the history of definition. The approval of his answer, or the contrary, becomes a third step in definition. So, by degrees, he strikes out for himself, and from himself, a clear view on one given subject, which he has gathered and taken out from a large floating subject matter, and upon which he has been compelled to exert his intellectual powers. He has been led to see what to lay hold of as important in the knowledge he possesses, and how he can apply it to some practical detail. Truth becomes *objective* to himself, and that by his own power. He has painted a picture on his own mind, and has become acquainted with its form. He arranges facts under principles, or gives them a certain connexion with other facts, which he would never have done otherwise. He may have been long convinced of a fact, but it rested without point in his mind, scarcely recognised. On a question being asked with reference to it, he discovers the fact, lays hold of it, and *classes* it under a certain arrangement. It is one of a class, or it is connected with, and finds its place under a certain principle; and the being led to classify the fact leads him to a clearer knowledge of it, enables him to understand it, and gives it a definite relation, in the world of things, which it never had before. This process assists the memory, defines his own notions, and strengthens his intellect. He knows where he is. It is a logical process, and unconsciously he has become a logician. Take a case: A child is aware of the bare fact of Elijah being a prophet; *i. e.* the term prophet is attached in his mind to the name of Elijah. But the notion is indefinite. He is asked what Elijah was, and he immediately is led to summon to his mind the class of persons called prophets, to consider what they were, to see the point in which Elijah resembled the class, and to state the fact of his resemblance. A child is aware of the fact of Herod being a cruel man, but the notion is indefinite—is floating. When asked what kind of person Herod was, he calls to mind his acts; he tries them by some standard of what a person placed in Herod's position should be; he gets the notion of his falling below the mark, and, when tried by other cases, he finds that it is in the point of mercy that he fails. Herod is a cruel man; he all along *knew* this; he would have told you so if he had been asked, but he did not understand what he meant till it was drawn out of him,—till he was asked. All this is a logical process, and must define his view—give it a form it had not before—give the fact in his knowledge an importance by its being attached to a class, and give the class a definiteness by being illustrated by an instance and example; and all this work is carried on, and the result reached, by himself.

As a singular instance of the power of the system, a school-boy has just left the room of the writer, to whom, wishing to give some employment for half an hour, he gave him some paper, and told him to write an account of the Crusade. It was the boy's first effort at composition, and, when he brought back the paper, it was covered with an exact account of the war, all drawn out in question and answer, which proves the system under which the boy had been brought up was the one in which he *thought*, thereby giving a singular accuracy to his view and statement, and plainly showing that the process in his mind had been one of close questioning on each point. He had never been taught how to give an account of any given subject, and consequently it was entirely in his case the product of his own way of thinking:—'The Crusade was a war.—Who fought in it?—King Richard.—What did King Richard fight the Crusade for?—The Church.—Who did he fight against?—Saladin.—What sort of character was the Duke of Austria?—Bad.—Why?—He wished to kill Richard.—Why so?—Because 'he feared,' &c. And so the paper goes on with a most curiously accurate statement of the cause of the war, and the motives and feelings of each party in it; and this from a poor boy who has been brought up, in the village school, under the system, only five months; and, being told to give an account of the Crusade, without any guidance, his thoughts fell into this line, and his statements followed them. The fact is interesting, as showing the power with which the peculiar mode had laid hold of his mind, and the accuracy with which it had led the boy to think out his subjects. He was told to think of a subject: he immediately goes through a process of close question and answer upon it. He has first to decide what is the question to ask, and then is not satisfied till he gets the true answer. All this must very considerably strengthen and improve the powers of the mind.

Contrast the condition of the child's mind who has reached this end with regard to such instances as we have just mentioned, with that of the child who is barely told of the fact, and in whose mind the fact is barely left. It is evident how far more clear, distinct, and applicable to practice, and tenacious on the memory, instances of knowledge must be which have been the subject matter of a mental operation of this kind, compared with what those must be which merely lie like objects floating on a surface, upon which they make no impression, and on which they bear with no weight.

Let us conceive this mode carried out into the detail of all Christian truths. Conceive each truth known to the child, arranged under some class of ideas and principles; conceive this done at the moment; and we shall soon see the power of the

catechetical system, in strengthening the understanding and laying hold of the memory. Every article of the Creed, when placed in the form of a question, gives an opportunity of calling to mind and investigating the whole train of moral principles. Every fact of Holy Scripture does the same. Catechetical instruction becomes a constant compulsion to the child to have recourse to the treasure-house of its knowledge, to bring out instances which are to be tried one with another—rejected if they do not agree; in which work the judgment is called into play, and is strengthened itself by weighing the fitness of facts with principles. Catechetical instruction prevents a child holding truths without attaching a positive meaning to them. The mind most anxious to understand, and to retain, will find itself sinking back into an indolent indifference, without some such external compulsion as this. It gives the power and pleasure of creation and examination, and thereby imparts a *consciousness* of power which is itself power, and is the parent of power: it gives a keenness and edge to the mind, and, through consciousness of its own being, it supplies a new and vigorous motive. This system teaches method and arrangement; lets the disciple know where he is, and where his knowledge is; reproduces from given subject matter; strikes out new relations of truth; becomes a kind of myrioramic picture, suggesting new views by a re-arrangement of existing data.

What, in fact, the study of languages and moral philosophy does for us, catechetical instruction does for the poor. The examination of the structure of languages, the carrying on this work involved in all the difficulty attending a dead language, the close attention to verbal technicalities, the constant exercise of powers of generalization and abstraction, and the comparison of similar and dissimilar parts in words and grammar; these, and many other parts of the study of language, draw out, discipline, strengthen, render keen our faculties, in much the same way as catechetical instruction does the powers of those whose position cuts them off from the above method of education. Of course, the catechetic process is constantly used in the education of our own higher schools; indeed, the whole system, to a certain degree, involves it: but where it is not distinctly adopted, the same result is reached in this way. The fact is, one truth runs through our whole moral and intellectual being. God has given us powers which must be worked to have their effect. It is our tendency to save ourselves trouble; it is our moral discipline to have to exert ourselves. This is true throughout our compound nature. Close attention must be given to each faculty, or the whole structure will collapse; the whole chain become unlinked. The strength of our faculties

depends on their exertion; their exertion hangs on their being brought attentively to bear. The faculties must have food and fuel, in the consumption of which they live and grow, in the lack of which they pine away and wither.

In this way, catechetical instruction teaches its subject matter with an efficacy which no other system has. We may look on the matter simply in an intellectual point of view, and apart from any other consideration. The best means of gaining knowledge is, after all, by dwelling on simple elementary truths; working them thoroughly into the mind, and developing their own native substance and inherent riches. On this plan the learner will actually gain more knowledge than if he placed directly before him, as an object, the different points of knowledge he wished to make his own. Kindred facts gather round one given fact like flakes to a rolling snow-ball; and the attention, by being fixed on *one point only*, gains a strength and keenness it would lose in diffusion. *E. g.* A man wishes to gain a knowledge of the facts of Church history in order to apply them to the construction of principles; he finds an immense space to wander over, which discourages his own energy, and weakens his attention by a scattered application to numberless points of Church practice. Church doctrine, struggles with the State, the condition of branches of the Church elsewhere, lives of her Saints, and countless other points rise up before him in the field of inquiry, and he becomes bewildered. Let such a man satisfy himself with laying hold of *one single* life of a ruler or saint of the Church in one given epoch of her history; let him consciously and directly give his sole attention to this one point, determining to get it up thoroughly, to study it in all its bearings and relations, to see it in contrast with all collateral facts, bringing to bear the focus of his attention in full intensity on this one object, seizing the quivering, vibrating feelers of historic truth with the firm forceps of a single-eyed attention, and he will have acquired more actual knowledge of Church history, more insight into the relations of things with regard to her, more power to form true principles about her in the study of the one life, than the man would who has spent double the time in wandering over the boundless plain of historic centuries. The former will have gathered more, attracted more positive facts to the little reading of his one life, than the other will in all his comprehensive researches. He will have definite points to guide his mind's eye; he will be looking down a vista of close rocks which bound the ray of his mental vision, as to one star at the end, and the ray of that star will gradually strike out the minutest points among the objects which surround him, which he would never have descried; while, on the other hand,

if he took his stand upon the summit from whence his eye would have no given resting-place, he would lose in distinctness what he gained in space, and he would come away with an imperfect knowledge of every object. Each fact, each period, each point in history, has a thousand objects passing over it continually in faint and dim shadows, which, rolling in rapid succession, require to be closely watched, and will then come out in brighter and brighter colours, and more and more defined outline, till the surface, however small, becomes to us the camera obscura of revolving centuries. Meanwhile our powers are in repose, from having but one point to be consciously studying. One fact has the power of reflecting its kindred to the attentive eye—and kindred facts are better seen in connexion with each other than looked at separately—their meaning comes out, their relations are understood.

Nothing is understood by itself, since everything is placed in the order of being with a certain inherent relation to something else. We perhaps never know the full extent of these inherent relations in any one existing thing, and consequently must profess a complete knowledge of nothing. The more closely we examine, the more will come out. The possibility of evolving inherent power is inexhaustible in the smallest objects which exist around us. But the way we mention is the mode in which the objects we study will display their relations most exuberantly and comprehensively. They become their own expositors, interpreters, unfolders; and we are safer in examining them, and letting each object tell its own history, and furnish its own colouring, than in striving to see each thing separately for ourselves. The earth has a power within herself which is one and simple in itself, but is seen by us in all the varied shapes and colours which array her bosom. We see them, and they are many, but they result from one inward common energy, which we do not see: so we would dwell on simple truths, and they will soon give to us all the varied objects of their own development.

To illustrate this, let a man who wishes for knowledge in Church history in this country take the life of St. Anselm; let him bend his whole attention to this one man; his character, as formed by the Church system; his position with regard to the Church; the objects he had in view for the Church over which he presided; the relative position of that branch of the Church to others; and the student of St. Anselm will find himself gradually become an able Church historian. Facts will grow up around him; they will attach themselves by magnetic attraction to the small point he is studying; each century of the Church will be contributing its small gifts, like floating leaves rushing together into

the centre of the eddy; and the student will hourly find his actual knowledge increasing. St. Anselm's life will become the mirror which reflects the whole procession of the Bishops, Saints, and Martyrs, councils and decrees, conquests and struggles, of the universal Church. Facts will fall into their proper place, and assume their true proportions. It is far easier to study facts as illustrations of one given truth, than to study each as in itself an object of inquiry: they become parts of the whole, instead of being themselves separate existences in our minds. The whole order of things and course of events form but one whole, and we should keep that view before us in studying the passing objects of time and place.

This is the case with everything, especially so with the study of languages, and the pursuits of classical education. The more confined the sphere of labour is, and the fewer the points which are consciously pursued, the more thorough the knowledge gained. The boy who has read one or two Greek plays well, with all the editions of them, all the commentators on them, all the sources of illustration and explanation at his side to refer to, has mastered a field which will give him a great advantage when he proceeds to the rest of the Greek drama: and he will have a more masterly knowledge of the Greek drama as a whole, from having concentrated himself upon one or two plays to begin with, than he would have had had he diffused himself equally over all. The mind is brought to bear on smaller space, and it gains in accuracy of knowledge what it seems to lose in extent.

We have been trying to give some illustration of what we mean by the great power possessed by catechetical teaching, in giving *actual* knowledge of its subject matter. It does so through the study of few, simple, and elementary truths; and though the gaining of mere knowledge as such is not its point, still, as a matter of fact, it compasses that end much better than a more apparently intellectual method does; and curtailing at first, really enlarges ultimately. It thinks less of the point struck out than of the inherent power to strike it out; it tracks to simple truths; it views the diversified *face* of things, as really resulting from the inward energy of one source; it leads the student to that one fountain, and takes for granted all else will follow; for if what we have said holds good of common, how much more does it of religious, truths! Into how wide a sphere of knowledge of religious facts does the close study of any one elementary truth—the Atonement—the blessed Trinity—the unity of God—lead us! Dwell closely on these, and they will become hands leading us down all the pathways of religious truth, which diverge from them, and converge again to them.

Such are the two systems of education which we have been describing; the common or monitorial one that now chiefly prevails in our schools, and the catechetical one. Of the former the object is rather knowledge than moral training; and while its object is an inferior one, it fails even of that. It does not give that very knowledge, the communication of which it so exclusively aims at; and it goes on repeating its lesson of information, which is forgotten almost as soon as it is given. It partakes of the impatience and hurry of the age, and proceeds from that intellectual temper, of which the Hamiltonian system is the extreme result. Avoiding, or cutting short, the elementary part of knowledge, it grasps truths before it can hold them; and the child goes on from one fact to another, as the school books pull him along, without entering into any one of them properly, or having any point of view or centre given him to help his understanding. The object of the catechetical system is the *discipline of the mind*, and the effect on the character while passing through the system of teaching. The full result which, as a system conveying knowledge on a given subject-matter it might produce, is not *the point* arrived at. The recipient is himself strengthened, and drawn out intellectually and morally by this process; the man is developed in all his parts, and with this discipline the catechist is satisfied. The man is not cared for in the rival system; it is some particular work he is urged to do, and he himself, his mental power, and moral discipline, are passed by.

We have not made hitherto any appeal to authority, or gone into the subject of Church customs and law, or touched on what our own Church says on the point, because we have wished to exhibit the catechetical system, first of all, standing on its own basis, and recommending itself on the ground of its inherent practical power and utility. That is, after all, its real recommendation. The Church adopted it because it was a useful and efficient system; because it did its work, and fixed religious ideas and doctrines on the youthful mind, as she wanted. We repeat, that we do not want to bring down authority upon persons in the first instance, in such a question as this. Let people examine the subject upon those ordinary principles of common sense and experience upon which they would act in general matters. We are sure the catechetical method will stand the test, and that it is, in fact, its great distinction, that it is based on common sense, and appeals to our genuine experience and observation as to the way in which all real profitable knowledge is acquired. However, we are members of the Church, and it is surely our duty to attend to her voice, and listen to her recommendation, if she has any to give us. And on this subject

we find her most clear and explicit, and enjoining the work of catechizing on the clergy. Wherever she speaks of the education of her children, she speaks of catechizing; she continued at the Reformation the method of instruction which former ages had transmitted. She adopts the views of the primitive Church on this subject, and takes them for her standard. It will therefore not be amiss to go a little into this point, and see how far, as members of the Church universal, and of the Church in England in particular, the catechetical method of instruction has a claim upon us above other and more recent ones.

The word catechism has been used with far greater latitude by the Church, viz. to signify the whole method of teaching persons for Baptism or Confirmation, including the subject-matter; in short, it expressed the idea of instruction of a Christian person generally. Our work just now is with the confined sense of the word catechizing, as involving a peculiar mode of conveying truth, which we have asserted to be essentially catholic, and very effective, for reasons above mentioned.

The word is used by St. Luke, chap. i., in the sense of an instruction of an elementary nature in things pertaining to the mysteries of salvation. In the same sense the word is used in the Acts, with regard to Aquila. This mode of instruction was used by the Church in the Apostolic day. To this elementary teaching the writer to the Hebrews refers, when he speaks of their education in the *στοιχεῖα τῆς ἀρχῆς*.

In the early Church, the classes of catechumens were two. The adults, who, whether Jews or Gentiles, were persuaded to receive the Gospel, but not yet baptized, were not admitted to baptism till they had given an account of 'the faith that was in them,' and had been examined in that faith. The second class consisted of those children who had been baptized, who had been born in the Church, and were grown old enough to be instructed in the promises they had had made for them at Baptism. They were expected to give account of those things they had learnt, before they received Confirmation. This would of necessity involve statements on the part of the instructed, in answer to questions put to them. We find a canon of the council of Carthage thus worded:

'Baptisandi nomen suum dent, et diu abstinentiâ vini et carni, ac manûs impositione, crebrâ examinatione baptismum recipiant.' — Conc. Carth. iv. c. 84.

After the registering of names of catechumens, there followed a scrutiny or examination of their proficiency under the preceding stages of their catechetical exercises. This was often repeated before Baptism. They that were approved in their examinations were called 'electi,' as we find by the decrees of

Pope Leo the Great, who speaks of them under their appellation, because they were now accepted and chosen as persons qualified for baptism at the festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide, the usual times of Baptism. From these customs, existing in the early Church, we gather that the mode of instructing by questions, in what was already learnt, was then in use, and that education was not merely carried on by announcement of truths barely, or mere exhortation and warning.

The Creed and the Lord's Prayer formed the great basis of this instruction in the early Church, being simple and elementary forms; they are, therefore, the best groundwork of an instruction in the first principles of faith.

The whole form, renunciation and confession in Baptism, to a certain degree, implied this mode of instruction, viz., of direct statements, emanating from the baptized himself. The words of St. Paul to Timothy would imply it, when he declared that he had 'professed a good profession before many witnesses.' In the early Church this renunciation was made in the presence of the people, the candidates standing in the Baptistery, with their faces turned towards the west, and stretching out their arm as if in defiance of Satan. They were asked by the Bishop, 'Dost thou renounce the devil, all his works, powers, and service?' To which they made answer, 'I renounce them.' The same question was made, and the answer given, on each point. Every question was put and the answer returned twice, once before the people and once at the font. After the renunciation, the open confession of faith was made: the Bishop giving them each article of the Creed in the form of a question, which was answered before the people. This form of interrogation in church and before the people, is quite as ancient as the Apostolic days. To it St. Peter refers, when he speaks of the answer of a good conscience towards God; the word *ἐπερώρημα* being strictly translated 'stipulatio,' a law term referring to agreements made by word.

Now, all this form used at Baptism involves the idea of instruction by question and answer; instruction in which the disciple himself took a part in definite statements of truth. The whole mode of administering Baptism seems to have taken in this particular form of instruction. But, again, we find this mode of instruction was carried on by the Jews before our blessed Lord's advent. Josephus tells us they were very careful to have their children taught in the law—(lib. iv. c. 8); to which end they had, in every village, a person called 'the instructor of babes, παιδευτὴς ἀφρόνων,' (to whom St. Paul alludes in Rom. ii. 10,) whose business it was to teach the children the law till they were ten years old; and from thence to fifteen, to

teach them in the Talmud. Grotius tells us that, at thirteen, they were brought into the house of God in order to be publicly examined; and being approved, they were then declared to be 'children of the precept,' *i. e.* they were bound to keep the law, and from thenceforth answerable for their own sins. Our Lord submitted Himself to this public examination at twelve years old, for which profession He staid behind in Jerusalem, and offered Himself to the doctors in the temple. From this general custom the Church seems to have formed her's, of having children instructed in this manner by a person especially appointed for it, called a catechist, to which we have formerly referred. Eusebius, in speaking of the catechist, and referring to Paulenus, tells us his office was to teach catechumens in the fundamentals of religion for two years together, and especially on the greater occasion of Lent, preparatory to Baptism, when the instruction was carried on by *public catechizing* in church, before the people. Persons were then instructed previous to Baptism, whereas the instruction is now after it; yet it amounted to the same thing in both cases, as children cannot now be admitted as catechumens, as far as instruction goes, till after receiving the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, on account of age. Indeed, in earlier days, it was the custom to continue the catechetical instruction after Baptism. St. Basil, after Baptism, was detained in the house of his bishop to be instructed in the mysteries of religion. We are told, by more than one Father, that, in primitive times, it was always the custom for the baptized, *after Confirmation*, to be more fully catechized in all things necessary to salvation. The analogy of the instruction of catechumens in the early Church, holds good with regard to the case of the education of our children after Baptism.

This system, then, was Jewish and Catholic. The form of question and answer seems borne out again by the manner of instruction used by St. Philip with the eunuch, which was that of question and answer.

That catechizing included this particular method of conveying instruction, we might deduce from the formation of the word *κατηχέω*, a compound of *ἤχῳ*, '*repeated sound*;' so that, according to the derivation, '*catechism*' is an instruction first taught and instilled into a person, and then repeated upon the catechist's examination. The ancient practice of conveying instruction by question and answer, is borne out and proved to us by all the accounts we have of the customs of the early Church. These catechumens, who were called *competentes* of the last order, were examined by the bishop in the Creed, which they had been primarily taught by catechists in the Bap-

tisteries, or the schools adjoining the church. We are told by Bingham:—

‘*Dimissis catechumenis, symbolum aliquibus Competentibus tradebam in Baptisteriis Basilicæ.*’—St. Ambrose, *Epist.* xxxiii. ad Marc. Sor.

Palm Sunday was the day in which the Creed was publicly taught the catechumens in all churches.

‘*Symbolum etiam placuit ab omnibus ecclesiis unâ die, id est, ante octo dies dominicæ resurrectionis, publice in ecclesiâ competentibus tradi.*’—*Conc. Agath. c. xiii.*

says a canon of the council of Agde. It seems they were taught twenty days in Baptisteries, or Catechetical Schools, by catechists (answering to our Church Schools); and eight days publicly in the Church by the Priest.

In the Greek churches the public catechising took place only on Maundy Thursday. Having repeated and been examined in the Creed publicly, they learnt the Lord’s Prayer.

‘*Ipsa insuper sancti symboli verba memoriter, in conspectu fidelis populi, clarâ voce pronuntians, piam regulam Dominicæ orationis accepit.*’

says Ferrandus. Besides this, they were in the habit of learning and reciting the form of Renunciation, which they would have to use at Baptism.

‘*Aquam adituri, ibidem, sed et aliquanto prius in ecclesiâ, sub antistitis manu contestamur nos renuntiare diabolo, et pompæ, et angelis ejus.*’—Tertul. de Cor. Mil. c. iii.

Again, some fragments of ancient creeds imply the same form of conveying instruction. The Creed we find in a fragmentary state in St. Cyprian. He says,

‘Both Catholics and Novatians agree in the same form of interrogations which they always proposed to their Catechumens at baptism. They were questioned particularly “Do you believe in the remission of sins, and life eternal, to be obtained by the Holy Church?”’

So much for the apparent antiquity of this method. But further, this mode of conveying instruction is enjoined directly by the Church in England. She plainly contemplates the conveyance of religious knowledge through question and answer. The fact of our form of catechism implies it. There can be no doubt as to her feeling about this mode of instruction. Our present Catechism was drawn up in the reign of Edward VI., and the part on the sacraments was added by Bishop Overal, then Dean of St. Paul’s, in the reign of James I. The early Christians seem to have had no more in their catechisms than the Renunciation, the Baptismal Vow, the Creed, and the Lord’s Prayer. This was the form learnt by heart, and answered by the catechumens.

It was thought that this form was deficient in the matter of the

Sacraments, a subject which in the early church was much dwelt upon (*e.g.* Cyril, *Cat. Myst.*), on account of which Overal made that addition. The Church orders that this instruction should be used on Sundays and holidays.

'The curate of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in the church, instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism.'

Then the following rubric,—

'And all fathers and mothers, masters and dames, shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices, which have not learned their Catechism, to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear and be ordered by the Curate, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.'

These rubrics show the intention of the Church about catechetical instruction and the particular form of it. The first book of Edward VI. orders it once in six weeks, at least, which was afterwards altered into a direction that the minister should use it every holiday. In the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, (xliv.) it was only required upon every holiday, and every second Sunday in the year. The season of Lent was selected by the Church in earlier as well as later days as one of catechising publicly, when the most solemn Catechisms were always used. The fifty-ninth canon orders distinctly—

'That upon every Sunday and holiday before Evening Prayer, the Minister shall, for half an hour or more, examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons of his parish in the Ten Commandments, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer, and shall diligently hear, instruct, and teach the Catechism set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.'

This catechizing was ordered in all Prayer Books till the last review to be half an hour before Evening Prayer; it was then altered to 'after the second lesson.'

Parents and masters are bound, both by the rubrics and the canons, to send their children and apprentices to be catechized, on pain finally of excommunication; and by the canon of 1571, the minister was yearly, within twenty days after Easter, to present to the Bishop the names of all those in the parish who had not sent their children and servants at the times appointed, and to enforce this. It was one of the articles exhibited to be admitted by authority, 'That he whose child at ten years old or upwards, or whose servant at fourteen or upwards, could not say the Catechism, should pay ten shillings 'to the poor box.' (Strype, *Hist. Ref.*) Again, the rubric, in the Confirmation Service, directs, that 'As soon as children are 'come to a competent age, and can say the Creed, the Lord's

'Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and also can answer to 'the other questions of the Catechism, they shall be brought,' &c. All these rubrics and arrangements in the Church in England, both those originally made, and the alterations proposed in them, show that the Church fully intended that her education should be carried on by the means of catechetical instruction.

We have tried then to show that, *à priori*, we should expect this would be the best method for conveying and impressing truths on the minds of all persons. Secondly, that the Church has, in her earliest and purest ages, as well as in this land more lately, used and authorized the system. And thirdly, that in all the existing cases where we have seen it used, it has had the most satisfactory results.

It becomes, then, a question, how shall each one of us—how shall each priest or deacon, in his own sphere, through his own parish, contribute his aid to remedy the general evil? How shall he best bring to bear the Church Catechetical System on the people committed to him? How shall he manage the existing system he finds gaining in his parish, so as to conduce to the interest of the Church?

In the first place, the clergyman must occupy a position of independence. He must not be the agent of a Committee, or the mere administrator of a subscription fund. He must be able to carry out his education of the children as the baptized members of the Church, and look on his school as the Church's school of instruction provided by her for her children, with reference to the explanation of the Baptismal promises and preparation for Confirmation. One great difficulty here will be the devotion of time, attention, and interest, which the clergyman must, himself, expend upon her children. He must look on them as one of his especial fields of parochial labour. He must put into existence a system of teaching which must be worked out, to a certain extent, by himself personally; and which cannot, and may not, be left simply to the schoolmaster. The whole arrangement of the school must depend on his systematic personal attendance to work and keep it in motion. The commissioned instructor of the children of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, who is to lead them from Baptism to Confirmation and the first Communion, and from that to the Bar of God, has a hard life of labour, discrimination, and devotion before him.

The fact of the parish school thus being immediately in connexion with the Church, under her control, and intended to carry out her education, will show the necessity of the whole process of teaching being framed to carry out the Baptism of the children. The Church sends her children fresh from the Baptismal font, with directions to receive instruction in the

nature of the promises then made, and to prepare for Confirmation. The parish school, then, must be in preparation for Confirmation—the sphere for the explanation of the Baptismal promises—the opportunity of ‘learning the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe for his soul’s health.’ Strictly, then, this is the sole education which the Church commissions or expects her ministers to give her children: of course the sphere will be wide, and may be widened at discretion, according to circumstances. But if this is adhered to as the rule and object, it will avoid much unconnected diffusiveness of teaching, which has been the fault of this age in education, and will enable the teacher to rally his facts around one given point, the great advantage of which we have spoken of above. However far he may go from that one point, we shall still be safe if restricted by definite bounds to it as the goal.

This, then, will be the rule; it may seem to confine and limit too much the expanse of education, but in the end it will be found to have the contrary effect, as all working by definite system has. We need not repeat what we have said on this subject. The mere fact of continually tracing all truths to one given point, and gathering them round and round one common centre, gives expansion as well as unity to truth.

In the parish school, let the reading of Holy Scripture be with constant reference to the teacher, as well as the child’s mind to the Baptismal promise and preparation for Confirmation. Let the repeating and explaining of the Catechism be all with reference to the same; keeping up the clear view that the Catechism was constructed expressly to explain Holy Baptism. Let the public catechizing in Church be always prepared for at school, beforehand; and let it be after the public administration of Holy Baptism, after the Second Lesson, that direct allusion may be made to the Sacrament just administered;—let all the statements and questions be illustrative of that, and the parents and sponsors of the child, just baptized, be themselves instructed in the sacred obligations under which they have just placed themselves. Again, if there be an opportunity, from the age and other circumstances of children, to instruct them in history, let it be in connexion directly with the Church, and, bearing out the administration of her rites, it may be easily brought to bear on Confirmation and other Episcopal offices. But let it continually have these references. Let the child be always made to feel that it is learning what the Church has ordered it to learn—that it is preparing for Confirmation. Let it, as well as the teacher, have the clear idea of one higher point, to which everything is to be referred—to

Baptism in the past, and Confirmation in the future. This will tend very much to prevent the danger of education being *merely intellectual* in its tendency—will show each single department of teaching to be worth nothing in itself, and to be subservient to the further ends of religion and morals. Knowledge will take its right place; and education will be employed to give a good tendency and direction to knowledge, not merely to impart it.

Each arrangement in the school may have direct and acknowledged reference to Holy Baptism. To a child's mind, its needlework and writing may be made to have direct connexion with that one point, the fulfilment of some duty of industry or contentment which is mixed up with Baptismal promises. Suppose such a system as this:—Part of one day devoted to reading Holy Scripture in connexion with the typical history of the Jews, as developed in our baptized state; the kingdoms of darkness showed forth in Egypt and their sojourn there; holy Baptism, in the passage of the Red Sea; the pilgrimage of life, in the wilderness; the guidance of our Lord, in Moses; and the struggles of the baptized, in the Books of Joshua and Judges. Let all this be read and studied with this acknowledged reference, periodically, one day in each week; and they have gained these points:—1st, the child has got up its facts, far more accurately and retentively by referring them to one great point; 2d, he has formed a moral habit with respect to Baptism; 3d, he has had explained to him the nature of Baptism. Suppose a day set apart for the study of the Old Testament, with a view of eliciting Baptismal obligations, the meaning of the third promise, especially by discovering God's Commandments in it. A third day to the study of the New Testament historically, with reference to the formation of a Church, and the working and appointment of Holy Baptism and Confirmation. A fourth day to the study of our blessed Lord's life and conduct on earth as the pattern of the baptized. The fifth day to the study of the same, to gather the statement of God's law, scattered throughout the Gospel, as compared with the statement of the Mosaic dispensation. Suppose this to be the sketch of the five days' work in reading Holy Scripture, with this unity of view and aim. We, of course, now only suggest a sketch to illustrate what we mean.

Again, suppose the same system carried on throughout, and the Catechism taught daily, with the same view; perhaps, one day, simply said; a second day, proved from Holy Scripture; a third, treated for public catechizing in church, and so forth; and, perhaps, a day set apart for the especial study of the Baptismal and Confirmation Services. All this will have the force

of unity of plan—will assist the mental powers—will give education its true province and direction. Let the same plan be carried out with regard to the manner of teaching, as much as possible, using the plan of question and answer, and evolving the truth by contrast and exhaustion from all surrounding matter; so leaving its keen edges to press on the mind of the child, chiselled and polished of itself. To carry out this plan perfectly, it is manifest that the presence of the minister himself becomes very important. It would be impossible to leave the working of such a system, so bound up with the Church's teaching, entirely to a mere schoolmaster. Besides the great force of association which would be lost, much advantage is gained in the fact of the minister, who has himself admitted the child into the Church, or is in the habit of doing so weekly in the presence of the children, himself guiding them on from its sacred portal down the cloistered pathway to Confirmation—the same man—the same voice—the same hand which will present them to the Bishop—which would close their eyes in death, and commit their last remains to the still resting-place of the grave. We say nothing of the power of ordination-grace for the work of instruction, as for other offices of priestly calling. We have done nothing more here than make suggestions on the plea of carrying out the catechetical system in that department of parochial work which comes under the head of schools. We might develope the plan much more minutely, but that is hardly just now our province.

We are aware we are here marking out a line of considerable labour, toil, and anxiety, for the parish priest. It will be said we are giving him a good deal to do, and we do not deny it. Without pretending to lay down any exact limits, or say what proportion of the care and work of a school the clergyman should take on himself, and what he should leave to the schoolmaster; and without asserting what extent of actual personal work there should be in the parish school, on the part of the clergyman, as distinct from mere superintendence and supervision; it is obvious that the more a parish school aims at, the more there is for the clergyman to do in it. The higher the school system rises, and the more moral and spiritual the influence it exerts over the youthful flock, the more congenial does the atmosphere of the schoolroom become to the clerical office; the more is a clergyman at home there, and on his own ground. In the meantime, there are great consolations, as well as cares; and fresh sympathies and interests come with the tighter obligations. The close bond of union formed by it between the poor and their minister; the separate interest it tends to create for them, from that of those more wealthy classes, upon whom their education,

and often birth, too much disposes them to rely; the way in which such a system binds the clergyman to his parish, and makes him feel the real injury he does by leaving it,—all these, and many others, are advantages on the opposite side, which are very strong balances to the irksomeness which such a practice might produce to the minister himself.

It is incalculable the benefit which such a plan as this would give to the poor. It would give them an indissoluble bond of union with the minister; give them a home and friend of their own; give them position and locality in the social world, which now hardly belongs to them. Let us suppose such a system of teaching as this begun, and having a number of young persons, in a parish, growing and forming under it. Let us suppose the Creed well worked into their minds by this method; beginning with the first Article in it, and thoroughly imprinting that upon them, and going on from that to the rest, in regular order. Let us have, at each stage, the same perpetual and ever-renewed act of extracting the child's mind, placing it in contact with each several article of knowledge and belief, and, by means of question and answer, making the learner form his own apprehension of it. Let us suppose all this course of teaching, gathering, as it proceeds, a quantity of Scripture illustration about it; illustrations from the Jewish Law, from the history of the chosen people, from the lives of patriarchs, prophets, and kings; from the miracles, discourses, parables, in the New Testament. A Creed imprinted, a Scriptural knowledge formed in this way, and composing an available and effective whole in the child's mind, might not all these reasonably be expected to make a permanent practical impression upon some in the school? The process would be a slow one; but is it too much to expect that the parish priest would ultimately derive strength, consolation, and support to himself and his office from it, in that new circle of parishioners which such teaching would tend to form? We know how liable all efforts at doing good are to disappointment, and how weak a reed the human mind is to lean upon, especially when you are doing most for it, and think you have most claims on its gratitude. It may very likely turn out, that boy after boy, whom you thought you had formed, may disappoint you, may forget you, your lessons and your training, when he leaves the schoolroom for the world, and remain as an eyesore in your parish, and an ever-annoying memorial of labour thrown away. Be it so. In all such cases as these, it is only a residuum of good that the most sanguine, after all, should look to, and this they may not unreasonably look to. And that residuum is a great thing. It makes up for much waste, for many regrets, for many slips and losses. It is the natural legitimate reward of labour and toil in the Lord's

vineyard; and though, in some cases, God may think fit to try the faith of His zealous servants, by refusing even this, still even this trial does not come without its consolation. We may easily have done good, though we do not see it; and if the work in one part of the field shows no apparent fruits, in another it does. One clergyman has a discouraging parish, another an encouraging one; the former may rejoice at his brother's success, and derive relief from it. The apparent fruits of any system are sure to be, to a certain extent, irregular; and circumstances and causes which we do not know of, nip them here, and expand them there. But on the whole, and in the long run, good works.

We will state, in conclusion, that, in drawing out, as we have done, in explaining and recommending, the catechetical system of instruction to the clergy of our Church, we do not mean at all to undervalue the labours of those whose services have been devoted to another system, or to forget the great deal of good, and real religious teaching, that has been going on in different parts of our Church. We know, and we could mention, the highest instances of self-devotion to the cause of the education of the poor. In country parishes, and places far from the world's eye,—in hidden spots, and recesses where no reward could reach the self-denying priest and teacher, but that of his own conscience, the work has been going on. But we speak now of general features—general effects—general tendencies, observable in the religious education of the day. Where real and sound success has been attained among us, it has been owing, we believe, to that very principle of catechizing which we have been dwelling on. The method is so natural a one, that persons who take pains in the work of education almost necessarily fall into it, and it forms part of their system, whether they know it or not. Every instructor is more or less a catechizer, whether he is conscious of it or not. The principle lies deep in our common sense, and act it must, partially or widely, irregularly or regularly. What we should like, is to see the principle brought out, expanded, and applied systematically, and, if we may say so, scientifically. This has not been done, and a rival scheme has occupied the ground, and modern education has adopted another system. As opposed to this system, and the general tendencies of the age, we have suggested, in this article, a return to the catechetical plan. It is the plan of nature, and of the Church; and, with these two high authorities in its favour, we leave it to the serious, sober, earnest, and conscientious consideration of our Clergy.

We want to see education brought to bear in its highest powers on the poor as well as the rich; and we are convinced that multitudes of various shades of opinion in this day will sympathize with the desire to employ some of the energies and

powers of the lower orders in the work of the Church; she wants their ministry, as of all other ranks of society, and many symptoms are now showing themselves of a growing conviction of this fact in England. There are powers, intellectual and moral, among the poor, which we cannot afford to lose, and which a sound and real system of education would bring out and apply. We know the cry with which these efforts may be met. The oft-repeated

Κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὐ τεθραμμέναι.

But we grudge that the plough should have all; and we also deny that the necessary effect of a sound, moral, catechetical education is to unfit youth for their calling. And we firmly believe that that system of education which is most calculated to draw out with strength and vigour the intellectual powers, and which is best suited to enlist every faculty of attention, memory, and reflection, and even of imagination, as well as of judgment, into the service of religion, is that which we have been advocating, which has the sanction of ages, the warrant of past success, and the approval of our natural instincts, and which we earnestly entreat our readers not hastily to suspect or to pass by without a fair trial.

- ART. III.—1. *Church Poetry; or, Christian Thoughts in Old and Modern Verse.* Derby: Mozley. London: Burns. 12mo. 1843.
2. *Days and Seasons; or, Church Poetry for the Year.* Do. do. 12mo. 1845.
3. *Songs of the Birds.* By the Rev. W. E. EVANS, M.A., *Prebendary of Hereford.* London: Rivingtons. 1845.

A BOOK of extracts from the poets fulfils an office, and holds a place quite independent of the originals themselves, and of which a selection only is capable. It is not merely a convenient substitute for the whole works for such as have not, from any cause, access to these; but there are many moods of mind in which we prefer the part to the whole. In the first place, the variety itself is agreeable; we may not feel ourselves equal to grappling with the whole mind of an individual writer; as there are times when we are more disposed to promiscuous social converse than to a *tête-à-tête* with one friend, however instructive. And not only this, but the very passages themselves acquire a new meaning and are seen in a new light by their new collocation. If the selection be guided, as it ought, by anything of a principle, we cannot help reading with this before us, and referring continually our detached fragments to this as a new whole, by being inserted into which they have gained a new character. The marble was viewed before as a portion of its native rock, and the source of our gratification was its homogeneity with all the rest; it is here as the squared specimen inserted in a rich mosaic pattern, and our pleasure arises from the contrast and comparison. Or, single thoughts of the poets are like single words, not without signification as they stand, but capable of the most infinite permutation as to the sense they shall convey, by their arrangement in the sentence. Or they are like the separate sections of the ingenious toy called the 'Myriorama,' each by itself a complete picture, but transformed in an instant into a component part of a new landscape, by being placed in a fresh juxtaposition.

Substitutes for the originals they can never be. Not even in the case of diffuse and unequal writers, in whom the pure metal bears a small proportion to the alloy. Some poets, indeed, admit of being abridged in this way better than others; and the 'Beauties of Shelley,' and 'Selections from Wordsworth,' might well console a future generation, should their works hereafter share the fate of so many of the Greek classics. But it is those who are familiar with the whole works of our poets to whom a well-selected miscellany from them is likely to be most acceptable. Such scraps could not introduce us to a knowledge

of the authors, could not give us an acquaintance with them. For this purpose, for the satisfaction of that desire which a true lover of poetry feels for a complete and searching insight into the mind of his poet, nothing will serve but the unlimited range of his whole productions. To a feeling of this sort may be, in some degree, ascribed the anxiety usually shown to gather every stray fragment of a favourite poet which may have before escaped collection into his works. It is felt that the induction as to what he was, is not complete, that some little trait may be preserved in a single line, or a shapeless fragment restore a missing feature to the portrait. A single line of the *Margites* suffices to reveal Homer (were it, as Aristotle thought, genuine) in a wholly new light as the parent of Comedy. But the process of which we speak is the reverse; it is not from the extract to the whole work, but from the whole work to the extract. It is, in short, to those who are most familiar with the poet before, that the selection is the most welcome. It is renewing in public an acquaintance which has been matured in private; we run over quickly, and compare with their fellows an assemblage of those with whom our intercourse has been hitherto solitary. We watch, as it were, their bearing and behaviour to one another, and how of their own accord they fall into their just order and position in our mind. And then, from contrasting and discriminating, we pass to the opposite process of combining, and generalizing; we abstract from the individual characteristics, or rather the individuals give and take, supply each other's deficiencies, and absorb each other's superfluities, and we estimate the '*Corpus poetarum*' as the product of one mind, as the effluence of the poetic spirit of a nation, as a single contribution to the poetic literature of the world.

Thus a selection is far from being that easy task that it is often considered. It is not a work which has no higher pretensions than adoption in the boarding-school on repetition-day, but one interesting to the highest and most formed poetical taste. Instead of being, as it usually has been in practice, the province of the mere book-maker, it demands a degree of taste and judgment far from common, and, what is even still less common, an extensive and well-grounded knowledge of poetical literature. A selection such as we are contemplating could not be made by a mere reading over of the poets for the purpose. It is like the well-selected library of the scholar, in which the volumes are not capriciously chosen, because they happened once to please, but in which the presence of the few favourites informs the surveyor that others are absent, not because they are unknown, but because they have been known well enough to be deliberately rejected. And the number of those who have any tolerable acquaintance with the literature of English poetry is exceedingly

small. A knowledge of the Greek dramatists is much more common than of the English. And so different is early English literature from later, that it is rare to find one who unites a taste for both. He whose studies have lain in the Elizabethan writers will have usually little inclination for Pope or Churchill.

But assuming an editor competent in point of literature, we have still made only one step, however important a one. Will he not be embarrassed by the richness of his lore? And how shall he satisfy the conflicting claims of a hundred authors, and the still more irreconcilable predilections of readers? If any commentary were needed upon the utter impossibility of giving universal satisfaction by any classification that could be adopted in matters of this sort, we should be tempted to refer to the warm discussions so lately waged in the papers on the lists of illustrious names recommended by the Committee for decorating the Houses of Parliament. Letters poured in from all sides, expressing the astonishment and disappointment of the writers at the Committee's decision. Yet in this decision there had been no very striking reversal of general opinion, nor would any of the amended lists, as proposed, have been at all more likely to unite the suffrages of other objectors. Their cross demurrers were all equally well and ill-founded. For all parties were appealing to no determined standard, but to the vague and fluctuating public sense, which had never originally anything certain to found upon.

And such dissatisfying confusion is all that can ever be hoped from these promiscuous attempts to assemble names and enshrine memories on no more definite ground than popular acclamation; with no better defined a common term than 'great' or 'distinguished.' This sort of roving and licentious admiration is often ascribed to want of principle in taste or judgment of character. Many are led into it by a servile dependence on opinion, and a miserable vanity, which cannot be satisfied without the applause of the many. But more philosophical minds are tempted to adopt it from the notion, that it is founded on an enlarged view of human nature; that it argues a narrowness of mind to be exclusive; and that, on the contrary, it is a proof of wide sympathies to admire excellence in whatever shape it appears. They say that a studied diversity, that an almost fantastic delight in contradictories, is the characteristic of nature; and that the mind of the wise man is the one convergent point in which all the radii centre. That the heart which has been rightly educated will be comprehensive as nature herself; and that it is impossible to imagine any form of humanity, provided it have strength, vigour, originality, or novelty enough to engage the understanding, which shall not at the same time claim and command our fellow-feeling. '*Homo sum, humani nihil alienum*,' is

its motto; and this doctrine, or some form of it, seems to be the prevailing one at this day; and that not in religion, politics, and morals alone, but in Art also. And it is one of those theories which has so much truth in it as to make the error it embodies doubly dangerous. With the forms it assumes on higher subjects we have nothing to do on the present occasion; we speak only of its application to objects of Taste; though even this one branch of the subject is far too extensive for us to think of treating fully. We will only draw the reader's notice to one or two parts of the question.

In the first place, then, though this system is at first sight so free, unshackled, and impartial, that it is often met by those who dislike it with the reproach of 'unprincipled,' it is as truly founded upon a principle as any other. It rejoices in the free play of its critical powers, and in the independence of its action on any law save the instincts of the sublime and the beautiful. But never was boast of freedom more fallacious. Its admiration is as little at its own disposal as it would be in any other system which it despises for its partiality and one-sidedness. Not all the metamorphoses of Proteus can elude the binding fetters of a general law, any more than the comet's most eccentric orbit can escape the force of that gravitation which pervades all space. It has its idol like all the other worships, whose superstition it so much derides, and that idol is talent. It bows down blindly to intellectual energy; it admires a means, a tool, an instrument, a mere *δύναμις*, a thing whose very essence is, that it is indifferent, that it has no quality of good or bad within itself, but is denominated from the end to which it subserves. This theory, as much as any other, is chargeable with exclusiveness, with confining its view to one portion of man's nature, and that a subordinate one, which it arbitrarily exalts to an eminence which it is incapable of filling.

The theory or canon of poetical taste we have now in view is but an application to this particular subject (a most uncongenial one to be sure!) of the ruling doctrine of the day. And yet a fitting retribution it is, if we consider the channel through which this doctrine has become the prevailing law of the minds of free countries. It is by a diffused literature and a degraded press, which has carried to the utmost possible limits the divorce between moral worth and intellectual influence, that this principle of indifference to distinctions has been propagated, and has established its tyranny over society. Justly then has it reacted on the parent from which it sprung, and brought the realm of letters under its dominion. It is the boast of the men of letters that they have, through the press, made themselves supreme over public opinion; but that very public opinion now itself,

in turn, has made itself the standard, by which the merits of even the first rank in literature, the poetical, are to be tried.

This popular doctrine is not to be confounded with another of a subtle and philosophical character, to which it bears a distant resemblance, and of which it is, perhaps, a coarse, common-place imitation, and as being such endeavours sometimes to profit by the authorities and arguments which the latter has to show for itself. This theory is that which makes the end of poetry to be singly the expression or exhibition of beauty. Poetry is one of the Arts; and this is the common end of all the Arts. The material or vehicle of expression is indifferent; be it marble, canvass, or words—all besides that a poem contains is only complement, or accompaniment, more or less necessary, of what is really poetical. That this latter is all with which we have to do, and that wherever it is found there admiration is due, and the meed of praise is to be assigned.

Now, without entering on the question, how far this is true of the Fine Arts, properly so called, or even whether this element of Beauty be not one which is indispensable to Poetry, we deny entirely that this is the essence of the Poetical, or is even the most important portion of it. Poetry is essentially ethical, an imitation or expression of moral action. Human life and the human heart are its one subject; all other topics are ornamental and accessory, and can never in true poetry bear to the main action more than the proportion which, in real life, does taste in furniture or dress to conduct and affairs. This it is, viewed with reference to its subject. And no less with reference to its author must it be the expression of the poet's whole mind; the effluence and copy of his whole being and character; his heart, and not his head merely. It is spoken from one man to another. If it is to go home to the heart, it must come from the heart. 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipse tibi.' This it has in common with Rhetoric; while it shares with Art, in its power of addressing the taste, and moving the æsthetic affections, it shares with Eloquence its property of appealing to the moral affections. And if it want either of these branches, it is so far defective and incomplete. It is well said by one worthy to be heard on such a subject, 'Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work; not as mere hand or head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain.'—*Preface to Poems by Eliz. Barrett.*

But to proceed to the compilations before us: they are, perhaps, as near an approach to books of devotional verse as could be made without becoming simply devotional. The volumes almost

compose a set of religious meditations in verse ; and their unpretending character is adapted with great propriety to this object. There are times with all, though more common with some than with others, when the mind seeks some gentle outlet for thought and feeling, beneath the devotional, yet untainted by earth and self. The tone of highly intellectual Poetry is too exalted, too impassioned, requires too much of the vigour and gush of natural spirits and physical life, to be listened to at such times. In short, it is in sickness, in sorrow, at the seasons when we are most brought to a sense of the emptiness of this world, that we feel the full force and value of truths which at other times we have called trite and common-place, and to see their real worth in comparison with the gaudy theories, and brilliant systems, which alone have powers to captivate in the full tide of youth and health. At such times only we become aware how habitually we misapply the epithet deep, and that it is upon axioms and maxims, which we are used to slight as obvious truisms, that the world and the realities of life turn. Our true concern is indeed with the *τὰ ἔσχατα*—God, above, the Incomprehensible ; and our own trivial actions of every day here below ; these are quite enough to occupy all our thoughts ; and all the philosophy and speculations we are accustomed to value so highly belongs to that middle region which is only useful or subservient to the other, and is of those things which are to ‘perish with the using.’ Then we see the true importance of little things ; a flower, a leaf, a kind word teaches us more, and contains more for the heart to dwell on, than all the wars, treaties, battles and sieges, all the great actions and splendid triumphs with which history regales our hours of pride. To this temper such volumes as these are addressed, and such, we think, will feel that the character sketched in the following simple lines is one far more worth dwelling on than that of hero or sage, and is at least as rare.

‘Right dear to me, as well may be,
That clear and even mind ;
So temperate in prosperity ;
In sorrow firm and kind !

‘To see her on life’s holidays
How mirthfully looks she ;
While all along its common ways
Who fares so modestly ?

‘Her heart, it dwells in simpleness,
Nor can she veil the light
That beams from one so formed to bless
Each season, dark or bright.

‘She was not changed when sorrow came
That awed the sternest men ;
It rather seemed, she kept her flame
To comfort us till then.

' But sorrow passed, and others smiled,
With happiness once more ;
And she drew back,—the spirit mild
She still had been before.

' Lady, thou mind'st me of a flower,
Each child of nature knows,
Possess'd like thee of rarest power,—
My steadfast Christmas rose.

' All through the year 'tis evergreen,
In Winter bright alone ;
It shrinks when Spring's gay tribe is seen,
And blushes to be gone.'—*Days and Seasons*, pp. 53, 54.

We shall first give four Sonnets, written ' For one who asked an explanation of some lines in the "*Lyra Apostolica*." ' It may be as well to quote the lines from the *Lyra*, for the convenience of the reader.

PROSPERITY.

' When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be ;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh.

All growth has bound ; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

' When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Rears its new buildings vast,
And vaunts, it shall not last,
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of Summer past.

' And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart thy friend,
Love to its grave doth tend,
All gifts below, save truth, but grow
Towards an end.'—*Lyra Apostolica*.

EXPLANATION.

' When thou hast lured the lightning from the sky,
Swift be thy hand to bind the subtle power :—
Rather at once with unspent energy
Guide its full stroke on what it should devour,
Or bid it glide at once where thou wouldst try
Its gentler influence on herb or flower.
So words of fire from mightier spirits caught
Brook not expounding, and but scarce will yield
Their meaning to slow test and questioning thought,
But grasp them with a hand and eye well taught
At once the unwasted element to wield,
And deeds of unknown wonder shall be wrought.
But we with palsied hands, and eyelids sealed,
Perchance may find our best attempt is nought.'

DISTINCTION.

' Is love then bounded ? May we not adore
His Image who created us ? Not love
In freedom and in fulness ? Must we move
For ever by cold rule, and close the door

Whene'er our hearts some kindlier instinct prove?
 No law so harsh is given us from above :
 Yet do all gifts, save Truth, for ever tend
 To perish, and in love itself there meet
 Such diverse elements, that one may fleet
 And lose itself in air, the other blend
 Still unconfusedly in union sweet
 With life immortal, and more gladly greet
 Him at Heaven-gate, whom hence with tears we send,
 Than where with mortal eye friend answered friend.'

IDOLATRY.

' If Heaven-born spirits by love's earthly part
 To idol-worship slavishly are bent,
 Kind is the stroke that frees the charmed heart,
 Though oft it seem as if in anger sent :
 For love that hath no heavenward intent
 Is falsehood, and a vain beguiling art,
 That cheats us of true bliss : yea, though it seem
 A shadow of the purest, holiest joy,
 Still downward the unwary 'twill decoy.
 The best that love can give to love supreme
 Is but a grave, and if the soul employ
 There its best energies, can we choose but deem
 Such grovelling hope 'tis mercy to destroy,
 And quench the love that could vain things esteem.'

THE GRAVE.

' Yes ! easily the spirit might forego
 The best that earth can of her own provide—
 But is all friendship earthly ? Who hath tried
 And will not, even indignant, answer No ?
 Spirit with spirit in bonds eternal tied
 Gives Truth, and Truth receives even here below—
 Yet how can this be known ? since the dark wave
 Of cold oblivion sweeps between our shore
 And that where Truth abideth evermore—
 Nay ! we forget not Him, who came to save
 Not us alone, but all of good we have :
 He passed from sight when man had learnt to adore ;
 When we upon His Image set due store,
 Love shall with Christ keep Sabbath in the grave.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 9—13.

These explanatory sonnets, signed C. M., may bring to our readers' minds a certain line about 'explaining your explanation ;' but our next extract shall be of a less abstruse character. It is by the same author as the first piece.

' Who ever marked the vernal glow,
 Purpling the latest hills of snow,
 And did not feel a sudden start
 Of gladness warm his frozen heart ?
 Who dances o'er the daisied mead
 With new-born grass and king-cups spread,

Nor owns the transport wont to bless
 The sense of present loveliness?
 The soft round form, the speaking mien,
 'Tis not enough that they are seen;
 Such magnet powers they oft contain,
 Still as we look we look again;
 And yet the vision is so dear,
 We fain would keep it ever near.

'Man is not made but to admire,
 Bare intellect without desire;
 He does not hold a wintry light
 Within his soul as cold as bright;
 Wherever beauty comes to view
 He dwells with praise and fondness too.
 'Tis nature's self with love to rest,
 Where loveliness is seen imprest.

'Ah, say not then we vainly rove
 When our affection soars above;
 Nor deem us set on fruitless task
 If God our veriest soul doth ask;
 Say rather where all beauty blends,
 Thither of right the spirit tends;
 And sure that knowledge is but dim
 That does not knit our souls to Him.
 Yes; the fond heart that truly knows,
 In feeling as in knowledge grows:
 Learning from each, as both improve,
 Man's last best lesson,—God is Love.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 233—235.

We select the following as almost the only approach to the historical we have been able to find among the original portion of these volumes. Perhaps the locality 'Egloshayle,' may enable some of our readers to penetrate the mystery of the initial C. which is prefixed to it.

'Here where the unresisted flood
 Pours turbid from the northern channel,
 And vexes in its restless mood
 Yon stream¹ renown'd in ancient annal;
 For here, as British legends tell,
 The kingly Arthur fighting fell.

'Here at the silent hour of night
 Unknowing and unknown I roam,
 Visiting by the pale moonlight,
 The land that was my Fathers' home,
 The fields that met their living eye,
 The Church wherein their ashes lie.

'Ev'n from the hour when Norman John
 Yielded perforce his moody pride,
 And freedom's early prize was won,
 Here have my Fathers lived and died;
 Yes! full six hundred years have flown
 Since first they called this land their own.

¹ The Camel.

' I class them not with those high Peers,
The sharers in that day of glory,
The Howards, Percies, and De Veres,
And other names of English story;
Yet Record tells me how and when
They did their work as Cornish-men.

' When Europe pour'd her warrior bands,
Sworn liegemen of the sacred sign,
To wrest from unbelieving hands
The holy Tomb of Palestine;
They were among that goodly train;
There did their argent blazon gain.

' When through the realm there went abroad
A kindling message from on high,
" Why should the altars of our God
Neglected in these ruins lie?"
My Sire obeyed his Pastor's call
—Yon Tower is their memorial.—

' And when that darkest period came,
" The age of light but not of love,"
My sire, not wanting to his name,
Firm in the Church's contest strove;
With Grenville marshall'd the array,
Loyal and true on Stratton's day.

' But vain your triumph, good and great!
The rebel tide in vain ye turn!
The Soldier weeps his Monarch's fate;
Teaches his children too to mourn,
And as they read it year by year,
To wet his " Trial" with their tear.

' And still survives, in holiest thought
Embalm'd, the memory of that hour;
The sainted name for which he fought
Is still a name of mightiest power;
And in his records still we read
How " Martyrs are the Church's seed."

' He triumph'd as he fell—because
He bore the cross he wears the crown;
For it is written in the laws
Of Heaven, " No suffering no renown."
Wouldst thou the victor's chaplet wear?
Upon thine heart this legend bear.

' Thou who hast fall'n upon the days
That see the ancient strife renew'd,
Seek not the meed of present praise!
But, as " resisting unto blood"
In quietness endure!—like one
Who painful lays stone upon stone

' In the undoubting faith, although
It be not granted him to see,
Yet that the coming age shall know
He has not wrought unmeaningly,
When gold and chrysophrase adorn
A city brighter than the morn !'

Days and Seasons, pp. 87—90.

' Wheat' is a new and somewhat bold subject for a sonnet; its poetical character is generally so completely superseded by its utilitarian. The following lines elicit it:—

WHEAT.

' Mysterious plant ! unknown thy native soil,
A blessing springing from a curse thou art,
Of sin-doomed man gladdening the weary heart.
Abundant recompense for all his toil,
When to the reaper's arms thou yield'st the spoil;
Yet must the reaper ply the sower's part,
Nor from the stubborn clod thy green blades start,
Unwatered by his sweat and ceaseless toil.
Mysterious plant ! uncultured thou might'st spring
In Eden's bowers ; thou ownest no home on earth
In which unbidden thou dost flourish now ;
And thy rich harvests still the record bring,
That blessing with His judgments God sends forth,
Who bade man's bread be earned by sweat of brow.'

Days and Seasons, p. 108.

There is a mysterious shade over the picture of nature we have in the following:—

ἦδὺ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα.

' They say who know of nature's lyre the tones
That whispering airs in voices manifold
All through the live-long day and night are told
To wakeful ears, whether the wind through cones
Of Fir-tree wantons, or mid branches old
Of Oak-tree, or of Ash, or as he plays
Umbrageous Elms among, or Poplar sprays.
They do not err, and yet not half unfold
The eternal depth of nature's harmonies.
So from the thunder-clap that rends the skies
To the sleep-breathing where an infant lies,
Whate'er between of high or low around
Falls on the ear within the senses' bound
Bespeak one million-chorded Thing of sound.'

1829.

' Yes, they are still the same—the Eternal sky,
The circling hills that bound my native vale,
The old familiar trees, the southern gale
That steals from ocean's breast the rising sigh,
The winding stream whose murmuring lullaby

Should woo my soul to peace, the joyful song
 Of close secluded bird that all day long
 Pours forth his tender bursts of minstrelsy.
 But O, ye dear companions of my youth,
 Where are ye fled? I call—but to my voice
 Ye make no answer—melancholy truth
 That Nature should be changeless, but the joys
 That follow life so soon should pass away,
 While things so “fair and sweet” do bid them stay.’

Days and Seasons, pp. 244, 245.

One feature, and a very pleasing one, of these volumes, consists in the little poems on particular flowers, in which the moral physiognomy of the plant is brought out in a way very congenial to those who love to nurse and watch such favourites. Is it the δ of the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*’ who thus speaks for

THE SNAPDRAGON ?

- ‘ I am rooted in the wall
 Of buttressed tower and ancient hall ;
 Mortared in a barren bed,
 By the cunning trowel spread ;
 Of a living stock alone
 Brother of the lifeless stone.
- ‘ Else unprized, I have my worth
 On the spot that gave me birth ;
 Nature’s vast and varied field
 Braver flowers than me will yield,
 Bold in form and rich in hue,
 Children of a purer dew ;
 Smiling lips and winning eyes
 Meet for earthly paradise.
- ‘ Choice are such, and yet thou knowest
 Highest he whose lot is lowest.
 They, proud hearts, a home reject
 Framed by human architect ;
 Humble I—can bear to dwell
 Near the pale recluse’s cell,
 And I spread my crimson bloom,
 Mingled with the cloister’s gloom.
- ‘ Life’s gay gifts and honours rare,
 Flowers of favour ! win and wear.
 Rose of beauty, be the queen
 In pleasure’s ring and festive scene.
 Ivy, venturous plant, ascend
 Where lordly oaks a bold stair lend.
 Vaunt fair lily, stately dame,
 Pride of birth and pomp of name.
- ‘ Miser crocus, starved with cold,
 Hide in earth thy timid gold.
 Travelled dahlia, thine the boast
 Of knowledge brought from foreign coast.

Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
 These have each an emblem flower;
 So for me alone remains
 Lowly thought and cheerful pains.

' Be it mine to set restraint
 On roving wish and selfish plaint;
 And for man's drear haunts to leave
 Dewy morn, and balmy eve.
 Be it mine the barren stone
 To deck with green life not its own,
 So to soften and to grace
 Of human works the rugged face.
 Mine the Unseen to display
 Where crowds bedim truth's languid ray,
 Where life's busy arts combine
 To shut out the Hand Divine.

' Ah! no more a scentless flower,
 By approving Heaven's high power,
 Suddenly my leaves exhale
 Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
 Ah! 'tis timely comfort given
 By the answering breath of heaven!
 May it be! then well might I
 In college cloister live and die.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 281—284.

Some pieces, from another contributor, show a delicate insight into a tender moral sympathy with beauty in nature, which we seldom see. Flowers are the writer's especial department, and they are personified and receive a soul and character under the touch. It is not the simply enjoyable, or the simply sentimental, love of nature, that we see here; but something superior:—

THE LILY.

' He who amidst the sweets of summer bowers
 Oft musing strays,
 Pausing the while to bend o'er cherish'd flowers
 Fond, frequent gaze—
 ' Seemeth to read, as in bright cups of dew
 Reflected deep,
 Thoughts sweet and loving, visions fair yet true,
 Which there enfolded sleep.
 ' And if midst holiest words the Lily's name
 Doth written lie,
 More earnest gaze the snow-white blossoms claim
 From thoughtful eye.
 ' Oft hath the Lily been the poet's theme—
 But all too weak
 The words that make it but the image seem
 Of some fair maiden's cheek.
 ' Fair flower! they wrong thee who thus lightly heed
 Thy lesson sure,
 Nor in thy spotless hue the likeness read
 Of spirit pure—

- ‘ Of virgin spirit;—innocent and meek,
 As maiden mild;
 Nor this alone:—of high resolve doth speak
 Thy blossom undefiled.
- ‘ Stately the “ noble plainness ” of the form,
 Untouched by pride;
 Thou droopst not, but dost the sun or storm
 Calmly abide.
- ‘ Priest-like thy mien :—for ever looking up,—
 And still forth given
 The sweetness which thine ever-raised cup
 Seemeth to draw from heaven.
- ‘ Like to some saintly one thou seem’st to stand
 In robe of snow,
 And, meekly steadfast, wait the heavenly Hand
 That seeks where lilies grow.’

Days and Seasons, pp. 271—273.

The ‘ Fuchsia ’ shows the same kind of poetry, but in richer colours:—

THE FUCHSIA.

- ‘ O flower of beauty rare!
 What blossom by thee growing,
 Can with thy grace of form compare,
 Or match thy deep tints glowing?
 So royal are the colours thou dost wear.
- ‘ Yet lowly from thy spray
 Thou droopst:—not in sadness;
 Thy bright, rich colours are not gay,
 Yet are they hues of gladness;
 Beseeming well the noon of summer day.
- ‘ There are—of beauty rare
 In holy calm up-growing,—
 Of minds, whose richness might compare
 E’en with thy deep tints glowing:
 Yet all unconscious of the grace they wear.
- ‘ Like flowers upon thy spray—
 All lowliness,—not sadness:
 Bright are their thoughts, and rich, not gay—
 Grave in their very gladness:
 Shedding calm summer light over life’s changeful day.
- ‘ And thus hath fancy strayed
 Sweet dreams alone to nourish?
 Is not the Church’s quiet shade
 A garden fair—where flourish
 Blossoms which only there unfold, and do not fade?’

Days and Seasons, pp. 312, 313.

A more elaborate application of the same idea to another class of natural objects, is put into our hands as we write, in ‘ The Songs of the Birds ; or, Analogies of Animal and Spiritual Life.’

The object of the book is to follow out the example set in Scripture, of drawing lessons from the instincts and habits of birds. It may best be told in the author's own words:—

‘God, in his own holy word, condescends to impress his truth by the analogy of the animate world. He leads us to the ant, the ox, and the ass; to the turtle, the crane, and the swallow, which know the time of their coming. He bids us look to the confiding birds, who have neither storehouse nor barn, to the ostrich who layeth her eggs in the sand, and to the swift eagle hastening to his prey. . . .

‘With Scripture for our warrant, we venture in all sobriety to follow the analogies which may present themselves in our observation of this interesting part of the animate creation. And if we can succeed in attaching to these objects of everyday interest, associations of a high and spiritual character, with what an aid to serious meditation shall we be supplying ourselves! how many solemn calls shall we be awakening to arouse us in seasons of spiritual decay and slumber! For who that walks abroad to enjoy the face of nature, and to take pleasure in observing its signs and modes of life, does not make the birds his companions, and the objects of his pleased attention? Every one must have experienced the joyous feelings awakened by their first burst of song when the spring is come, the time of singing birds, as Scripture so beautifully describes it. Were the eyes to refuse their office, those notes that ring on the ear would call up before the imagination gleams of warm yet passing sunshine, leafless trees wearing a purple hue from the tint of their bursting buds, the fresh green grass, the daffodils and violets, and all the accompaniments of the new-born spring. But it is not only in the spring that their notes call up so many associations. When their song is silent in the summer, still the air resounds with the frequent calls of the old birds and their young; and we could scarcely fancy it autumn, even if we saw the leaves changing, and the rime on the ground, if we did not hear the cawing of the rook breaking the calm stillness of the morning. And when we return home in the close of the winter's day, and all the birds are hastening, like ourselves, to the night's shelter, should we not miss the robin's parting song, and scarcely believe it evening, because we did not hear it? . . . What a strange influence have not the two notes of the cuckoo gained over us! Spring to us could not be spring without them. Some years ago, I think it was in 1838, the cuckoo was unusually late; April passed, and yet no one had heard the cuckoo! A kind of vague, uncomfortable superstition was creeping over the minds of our rural population, and they began to think that some vast change was at hand. A friend informed me, that he was, in the early part of the month of May of that year, accompanying a friend in a walk to some labourers engaged in draining; and while they were there the cuckoo flew over their heads, singing his long-expected song. The men threw down their spades, and exclaimed, as with a feeling of relief, “He is come at last!” . . . A little grey water-wagtail, recognised on a green in India, revived, I have heard, in the mind of the absentee who saw it, sudden recollection of the scenes of his far-distant home, his father's garden, the house and inmates; all more vividly brought to mind by the unexpected apparition of this well-known bird. What if we could succeed, then, in even slightly associating these lively objects of attention with holy thoughts and recollections, that so each well-known note, each passing wing, might awaken some wholesome train of thought, and bring images of holy import before our minds? . . . Why should we not endeavour to connect these objects of interest, so continually inviting our observation, with more useful associations than those of distant scenes and past days? It were better for us that they should speak to us, if we can make them do so, rather of the future

than of the past . . . If we could but give a voice to the things of this natural world around us, and make them speak to us as of things spiritual, make them types and emblems of something beyond the world of sense, to be heard with the inward ear, and seen with the inward eye, which faith opens within us; the material creation would then become as a map or chart, on which we might trace the boundaries of that mighty spiritual system, which, though our eyes have not seen, we should still trace in the description of the figure.'—*The Songs of the Birds, Introduction.*

Such is the task he proposes to himself; and to its execution Mr. Evans brings the eye of a naturalist, and that delicate sensibility to rural sounds and appearances, which is only attainable by habitual observation out of doors in the country; and which is altogether unappreciable by one whose abode is in the city and the haunts of men, and whose stolen visits to pure air and fresh green fields are only short and occasional. It is a great deal if such an one, by aid of a visit to the Museum, or the Zoological Gardens, can distinguish the more remarkable species, or have some general knowledge of the more broad and striking differences of the more common orders and genera. But the student of stuffed specimens, or, what is very little better, of the poor captives of the aviary, has very little idea of the variety of character exhibited by birds in their natural state, in the meadows, the hedges, the woods, and streams which are their several homes. The species differ not more in plumage and song, than they do in their habits and modes of life, their behaviour to one another, and their moral character. For animals have a moral character. Not indeed, as themselves being moral agents, but as giving a human observer, accustomed to associate certain physical phenomena in his own species with certain dispositions, the impression that similar motions and phenomena in the brute proceed from a similar cause. Indeed, this is universally known with respect to the larger and the domestic quadrupeds. But it is equally true in the smaller and less distinguishable species of birds, as any out-of-door naturalist will testify. Mr. Evans well says of the owl, and the persecutions to which he is subject from the smaller birds:—

"If the unwary owl expose his night-worn visage to the light of day, beneath the cover of some friendly ivy-bush, or branching fir, she [the wren] is ever the first to raise that din of calumny and invective with which a noisy party of small birds delight to assail the owl. There is some sad secret in the owl's history which we do not know, which no bird has yet divulged to us, and which seems to have made him an outcast from the society of the birds of day. He is branded with perpetual infamy. Deeds of blood, and darkness of midnight, murder, and rapine, done when nought else was stirring but the hollow gusts of the night wind, and the gentle rustling of the velvet plumage that sailed so insidiously upon it: something of this sort has been detected, and proclaimed in the ears of the feathered race, and they have with one voice, proclaimed him outlaw. The hawk may be more dreaded, but he cannot be more hated than the owl."—*The Songs of the Birds*, p. 82.

But we must have been giving our readers an impression that Mr. Evans's volume is in plain prose; from having lingered so long, perhaps with an unconscious preference, in this department of it. But those descriptions are only introductory to the Songs of the Birds, which are, as they should be, in verse. We take as a specimen the

SONG OF THE LINNET.

'Why sits my gentle mate upon her nest,
With thoughtful eye
And ruffled breast,

And outspread wings, that still refuse to fly?
The wind blows soft, the sky is fair,
Why sits my gentle mate so closely there?

'The morning breaking through the eastern cloud,
The soft warm shower,
The chorus loud

Of happy songsters, singing through the bower,
Are each in vain; they cannot make
The constant bird her precious eggs forsake.

'Or if a moment from the nest she fly,
Abroad to roam
With restless eye
And fluttering wing, she seems to long for home;
As if her spirit knew no rest,
No joy or peace, but in the treasured nest.

'She sits in hope, trusting the germs of life,
Beneath her laid,
With being rife,
Shall soon come forth, in callow garb array'd,
(The frail walls of their prison riv'n,)
To taste the joyous life her care hath given.

'She sits in faith of things as yet unseen,
Yet in full trust
The shelly screen
Will one day break, and crumble into dust;
And all along faith's whispers tell,
Of living things beneath the senseless shell.

'Thus, in his patience, must the Christian keep
His watchful soul;
With caution deep
Each worldly thought, each wandering wish control,
Nor let the heart contented roam
Far from the nest, which is the spirit's home.

'He too must wait, in faith of things beyond
Our dying sphere;
And never found
By mortal eye, or heard with mortal ear;
Yet heard by faith, and oft between
The grave's dark gates, by heaven-lit vision seen.'

Songs of the Birds, p. 75.

ART. IV.—*Sermons preached in Lent 1845, and on several former occasions, before the University of Cambridge.* By W. H. MILL, D. D., *Late Fellow of Trinity College, and Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; Chaplain to His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* Cambridge: Deightons. London: Rivingtons. 1845.

It may be the lot of a religious man to spend much of his life in controversy, but one would think it could hardly be his choice. Even an Ishmaelite, who lives by fighting, cannot live upon fighting; and in ordinary warfare every one knows that the supplies must not be neglected. Indeed it must be hoped that some of those who show little to the world but warlike movements, have another and better life out of sight, and feed sometimes in quiet on the truths which they seem even too restlessly to defend. Still it is pleasant to meet now and then with a mind calmly settled in its own views, carefully indeed, but peacefully strengthening its defences, marking its grounds at leisure, using and dwelling on the good it finds, and never moving to attack but with well ordered succours, moderate aims, and a full confidence in the adequacy of its forces. Such a mind is not infallible; but when it errs, the error is usually venial, if the central position on which it rests is sound. And there is something healthy and refreshing in its tone, and a symmetry and unity in the proportions of its work, that cannot but go far towards contenting, though they do not startle us. Thus at least it will be where there is real life, and that sense which goes along with real Christian life of the importance of each several article of Christian Truth, the seriousness of a Christian's warfare with sin, and the inestimable value of every access that is granted us to the powers of the unseen world. Dr. Mill's volume of Sermons is very much of this character.

It ranges over a considerable field of interpretation and application of Holy Scripture in a thoughtful and judicious manner, sometimes marking what is usually overlooked, and generally combining and balancing what is obvious, and often noticed, far better than is commonly done. His comments would help many readers to enter into the meaning of the bold sketches and single powerful expressions of other writers, and remove difficulties from their apprehension which are very often passed by, but seldom satisfactorily disposed of. In fact, every careful student of the Sacred Volume is aware that there are a number of questions and difficulties which very readily occur to the mind, and

which are commonly canvassed, and explained more or less to the purpose. Most writers find it convenient to overlook some of these, and are very shallow and sophistical in their view of some others, according to their respective measures and lines of heterodoxy and misapprehension. It would be too much to say that Dr. Mill has never slipped into an unsatisfactory solution or a fallacious argument; much more, that he has never inadvertently passed by a material point: but it is only doing him justice to say, that he has taken unusual pains to avoid any such errors; and that most students might take a lesson from him in diligence and completeness of investigation, and in fairness of mind with respect to seemingly adverse facts. His theology is that of a mind educated in the Church of England, with the habit of always regarding her as an integral portion of the Church Catholic, and to himself the representative of the whole. He takes her formularies in a Catholic sense without any doubt or questioning, because she herself refers him to the primitive Fathers, and because he sees their sense clearly in the Holy Scriptures, which she has taught him to revere. It seems as though he began with taking a firm hold of the main articles of Faith, and the doctrine of the Sacraments, and of Christian obedience; and then, and not till then, proceeded to touch upon more obscure and doubtful points. His subject sometimes brings him in contact with those whom he calls the 'unreformed;' and he does not scruple to quote their example in some respects to our reproach, though there are points in which they might perhaps justly claim a more favourable notice at his hand. There are those who think all jealous sensitiveness on their behalf is either mere knight-errantry, or a symptom perhaps of defection from our ranks. But a writer who claims Catholicity in a comprehensive sense, and with a real feeling, must be careful to treat no branch of the Catholic Church with indifference, and never to censure any without well-weighed reason. Such indeed has been Dr. Mill's intention; and an impartial judge would rather praise his carefulness in holding back from the ordinary language of ignorant condemnation, than find fault with him for overstating impressions which his inquiries did not lead him to suspect of incorrectness.

The volume, though not without connexion and arrangement, is miscellaneous. Perhaps the most pervading characteristic of it is, the constant insisting upon the requisiteness of obedience in order to salvation in the Christian Covenant. Many important examples from Holy Scripture are treated with this point in view; and in such a way as to bring out very clearly the moral lessons which they seem to have been intended to convey. He seems justly to esteem Solifidianism the most dangerous error

of the times; and while he is rather occupied in building up, still has a weapon generally ready to turn in that direction. The sermon on 'Job penitent,' must be read through to be appreciated, and would by itself form an introduction to the study of the wonderful history to which it relates. Without going quite so far as some of the Fathers in justifying Job, he establishes incontestably his claim to a far higher degree of uprightness throughout his trial than many have assigned to him; and upon that proof builds a striking illustration of the true character of humility, as grounded rather in the apprehension of what is most holy and glorious, than in the contemplation of self. Some views that have been maintained on this subject may be seen in contrast with his own in the following passage:—

'Need we then, after hearing the solution of these questions concerning Job, proceed to another, which a novel opinion only has attached to his case, and ask whether this man might not have been, previously to the confession of my text, utterly mistaken in his religious profession and hopes; still unsubmitted to the righteousness of God, and labouring to establish his own in its stead? Such is the view which a partial systematizing in religion has led some to take of Job's character in this history; and to suppose that the discourses of his friends Eliphaz and the rest, whom we all see to be pious men, were vainly directed to lead him to the truth on this point of justification;¹ instead of being pointed, as they were, to prove that God's judgment had singled him out as an unrighteous man. But scarcely can anything be imagined more opposed to the real tenour of the book, or to the whole testimony of Scripture concerning it, than this. The bare fact, that Job is pronounced by the Omniscient Judge to be right, and the three friends wrong, in their respective testimonies respecting Him and His proceedings with mankind,² should surely suffice to show the utter unreasonableness of that view, which would suppose him to have been maintaining throughout a false position against them on a fundamental point of religion. Neither is this contrariety removed by saying, as one of note has lately said, that the friends maintained the truth with unfeeling bitterness, while Job with a right heart upheld a falsehood. For, beside the contrariety of this to the actual argument, neither is it quite just with respect to them; nor, in his case, will it consist with a right heart to be radically wrong on the very turning point of his acceptance with God. If, up to the moment of his final confession, all his religion had been erroneous,—his hopes and trust for the future all misplaced,—what then means the high commendation of the Almighty at the close of the drama? what the praise of the Holy Spirit in other parts of Scripture, in Ezekiel, in St. James, and elsewhere? Dismissing, therefore, a hypothesis so opposed to the sentiment of the universal Church on this ancient example, I would remark, that though Job was not indeed a Christian,—though he had not, and could not have, that distinct view of grace overruling human weakness, which the actual possession of the divine mysteries affords to us,—though he had not even that

¹ This idea is largely maintained by Mr. G. S. Faber in one of his numerous systematic works. But the notion, as far as it respects Job himself, may be seen in the late Dean Milner's account of his brother, in the sermon of an eminent living presbyterian minister on Job ix. 30—33, and sundry other preachings and writings within the last sixty years.

² Job xlii. 7.

typical foretaste of these mysteries which formed the peculiar possession of the race of Israel,—though he was thus neither Jew nor Christian, but a Gentile Idumaean inheriting little from his fathers beside the pure truths of natural religion (which were then fast corrupting throughout the heathen world), acknowledging the dominion and majesty and holiness of God, with his righteous judgment and government of the world,—yet was his hope founded, not on the demands of debt which he might have upon God for the merits of his goodness, but on that which has alone sustained the true obedience of any man since the fall, the hope of Divine mercy;¹—a mercy which, implicitly apprehended in the previous generations of the world, was finally manifested to mankind in the Incarnate Son, the sole Source of salvation to all. Nor was he without some degree of explicit apprehension of this, the travelling hope of expecting humanity. Hear him when he states his confidence respecting his final vindication, in the course of the argument with his friends: he does it in those ever-memorable words,² “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.” In these words, of which the old patriarchal law of the vindicating kinsman formed the material, Job expresses his firm confidence, that, amidst all failures of issue and kindred, all decays of his own outward tenement, he had yet a *Goel*, an Avenger, living;—one who, to quicken him to everlasting life, should stand clothed in his own flesh and blood upon this earth;—through whom, and in whom, he should himself see God. Of this kind was the faith of this distinguished Gentile towards the yet distant Redeemer of men: and his practice, in which, as the Scripture teaches, lies the whole soul and manifestation of faith, is such as we have already seen; such as to merit the character given of him, even before his great trial, by the Holy Spirit, that he “was perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil.”³—Pp. 265—268.

It cannot indeed be without some share in the faults of Eliphaz and Bildad, that men in these days take up the account of one approved of God as His servant, and as speaking concerning Him the thing that is just, with so censorious a spirit. Indeed, after the Divine sentence, they relented and submitted; and still men go near to follow their former error. But this they must do, or they could not fulfil the typical meaning assigned of old to the history. They cannot bear out their charges of hypocrisy and self-righteousness against the Church, without keeping up the notion that Job, too, with all his high commendations, was self-righteous. How much more forcible—how much more truly humbling, is his example when viewed in a truer light, those can tell who have followed it through with S. Gregory. For a brief view of the subject, and a powerful application of it to the case of Christians, the sermon before us is well worthy of attention.

The destruction of the Canaanites is another of his subjects, and one on which in these days a difficulty is sometimes raised. The sermon upon it, after fairly solving the common objections, and exhibiting that act of Divine government in itself in an intelligible light, closes with the following application:—

¹ ix., x., xiii. xxiii., &c. &c.

² xix. 25, 26, 27.

³ i. i.; ii. 3.

'And what then is the moral conclusion to which this memorable subject should conduct us? First, undoubtedly, to impress on our minds an awful sense of those impieties by which judgments like these were brought down upon a whole people of the same nature and passions and original constitution with ourselves. That we never lose our sense of the evils of false religion, in which such abominations are naturally engendered, by any of the palliative theories which the specious liberalism of the world might set up; nor abate our zeal, our prayers, and our exertions for their extirpation, when God, that disposes of the kingdoms of men, has opened the possibilities of this to us;—their extirpation, I say, by the only methods which God has placed in our hands, the mild persuasion, the sober conviction, the invincible goodness and charity of the gospel. Also that we suffer not the worst displays of such evils as they exist in other people or other ages of the world to blind us to the root of such evil which remains even among ourselves—the evil heart of unbelief that makes us insensible to our higher privileges, as were the mass of the Israelites to theirs, and which tempts in various ways to depart from the living God.

'And may not, secondly, this subject call us to a further meditation, according to that plain doctrine of the Apostles and the Christian Church, by which all things in ancient Israel are images and ensamples to ourselves? Consider Joshua the son of Nun, not only in his personal or official character, in which, however distinguished, he was greatly inferior to his predecessor, his master and law-giver Moses, but in that typical character in which he stands above him, as symbolizing that which the law could not do, the actual introduction of God's people to their promised rest: consider him, finally, as the first JESUS, the first divinely constituted bearer of that most blessed Name at which all things in heaven and earth should hereafter bow,—one whose acts and conquests did, agreeably to that name, prefigure and represent those of the Divine Saviour of the world. "A rest *remaineth* to the people of God," as the apostolical author of the Epistle to the Hebrews argues—a rest different, as he maintains, from that which Jesus the son of Nave obtained for his people—a rest, into which we are there required to press with an earnestness corresponding to that with which the people of Israel were to press into its earthly type in Canaan.¹ To us also there are enemies fierce and formidable to be overcome before we can be established there; and our encouragement to encounter these foes, and not suffer them to enslave or overpower us, is rested in the pages of inspired Scripture on the consideration that we are not under the law, but under grace:² we are not called, like Moses, to survey from afar the good land into which we enter not ourselves: we are not consigned without help to a law which cannot save, which merely convicts and proves our unworthiness; but we are actually enlisted in baptism under the banner of our Jesus, under whom, as the author of all grace, we may fight and conquer. The waters of Jordan have been passed by His atoning death and resurrection: the cleansing virtue of which has, in the laver of regeneration, been solemnly conveyed to us all. Let then that warfare, on our serious engagement to which, as soldiers of Christ, our eternal life depends, be seriously undertaken and conducted by us: let our opposition to the corruptions which would impede our progress to immortal blessedness be as universal and as unsparing as that of Israel to the Canaanites. Let no evil passion against which we can bring to bear the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, or exercise the means which Christ's Church presents of prayer and fasting, and participation of the celestial nutriment of His sacrifice,—let no such evil principle be allowed, as far as we may, to live or reign within us, to obstruct and cloud (as, in proportion to its prevalence, it must and ought

¹ Heb. iii. iv. (1, 2, 7, 8, seq.)

² Rom. vi. 14; vii. 6, &c.

to cloud) our hope and sure confidence in God. Let our prayers, our endeavours, even when most consciously weak, be directed to their utter extermination: for this is to realize the saving virtue of Christ's Cross, as the holy Scripture represents it, and as the Catholic Church has ever received it: and this with its pains will bring with it also its ineffable consolations. Thus only shall we enjoy that peace which Christ has bequeathed, and of which His Spirit is the communicator and inspirer; and faint as our success may appear, yet may we finally, with that great company to which these acts unite us, be admitted as more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.'—Pp. 132—135.

This extract points to the views of the author on some important subjects, which will be found more developed in other sermons. The benefit of fasting and the like religious exercises, for instance, is treated more at length in the sermon on 'Self-Discipline the Security against Reprobation.' His views of sacramental grace may be seen also in that sermon, in that on the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand;' and in that on 'The Relapsed Demoniac.' For the doctrine of Baptism he contends with some vehemence.

'The preliminary to all such care must be a conviction that the right path has been once entered upon; and this, in a dispensation of grace, involves, in the first instance, our admission by God to this course and arena of duty, and next, our conscious acceptance of its terms. Now, on the former point, which necessarily precedes all, the solicitude of the child of God is met by the holy Scripture and the Church with the comforting assurance of his regeneration in baptism; wherein he was made a member of Christ, a child of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. This maxim, on which the whole catechetical instruction of the Church catholic rests, on which alone Christian education in the true sense can proceed, without which there is neither a defined basis of Christian perseverance to the faithful, nor any material of properly Christian repentance to the lapsed or fallen, is denied, as a matter of course, by all those who would extenuate or explain away St. Paul's assertion in my text. By those who have brought themselves to believe that none who are born again of the Spirit and justified can ever fall into the state of ungodliness, it is matter of necessity to maintain the correlative proposition, that ungodly persons cannot have been at any time born of the Spirit nor justified. But to this proposition, however confidently repeated to us as if it were an axiom in religion, we oppose the ever-reiterated declarations of holy Scripture to the contrary, and the method of the holy apostles in particular; who, when warning their baptized disciples, as they continually do, against the danger of being found reprobate or counterfeit at last, never do so according to this recent method, by extenuating the grace that had been afforded them, but by magnifying it; never treat their baptism as a mere rite, but, on the contrary, enlarge on its spirituality. So deals St. Paul with the Roman and the Galatian Christians: and thus also in the present epistle, when in warning against apostasy, and including himself also in the caution, he introduces immediately after my text the analogy of the fathers of Israel; all partakers of Christ as far as the Mosaic dispensation exhibited Him, all baptized equally with Caleb and Joshua in the cloud and in the sea; yet whom their own lusts overthrew in the wilderness: these he presents as ensamples to baptized Christians, not certainly to deter them from over-rating their present grace, but, on the contrary, from lightly esteeming and thus losing

it. Shall any then presume to tell us that a course taken by the apostles, as truly as by the whole Church after them, is unsafe for us? Shall it be said that considerations which might be addressed without scruple to the halting and semi-apostate Christians of Galatia, or to Christians entangled, like those of Corinth, in most serious scandals and sins, require now to be suppressed through care for the spirituality of religion? Far from us be such presumptuous departure from the apostles and all that have followed them; the setting up in our instance of a tradition three centuries old against the testimony of the Church universal and our own.

For on this, as on other points, the old Church doctrine will be found far more holy and spiritual than that which a delusive and unbelieving spirituality would substitute for it. Small as may be the number of those who have never soiled the purity of their baptismal robes, nor forfeited the state of habitual grace from infancy,—their number, even now greater than unbelief would be apt to suggest, might be expected to be vastly increased, were our faith greater in Christ's ordinance, and if this maxim of apostolic Christianity resumed its proper force among us. But small as is the number of such compared with those who have wandered from the fold, and need conversion and restitution to their lost privilege, before they can be exhorted to persevere,—the reality of that privilege is no more impeached by that consideration, than was the truth of the common blessing to all Israel, by the overpowering majority of those that perished. If their unbelief and apostasy did not impeach the truth of God in their calling and privilege, then neither do the carnal and inconsistent lives of the baptized evacuate the grace which once washed away the guilt of their original and precedent sin, and declared them new born into God's household. If there be perpetuity in Christ's religion, then must it be as true now as in the days of his chief apostle—that baptism has once saved those also through the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and that their distinction from the true Christians (St. Peter himself assuring us) is not that they were never purged from their old sins, but, on the contrary, that they forgot they had been purged from them.¹ No otherwise do we truly represent their condition: their distinctive guilt, their danger, and need of penitence.—Pp. 433—436.

And indeed, it is usually on coming in contact with such a subject that his mind seems most stirred, and his style rises into eloquence and fervour. How indeed can it be otherwise with one who holds these truths as his very life, and sees them so scorned and rejected as they commonly are? There is no petty discontent in his expressions, no fancifulness, no unhealthy and excessive longing after mere forms, but a deep, practical, self-humbling conviction of the low standard of our prevailing practice. He does not shrink from contemplating the standard and the examples of Christian life set before us in Holy Scripture; and his conclusion must be perforce what it is, that we are, even in our highest recognised forms of practice, lamentably deficient. How long the age can listen to the warnings it cannot but hear, and assent after a manner without obeying, remains to be seen. One would hope that as they are evidently given with real earnestness, they will not in the end be unfruitful.

On the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand,' he is of course led to the mystery of which that act was a type.

¹ 2 Pet. i. 9, also ii. 20, 21, 22, &c. &c.

'And respecting the actual accomplishment of these words in the kingdom of grace, which the approaching sacrifice of Christ was to open to the world, how should it appear possible for a Christian mind to entertain a doubt? Let but the words by which, on the eve of his Passion, our Lord instituted the sacrament of his own body and blood, and commanded the bread and wine there consecrated to be eaten and drunk as their representative signs,—let these terms, I say, be compared with those of the present discourse, and the reference of the two to the same subject will hardly admit of question. Or let the words of St. Paul be marked, when he speaks to the Corinthians of having received from the Lord that which he, as Christ's apostle, had delivered to them; and having then repeated the terms of institution just as the three Evangelists had historically recorded them, speaks of this as the perpetual showing forth of the Lord's death, till he come again. Observe further the words addressed to the same correspondents by the great apostle: "The cup of blessing *which we bless*, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we, being many, are one bread and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread;" thus, making the communion of saints with each other in this service the necessary result from their joint communion with their Lord; in whose body, symbolized by the bread, they are all here expressly incorporated. Or, let us take the first description in the book of Acts of the social worship of Christians, where the *breaking of bread and prayers* are joined together as its characteristic description,—a description which all the notices of the gospel-worship in that book, and in the apostolical Epistles, and in all subsequent ecclesiastical monuments, unite in confirming: where prayer and praise, not instruction, are ever represented as the primary purpose for which the faithful meet together; a praise centering, as its highest act, in the participation of these emblems of the incarnation and sacrifice of the Lord; and where the instruction or exhortation delivered by the bishop or pastor occurs as a subsidiary accompaniment of this. And we have yet remaining in the Church to this day a visible testimony, both to this primitive order of Christian worship, and to the declining fervour of subsequent ages; the fact, I mean, that on the morning of each Lord's day or other holiday the Communion Office is begun, and forms the most elevated portion of the daily prayers; and this, even where the office is not pursued to its end, and where that actual communion which alone gives the office its name, is not realized by our participation. And this testimony to the contrast of our ordinary practice and feeling with what it ought to be, is far more striking with us than with the unreformed; since we have removed from us as an abuse the private mass, or in other words, the communion of the priest alone in this ever-recurring office; and allow no actual communion to take place in the public service, unless four, or three at the least, are found to communicate with him.

'How is it then that so many forget, or even refuse to recognize, this supremacy of the sacred Communion in the spiritual worship of the Gospel, or to view, in the perpetuity of that eucharistic feast, the accomplishment of that discourse of our Saviour in which He unfolded the mystery of our spiritual nutriment in Himself? What other reason can be assigned than that unnatural ascendancy given to the principle of negation in religion, into which external circumstances have led us,—the habit of viewing religious propositions alone or chiefly by the side of the abuses connected with them? Thus, because a gross carnal theory was struck out in the middle ages for the verification of Christ's words in this and the other evangelists, it is therefore deemed wise and pious to separate as far as possible the notion of spiritual feeding on Christ from this, which is his own express institution

for that end. Under the influence of this unnatural mode of thought, it is no wonder that, as our Lord's discourse in the third chapter of St. John has been denied to relate to that new birth of water and of the Spirit in baptism—which the whole Church had ever seen there,—so should this sixth chapter be denied all reference to the holy Eucharist. But if the analogy of every other object of thought be regarded, this is assuredly not the right way of avoiding abuses or corruptions: they are effectually precluded, not by avoiding or sinking the matter on which the abuse is fastened, but rather by seeking to grasp and penetrate its true idea. And we may well distrust, on other grounds, the wisdom of the attempt to commit the sustaining grace of our one awful Sacrifice to the mere guardianship of our understanding or our feelings. Far better is it to look to something visibly beyond and independent of ourselves in this matter; to receive with thankfulness the perpetual exhibition of the most sacred truths of the Gospel in that apostolical ordinance of religion, by which, according to Christ's most true promise, they have ever, even in the worst times, been preserved in life and unity and power. Nor have we reason to fear lest the excellent ordinance of preaching be dishonoured, if thus subordinated to the perpetual offering of prayer and praise through the commemorated sacrifice of the Redeemer; or if, in respect to instruction itself, it be held less vitally important than that catechetical institution in the principles of Christianity, which will ever create a high appreciation and desire of the Sacraments. Rather will it then regain its true force and dignity and usefulness, when it falls not on itching ears, or minds craving for excitement, but on hearts well chastened by the Church's discipline both of humiliation and rejoicing,—on souls habitually nurtured with the bread and cup of salvation. True it is indeed, that since the Son of God took human flesh, and ate and drank amongst us, the very renovation of our bodies by food has a mysterious dignity to Christians,—which our daily prayer recognizes, and our giving of thanks at meals should ever imply. But there, in a far more eminent sense, where Christ has left the power of the keys in his Church to guard from abuse and profanation that kingdom of life of which the eucharistic banquet is the appointed support,—there will the faithful soul see the realization of her Lord's words; the actual reception of Incarnate Godhead; the channel of deriving from Him that strength and virtue which will guard our steps here from evil, and raise our bodies incorruptible at the last day.—Pp. 312—316.

His testimony will have the more weight from the decidedly Anglican character of all this, which appears not only in some expressions, found indeed in the Fathers, but considered by many to be not fully adequate to convey the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, but in the general tone of the whole passage. There is no adoption of technical phrases unknown to us. It is in our own language that his argument and reproof are conveyed; from our own sources that they are drawn. 'That catechetical institution in the principles of Christianity, which will ever create a high appreciation and desire of the Sacraments,' is a thing intended and desired by our own Church, but too little practised. While the chief thing our children learn about the Ten Commandments is, that they cannot possibly keep them, they are not likely to realise to themselves the state of Baptismal grace. And without a deep and perpetual apprehension of that grace, there is likely to be little desire of the Christian's proper Food,

and little notion of the preparation that ought to be made for receiving It.

Are we to be told that this is but insisting on what is outward and formal, and that what we want is spiritual religion? This senseless cry is certainly less loud and frequent than it has been, but still it is to be heard. Nor can anything but experience convince men, that if spirit is to live and move in this world, it wants soul and body for a vehicle. Even morally speaking, devotion must be liable to die out for want of adequate acts for its exercise, where people have but Sunday services, quarterly Communion, and little knowledge. What an addition to their meagre provision would be even the monthly instead of quarterly recurrence of some little course of preparation! And looking beyond the mere moral effect on the mind, how much might they not be strengthened by that supernatural communion with the powers of the world to come!

And for the clergy themselves, it may well be thought no little gain that they have the Communion of the Sick in addition to the otherwise rare opportunities of their public ministrations. Yet, even this would perhaps be a greater gain to them, were the other more frequent; because they would be more habitually prepared, and able to enter into the act, in spite of distracting circumstances. Certain it is that holy men have found themselves greatly sustained in laborious works, and trying difficulties, by frequent communion; and it is not unlikely that the benefit of an act so comprehensive in its nature and scope would spread also throughout the Church, and invisibly aid and strengthen those at least who were, without fault of their own, compelled to be absent. The last few years, indeed, have seen an advancement which it would be ingratitude to disown or undervalue—perhaps an advancement as great as we have been fit to bear—but surely not such as can be complete or final. There is still room for earnest-minded persons, who do form their religious practice round this outward centre, as round the inward centre of the contemplation of the Divine mystery which it shows forth, and the power of which it imparts, to crave further help from those with whom on earth it rests to give or to withhold.

It is not too much to say, though it must be ever said with a reservation in favour of those hidden friends of God, whom the world knows not, and who live on every word that proceeds from His mouth, the world knows not how,—it is not too much to say, that the practice of a religious life was so disused amongst us some time back, as to leave many in great ignorance how to set about it; and many even, who ought to have been able to teach it, scarce able to see their way to it themselves. How far we may be now improved, it is not necessary to estimate; only it

may not be amiss to remark that there is such a thing as too readily *dropping* one good practice for another supposed at the moment better; and so one good thing falls into disuse as another comes into use. However, it may be hoped that we have really gained ground, and that it is easier now for a person who is led to higher aims to find a path marked out for him; an increase, no doubt, of responsibility, but still a real advantage. Nor can anything dispense with the obligation a clergyman is under to acquaint himself with some sufficient methods of devotion and directions of practice for the benefit of those whom it may be his duty to be leading on toward perfection. Still it must be consoling to him to be able to offer them at least one help that is completely above himself, and at the same time carries with it the consolidating and multiplying of so much of what they have already. And in these days of failing faith and advancing Anti-Christianism, who can tell what may be the importance of this perpetual profession of the truth 'that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh,' as the especial witness needed against the especially ruling spirit of error? But indeed, no argument is needed to prove the necessity of a more frequent and devout use of this our chief means of grace. It follows from what every Christian knows, if he will but reflect on it seriously; as in the writer before us it is clearly no special bias, but a simple realising of fundamental truths, that has led to such earnestness on this point.

The sermon on 'Self-Discipline the Security against Reprobation' is a valuable one, the spirit of which may be seen in a short extract, though the argument, a thing equally necessary, to our shame, in these times, is too long to quote.

'Will it then be said that a means of piety, which in the days of tribulation and persecution was observed with such voluntary strictness by Christ's best servants and champions, is less needed in an age of quiet and of luxury? Shall we listen, in opposition to the Apostle of the Gentiles, to a new gospel that would make security of salvation the one great duty of a Christian believer, and treat this prescript of saints and martyrs and of the Lord himself, as if it were will-worship or superstition? or shall we heed the more directly carnal or slothful objections, which, with singular inconsistency, alternately urge its difficulty and its insignificance or easiness, as arguments against the possibility of its being acceptable to God? Both these notions would vanish before the conscientious and humble obedience to the Church's precept; both the sense of extreme difficulty, and that of nullity or fruitlessness, in the performance: both, I say, would vanish, if the trials from human infirmity being meekly endured, the beneficial tendencies of the exercise were left to unfold themselves to faithful experience. If fulness of bread, or, in other words, if a never-failing exuberance in the supply of animal wants, is justly enumerated in Scripture among the causes which lead the rich and prosperous especially to a fatal forgetfulness of God, and deadness of spiritual sensation,—then that fast cannot but be eminently useful in the contrary direction, which forces us to think of our condition; and while reminding us of our more destitute brethren, who need our alms and our charity for Christ's sake, instruct us also sensibly of our dependence

on God for everything, and thus dispose us to cast ourselves in penitence and self-renunciation on Him who alone sustains our souls in life, and can alone satisfy the highest wants—far transcending mere sensual appetites—of a spiritual and immortal creature. And not only as an exercise of self-denial, or as a natural and proper expression of penitence for those exorbitances of earthly humour which involve us in sin, and thus intercept the light of God's countenance from us,—in this exercise commended by the examples and counsels of Holy Scripture; but as a means of quickening prayer and devotion, of adding wings to the aspirations of the spirit after purer and better joys than this earth can afford. And to this end, it needs to be accompanied with retirement and meditation; with careful abstinence from all self-complacency in the act, as if it were the end and not the means of piety, or any contempt of others whom we either know, or merely suspect, to live in neglect of it. Among these there may be some whose example in higher and more substantial points of piety may be such as to shame our own: and while this contradiction, like other strange confusions of the day, is by no means sufficient to warrant neglect of Christ's precept, by whomsoever despised in times so singularly ignorant yet self-complacent as these, yet is the consideration one that should animate and humble us. It may well serve as an additional motive to that spirit of quiet obedience, that absence of all personal judgment of others, that union of severity to ourselves with cheerfulness and mildness to all, which is the genuine character of Christ's religion, and so constantly distinguishes its catholic from its sectarian exhibition.

'True it is at all times, as the Apostle elsewhere assures us, that bodily exercise of itself profiteth little, but godliness is profitable to all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. To exercise ourselves in this according to the apostolical precept, by the assiduous practice of all the duties that belong to it, and with a careful use of all the means of grace that bear upon it, is the great lesson which our present text inculcates on us. It is the only means of securing us in the possession of the grace wherein we stand, and securing us from the fearful peril of falling away.'—Pp. 442—444.

It is surprising, however, to see this author adopt the Protestant interpretation of the term 'bodily exercise,' instead of that which is really upon the face of the words. This age seems to appropriate to itself all useful inventions as if it owed nothing to antiquity, and literally to imagine that exercise of the body, with a view to promote health or activity, is the result of late discoveries. A very little investigation would show that the notion was even more familiar to a Greek of the first century, and the practice much better understood by him, than is the case with most of us enlightened Europeans of the nineteenth. That Dr. Mill should have taken this passage in any other sense can only be in consequence of his having always heard it so taken, inasmuch that the simple meaning of the words never occurred to him. And this is the more remarkable, since he carries on his comment in the true spirit of the passage, which absolutely requires it to be understood as a commendation of spiritual exercise, whether by mortification of the flesh or by other means.

With respect to the Communion of Saints, one would look for something more than the common-day allowance of a possible relation of the parts of Christ's body to one another, in a writer who so generally apprehends with some energy a solid and essential principle. Accordingly, in his sermon on 'The Honour of the Holy Apostles', we have an expression at once of sound doctrine and genuine feeling on that head.

'But while the Church thus contemplates her living Head in His unapproachable glory, she also assigns the place which He has assigned to his special servants and representatives. Where the Lord has thus displayed the emblems of his familiarity, together with the moral marks of faith and patience, through which it was attained, the Church recognizes these as marks of glory no less than of goodness: she venerates and hallows their memory accordingly. And in her worship, of which the object is but One, as our noble morning hymn expresses, the Thrice Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, whom the hosts of heaven adore,—while the Holy Church throughout all the world is introduced as paying the united homage of the kingdom with ourselves, the several high ranks of the kingdom are first enumerated: the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the white-robed army of Martyrs, are foremost in that adoring confession. And this they are described as performing, not barely in time past, as we do now, but even now with us; encompassing us as a cloud of witnesses in our daily walk and service, and swelling the chorus of our acknowledgement.

'This is indeed a great truth of Christianity, of which each Saint's day especially reminds us. Almighty God, who has knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, has appointed, as a necessary consequence and proof of that unity, a sympathy of each one part with every other: if one member suffer, the whole suffer with it: the scandals that afflict, the schisms that rend one part, are felt, in proportion to the general vital soundness, as grievances and sharp wounds throughout: while, on the other hand, whatever of act or suffering bears in any part the impress of God's Holy Spirit, redounds by a mysterious process to the benefit of all the rest. If then this is the case with the Church militant here on earth,—where no member can say of any other, however different in vocation or talent, that he has no need of that other,—is this band of sympathy broken with that happy portion which has passed the barrier now thinly dividing the seen from the unseen world? Must it not rather be exalted and perfected by their transfer into a state where the sins and disorders that impeded the free exercise of that holy sympathy here are now washed away? Assuredly they feel more truly with the difficulties of those yet in the flesh, from their partaking more thoroughly of the mind of Christ, who in his glorified humanity is Himself not untouched with the same. Thus the spirits of the martyrs, whom St. John saw in vision, cry from beneath the altar for the furtherance of the cause in which they died, and for which their brethren left behind still labour. And therefore the "spirits and souls of the righteous" are included in the general invocation we make to all things above and around us, to join us in praising and magnifying the one God in whom we all live. Such then as is the Church's language in both her morning canticles respecting the union of the departed with us in worship,—such is and ever must be her language and sentiment. It belonged to the obscurity of the old dispensation to say, "The dead praise not thee, O God, neither all they that go down into silence"; though this is immediately with implicit faith denied

to be the case for ever with those who are the true Israel of God. But since Christ died and rose again, we talk not of our brethren in Christian language as dead, but as falling asleep and resting in Him: much less do we talk of His glorious saints and confessors as dead men and women, as some men now profanely and foolishly speak, when they think to speak religiously. For, as God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and the souls of the ancient patriarchs ever live in His sight,—much more is this true of those, the least of whom is greater than the greatest of old,—the saints whose death in His sight is more eminently precious,—in whom the light of His grace and truth were reflected, grace for grace, and represented to the faith of all generations. These therefore, and the holy Apostles above all who were with Christ in His temptations, have been from the very first commemorated with special honour by the Church: and while on the anniversaries of their martyrdoms, their natal days of immortality, she seeks to light her fires from the same source that maintained theirs, and made them, in spite of human weakness, more than conquerors, never did she suffer it to be forgotten that it was through the Cross that they attained their crown; and that we honour their memories, not by vain eulogies, or by garnishing their sepulchres, but by marking and imitating their virtues.'—Pp. 336—389.

One more extract must be given, which is of a controversial character, and relates to an opinion the late origin and gradual extension of which he has described in a learned and sensible note at the end of the volume. The immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin,¹ is an opinion so difficult for the theological mind to receive, and yet so likely to win over the natural and uninstructed apprehension of persons habituated to an active and ever-present veneration of her, that its prevalence at this day is hardly surprising in spite of the contrary determinations of S. Bernard and S. Thomas Aquinas. There is no doubt a natural mind in the Church, not the whole mind of the Church, but pervading a large part of it, which carries on a notion once suggested to conclusions often unchecked and unapproved by the deeper and more spiritual faculty to which all truth appears in its connexion and in its most real bearings, or adopts at once what is attractive on grounds utterly inadequate to its proof. And there is nothing perhaps in which this tendency is more apparent than in the acts, characters, and other attributes which we ascribe to persons. How many, even among Roman Catholics, will believe almost any evil of the Jesuits, from a general prejudice against them! How readily does any story find credit that tells in favour of a character beloved and admired on other grounds! It is easy to apply this tendency to the case before us, and to see that anything not implying an obvious blasphemy would be likely to be accepted by many, provided it seemed to reflect honour on her, who was already the object of such unbounded reverence and affection. And once taken in and

¹ For many readers it is necessary to state that this means, that the Blessed Virgin was herself conceived without *original sin*.

cherished, this belief would lead almost with certainty to what has actually taken place—the reputed occurrence of visions and miracles in its confirmation. Any one who reads the accounts of these miracles can scarcely help seeing that a very large portion of them derive their estimation as miracles chiefly from the predisposition of the parties who have so judged of them. And others, if real, may be referred to other causes than the truth of this particular opinion. If, according to a very high authority in the Church, miracles are sometimes granted to heretics, surely they may be granted to simple faith within the Church, though sought under a partial misapprehension of truth. It is difficult, indeed, to weigh the facts of a French narrative, mixed up, as they are apt to be, with so much rhetorical matter; and there can be no doubt that many perfectly natural occurrences pass for miracles where there is such an appetite for them as at present amongst Catholics in France. Still it is hardly likely that so general a belief of their frequency should prevail, if some real ones were not mixed with the imaginary; nay, it is not well to be conceived that so much faith, taking that particular direction, should exist in the Church without their being sometimes granted.

The tone of the narratives in the 'Notice sur la Medaille Miraculeuse' is generally very inflated and repulsive, and such as shows little power of estimating facts, and much disposition to make the most of them. But the most curious feature of the present case, to a distant observer, is the caution, and sometimes incredulosity, of pious and well-informed Roman Catholics with respect to the alleged miraculous evidence. This seems to show a sense of the probability of such appearances without the reality; that minds, that is, which had no *à priori* view against them, did not think their evidence strong enough to prove them.

It must be remembered, indeed, in speaking of the opinion in support of which these miracles are alleged, that it is not a doctrine formally determined by the Roman Church, though many of her members insist on it with a most obtrusive eagerness. The note in which Dr. Mill has given an account of its rise and gradual prevalence is well worth reading, both as a specimen from a history too little known amongst us, and as containing some points valuable in themselves. And his general way of treating the subject deserves certainly the praise of seriousness and moderation. He expresses himself strongly, which he has a right to do, but without spending breath on any useless and offensive declamation, such as is too much in fashion wherever 'Popery' is concerned.

'And this may lead to deeper reflections than those which obviously occur on the humility of the blessed Virgin, and her punctual observance of those ordinances, which, since that one holy child-bearing which removed

Eve's stain and sanctified humanity, have given place in the Church to others of a more eucharistic and less onerous nature. Most signally do these legal ordinances attest the truth of that original or birth-sin which, since the first transgression, stains every child of Adam that is by natural procreation born into the world. Of that transgression—we find that the very first effect, even in Paradise, was to attach shame as well as sorrow to one part of our constitution, which had before been wholly free from both. The ineradicable instincts of humanity on this subject form ever a witness too strong for the Pelagian to overcome, who from the certain original goodness of every part of our nature would falsely infer that no stain is now inherent in this: too strong for the dreams of materialist philosophers of the age just gone by, who, referring such sentiments to arbitrary association or prejudice, have imagined that reason only was required to explode and overpower them: too strong, I will add, for all those, wherever they are found, who, not observing the straight line which Christian truth here holds between Manichæan impieties against the Creator on the one hand, and the Pelagian presumption on the other, fancy they perceive contradictions, where there are none, in the Catholic Christian view of this subject; who cannot reconcile the higher sanctity conferred on marriage by the gospel, even beyond the blessing of its original institution, with the especial praise attached by the same gospel to those virgin souls who for the kingdom of heaven's sake have remained single. But the greater the evil of our nature which these circumstances denote, and which nothing but the birth from a pure Virgin of the Eternal Son could meet or remedy,—the more signal and admirable is that which we now commemorate; the condescension that attached to this one immaculate birth the same ritual circumstances as to a sinful one. And let us not overlook the point just adverted to, that this is the *one* immaculate birth; the only spotless conception and nativity in the world. Let us not listen to those, who, intruding into the things which they have not seen, have dared to extend to the blessed Virgin herself this freedom from original sin: though the paganized tastes of a degenerate Christendom did indeed once succeed in establishing this as the popular, and at length the dominant belief, against the distinct indignant reclamation of the last of the Fathers, and of the best and ablest of the schoolmen also. Far from us, I say, be the disposition to comply with such spurious authority as this, or to embrace, under the truly respectable name of unfolded Christian doctrine, what is too visibly no development of truths before received, but an arbitrary and extraneous addition to them. A dogma which has no argument from the intrinsic reason of the case, but what might equally be extended to prove the same exemption from original sin in both the parents of the Virgin, and so for the ancestors without limit; which has no authority to produce from Scripture except what these forced deductions are invoked to amplify; which is contradicted by the most explicit general testimonies of holy writ, as interpreted to us by all catholic antiquity; which even, in times when the paramount disposition was in its favour, no council of the Church universal, which has been received by any portion of it as œcumenical has ventured to define and ratify;—this may well be pronounced a corruption and fable. Above all, would we caution against the reception of fancies like these, those young and ardent spirits who, repelled by the jejune vagueness and unreality of what is often taught as spiritual religion, by the miserable contradictions and divisions existing among us, and the unrebuked denial by some of the most sacred and precious catholic truths,—are too easily led to seek refuge in quarters where, with those eternal verities (which are there never denied,) these fables and corruptions are indiscriminately mingled. To such I would say: reverse, as you well

may, the heaven-bestowed purity of her in whom the incarnate Godhead fixed His abode; join freely with those in every age the most imbued with divine truth, in esteeming *her as the blessed among women*, "the ever-Virgin, the Mother of God;" conceive, as you may legitimately and probably of her, such sanctification from the womb as the Scripture predicates of John the Baptist and other saints of old; but beware lest, in invading—I do not say the divine, but—the human prerogatives also, of "that holy thing which was born of her," you impair a truth as sacred as any in religion, the corruption of all that is naturally engendered of sinful Adam. From that original stain none but the Virgin-born was free; He who, as the Church has told us, was *thus* made without spot of sin, to make us clean from all sin.—Pp. 404—408.

In conclusion, it is worth while to quote from the sermon on 'The Gainsaying of Core' the author's view of the present position, and, so to speak, appeal of the English Church.

'Most certainly, amidst all the fragments into which the malice of Satan has shivered that great body the Church, which Christ and his Apostles represent as essentially one, and which in the Creed we ever profess to believe as such,—these have been the principles, and until these modern times the wholly unquestioned principles, of all Christendom, respecting the commission necessary to deliver Christ's word and sacraments to mankind. And though it has been said, that we in England set up a new Church three centuries since, whatever popular language may utter, or even statesmen assert, our Church has never for a moment admitted a proposition so self-condemnatory and suicidal as this: she has ever maintained her identity with the Church of Bede and of Alfred—whose revenues she holds, and in whose cathedral sees she yet maintains the succession to those holy men by whom our pagan ancestors were converted. And with respect to the fact, that is indeed too true,—the fact that all with Catholic hearts amongst us deeply feel and lament,—that there is schism and separation between us and other branches of this One Church, we call God earnestly to witness that the separation was not of us; that neither our forefathers nor we desired or desire it; the separation was of those who would usurp authority over our faith, and drew a chasm between us, by imposing terms of communion which the Catholic Church of old neither enjoined nor knew.'—Pp. 232, 233.

Upon the whole, his volume may be taken up with profit by a student who wishes to clear his apprehension of the bearing of Scripture examples, and to take a lesson in the manner of working out their meaning. He will find much sound thought, and generally a straightforward and orderly procedure, guided by the analogy of the Faith, and the essential circumstances of the narrative. This is not perhaps what will tempt many readers, but it is what will really benefit those whose attention it engages far more than that bold originality of thought, which is wrong as often as it is right, and even when right, often sinks the essential in the accidental.

- ART. V.—1. *Voyage dans le Finistère, par CAMBRY: nouvelle édition, par M. Le Chev. DE FRÉMINVILLE.* Brest: 1836.
2. *A Summer in Brittany: by T. A. TROLLOPE, Esq. B. A.* 2 Vols. London: 1840.
3. *Les Derniers Bretons: par EMILE SOUVESTRE; nouvelle édition.* Paris: 1843.
4. *La Bretagne, Ancienne et Moderne: par PITRE-CHEVALIER.* Paris: 1844.

STEAM has done wonders, and promises more, for those who desire to see with their own eyes what is far off, and who delight in the contrast of juxtaposition between what is familiar and what is remote and strange. What it cannot bring to our door, it takes us most comfortably and without loss of time to see. It is making a raree-show of the world; exhibiting all that the present affords of wonderful, and magnificent, and curious, before those who are never out of the sound of their mother tongue, and are travellers only in the multiplicity of their portmanteaus. Before we have time to forget the express train and the railway-porters in velveteen, and Southampton Water and Netley Abbey and the Cowes yachts, we are brought face to face with the bounds of the old world, the pillars of Hercules, and look upon distant Atlas; another flight, and we are on the river of Egypt, in the land of Pharaoh and Cleopatra, of S. Athanasius and S. Antony; among the pyramids, amid turbans and the languages of the East. We have passed through the wilderness, and the waves of the Red Sea are breaking on the shore at our feet; and in a space of time no longer measured by months and weeks, but by days, and soon by hours and their fractions, we are in India. The first of the month saw us riding in an omnibus in Holborn, the last sees us in the land of elephants and pagodas. Steam will deny us nothing; in the circle round us, we have but to mark out our goal, and the genius straight transports us.

It puts us into communication with all the present; but not even steam can bring us to the past. In its way, indeed, it toils; it slaves for the antiquarian and the draughtsman; in letter-press, in form, in colour, it strives most assiduously to bring up the image of the past; it multiplies and disperses abroad; but the living past is not in books or engravings, and cannot be brought to us, nor we to it.

Only here and there, left to itself in some neglected corner of the world, the living past survives, projecting itself into the

uncongenial and almost unconscious present. A couple of days off from Paris or Southampton, we may reach a race of men more difficult to piece on to modern society, than those who live by the Nile or the Ganges, or sell one another beneath the Line. Shooting out from the dim middle ages into the glare and bustle of the civilized 'present day,' in the midst of English manufactories, and French revolutions, and wars of the Empire—stretching forth its granite base into a sea ploughed by steam-ships, and itself planted all over with tri-coloured flags, dark old Brittany goes on unmoved, unsympathizing,—believing and working as it and its fellow-nations did five hundred years ago. Surrounded by excitement and change,—sparkling Frenchmen vapouring about glory; drudging Englishmen, deep in railways; venomous Yankee Locofocos, in a white heat about Oregon,—while all eyes are straining into the future, and all hearts are beating high with expectation,—the old-fashioned Breton eyes with the utmost unconcern these 'heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time,'—combs his long black hair, and walks about unashamed in his *bragou-bras*;—turns his back on the future, and looks only on the past—on his dead ancestors and the cross; and profoundly distrusts all improvement in this world. A grand, sublime, miraculous Past, is contrasted in his mind with a poor uninteresting Present, its mere appendix, and a Future without form or hope till the last day; the past is to him the great reality of the world—the reality, not of dilettantism, of forced reverence, of partial or factitious interest, but of life-long faith. Fixed, undeniable, stands the solid past, and he reflects and rehearses it as he can; the work of present men is but vanity, their promised future a shadow. The progress of the ages, roughly as it has sometimes gone, has left him much as it found him, some considerable time before the Council of Trent.

'*Le pays le plus arriéré de la France!*' says the *commis-royageur* from civilized Orleans or Rouen, to his neighbours in the barbarian diligence: and such is it likely to remain for some time longer, in spite of tri-color and steam-engine; in spite of the sneers and wares of *commis-royageurs*, and interesting poetical accounts of the country by '*Bretons francisés*'—in spite of walking and reading parties from Oxford—in spite of departemental roads, and improving inns, and agricultural societies. The onslaught of civilization is determined, and full of hope—nay, it is progressive; statistics measure the encroachments of the French language upon the Breton, as we measure those of the sea, by leagues; but civilization has a tough and intractable pupil, and does not get on fast with its work. It tells, to be sure, on the enlightened *bourgeois*; but the enlightened *bourgeois* cannot print their mark on the country or the population, or

force themselves into notice. The peasantry represent Brittany as the middle classes represent England; they are the people of most will and character—a hard, silent, obstinate, impassive race, living in their own old world, and, in the lofty feeling of its antiquity, taking no reflection from that upstart one which mixes with them—almost ignoring it. Modern France has been struggling hard to pull them up to a respectable level in society; they shake their heads, resisting in silence. First the guillotine was tried—‘*Quel torrent révolutionnaire que cette Loire!*’ wrote Carrier—Carrier of the *noyades*; ‘enraptured,’ adds the historian, ‘with the poetry of his crime:’—but it would not do:—

—‘It was a war between the guillotine and belief; a murderous war, in which the guillotine used its knife, and was beaten. This contest did not, as in La Vendée, degenerate into a civil war; with some exceptions, Lower Brittany remained immovable; but remained on her knees, with clasped hands, in spite of all that could be done to hinder her. Nothing could impair the freshness of her primitive faith. She yielded neither to anger nor to fear. The *bonnet rouge* might be forced on her head, but not on her ideas.

“‘I will have your church-tower knocked down,” said Jean Bon-Saint-André to the Maire of a village, “that you may have no object to recall to you your old superstitions.” “Anyhow you will have to leave us the stars,” replied the peasant, “and those we can see farther off than our church-tower.”’—*Souvestre*, pp. 206, 207.

In the quieter times of the Directory, busy, fussy, sentimental citizen Cambry, ‘commissioned to detail the state, political, moral, and statistical, of the department of Finistère,’ plunged fearlessly into its bogs and thick darkness, philosophized, pitied, collected stories; found citizen-Maires in sabots, polite and attentive; had many interviews with ignorant but promising municipalities, suggested improvements, reported on capabilities, —hopeful, ardent citizen Cambry, filled with lofty compassion, devoted to the conversion of ‘*notre pauvre vieille Bretagne*’ to civism and cleanliness:—but, alas, citizen Cambry is dead of apoplexy, and civil Maires and municipalities have not realized the promises they gave; they still believe in their priests. The great imperial mind, which new-modelled France, tried his hand on Brittany;—tried to give it a centre; called Pontivy, after his own name, Napoleonville; began a new broad straight street among its crooked alleys; but the new street is unfinished, and Napoleonville has gone back to Pontivy.² Even the conscription did little: even captains in the imperial armies, when they got back to Basse Bretagne, resumed their sabots and baggy breeches, their *bragou-bras*. ‘We shall stay as we are,’ says a modern Breton writer, ‘till the railroad drives through our villages of granite;’³

¹ Michelet, vol. i.

² Trollope, vol. i. p. 371.

³ Pitre-Chevalier.

—and, we cannot help thinking, for some time longer. The railway, and the navigators, its pioneers, will most assuredly produce some strange and strong impressions on the Breton peasants, and they will open their eyes and make the sign of the cross: it will enable, perhaps, navy-officers from Brest, and merchants from St. Malo, to see more of their friends in Paris; but it will pass by the *villages*, the *foci* of Breton character and feeling. It will be a long time before the influence which the railway brings with it works upon them.

Still, the struggle is going on, and it is a curious spectacle to see the new intruding into the old, setting itself up by its side, fastening itself on to it, and slowly and cunningly,—for the old is strong,—edging it out. The new has now become discreet and cautious; the old looks on, dubious, unintelligent, mistrustful, but by no means in an imitative humour, doggedly keeping its old fashions. Paris has mapped out the old province into departments and *communes*, and *préfetures* and *sous-préfetures*; the system is externally the same as in the rest of uniform new-fangled France; but the old ignored divisions are those which are felt. Parishes will maintain their isolation and singularities; Léon and Cornouaille still keep their ancient names, and continue distinct and hostile, though clamped together to make up Finistère. The contrast is grotesque:—for instance, the modern government machinery for improvement at work amid old Breton customs. The feast of the patron saint comes round,—the people naturally collect, as they have done for centuries, to a wake,—as they call it, a *pardon*,—to gain an indulgence, to worship, to make merry. They collect from various parishes, and in various costumes, nowhere else seen in the world,—men as well as women, long-haired, dark-vested, wild-looking men, talking gravely their old Celtic dialect, and a little bad French, and sounding their bagpipes. French civilization meets them; M. le Maire and M. le Sous-préfet issue their programmes; there shall be a '*Fête patronale*,' a '*Fête agricole*.' Government and agricultural societies are full of encouragement; there are horse-races, matches between ploughs of the country and ploughs '*perfectionnées*,'—cattle shows for the improvement '*des races chevalines, bovinés, ovines, et gallinacées*,' prizes are given, purses of francs, model ploughs, '*Bodin's Elémens d'Agriculture*.'—*Fortunati si bona nôrint*,—if instead of telling old-world stories, they could seize the opportunity, and study '*Bodin*,'—perhaps they will in time. Meanwhile, in the midst of enlightened civic authorities with tight pantaloons and peaked beards, they herd together, a wild crowd of Celts, thinking a good deal more of the *Pardon*, and the dancing and wrestling, and the grand opportunity of getting drunk,

than of improving themselves in agriculture. The same contrast meets you on the face of the country. You are tempted to turn aside from the road to look at an old parish church; there it is, open, and empty, and silent, except the invariable ticking of the clock; there is its charnel house, and shelves of skulls, each with a name, and in a box by itself; its granite 'Calvaire,' with its hard Egyptian-looking figures; there is the votive lock of hair, or the holy spring; or the picture of a miracle of the last few years in the neighbourhood; or the rude weather-beaten image of the village saint, carved from the tree as it grew in the church-yard, about whom the peasant boys will tell you stories, if you can understand them. You cross the ridge, full of the thoughts of old Brittany, and you come upon modern industry and enterprise at work;—smuggling merchants of some unheard-of little port, building unaccountably extravagant basins and jetties,—the engineer hanging his light and beautiful suspension bridge, high over the large blue oily eddies of one of the tide rivers which tear the jagged coast-line, pushing his communication over the obstacles which annoyed Cæsar—'*pedestria itinera concisa æstuariis.*' Or you come to a chosen stage of innovation and modern fashion,—the modern race-course,—the 'Hippodrome,' which is the pride of Landerneau, and the envy of Quimper; here are all the appliances of the French turf, the course marked out, the seats for the Préfet, and the seats for the musicians;—and, in the midst, a gaunt weather-stained stone cross, to which the peasant, as he passes it, pulls off his hat.

Nevertheless, whatever lodgement civilization may have made, people curious in these matters are yet in time to see a very fair specimen of a middle-age population,—a peasantry, that is, for, as we have said, the towns-people, except in the more remote parts, or in the lowest rank, are simply French of a mongrel sort. The look, indeed, of some of the towns, carries us back some centuries;—the old burgher houses, for instance, at Lannion and Morlaix; or Dinan, with its walled town on the hill, and its suburb straggling up the hill side, with a street as steep and narrow and feudal-looking, as in the days of Du Guesclin,—but all this may easily be matched in other parts of the continent. Old Brittany is outside the towns.

'Poor rough Brittany, the element of resistance in France, extends her fields of quartz and schist, from the slate-quarries of Châteaulin, near Brest, to the slate-quarries of Angers. This is her extent, geologically speaking. However, from Angers to Rennes, the country is a *debatable* land, a *border* like that between England and Scotland, which early escaped from Brittany. The Breton tongue does not even begin at Rennes, but about Elven, Pontivy, Loudéac, and Châtaudren. Thence, as far as the extremity of Finistère, it is true Brittany—*Bretagne bretonnante*, a country

which has become alien to our own, exactly because it has remained too faithful to our original condition; so Gaulish, that it is scarcely French;—a country which would have slipped from us more than once, had we not held it fast, clenched and griped as in a vice, between four French cities, rough and stout Nantes and St. Malo, Rennes and Brest. . . . The Breton character is that of untameable resistance, and of blind, obstinate, intrepid opposition—for instance, Moreau, the opponent of Bonaparte. In the history of philosophy and literature, this character is still more plainly evidenced. The Breton Pelagius,¹ who infused stoicism into Christianity, and was the first churchman who uplifted his voice in behalf of human liberty, was succeeded by the Breton Abelard, and the Breton Descartes. Each of these three gave the impetus to the philosophy of his own age. However, Descartes' disdain of facts, and contempt for history and languages, clearly show that this independent genius, who founded psychology, and doubled the sphere of mathematics, was rather vigorous than comprehensive.

'This spirit of opposition, which is natural to Brittany, manifested itself in the last century and in ours, by two apparently contradictory facts. The same part of Brittany (St. Malo, Dinan, and St. Brieuc) which, in Louis the Fifteenth's day produced the unbelievers Duclos, Maupertuis, and Lamétrie, has, in our own time, given to Catholicism, its orator, and its poet—Chateaubriand, and La Mennais.'—*Michelet*, p. 111, *Eng. Transl.*

It is to this part of Brittany, where the old language is still preserved, that our remarks are meant to apply. Even in this part, there are many differences,—certainly of dialect,—between the four old Bishoprics of Léon, Tréguier, Cornouaille, and Vannes;—it is said, also, of character. Still, though each parish has its peculiarities and costume, and Tréguier may be more ribald, and Cornouaille dirtier and more light-hearted, than sombre Léon, there is a sufficient uniformity about them to allow of our speaking of them together.

One feature is common to them all—their religion. In these times of unbelief, or of a faith which, perhaps, for self-protection, is sparing of outward show and sign, it is a solemn and awful sight to see a whole population, visibly, and by habit, religious; believing in God, and instinctively showing their belief all day long, and in all possible circumstances. Their faith may, or may not, restrain and purify them—it need not necessarily; but in Brittany, there it is, not a formula, but a spirit, penetrating every corner and cranny of their character and life, free, unaffected, undisguised, not shrinking from the homeliest contacts and most startling conclusions, matching itself without stint or fear with every other reality. The sight, we repeat, is very subduing to those who have lived where nothing but the present world is assumed and referred to, in the forms and language of ordinary intercourse; where society is ever silent about God, and nothing that men do or say in their usual business, implies His existence. To such persons, this

¹ Pelagius was born in Wales. The reader will recollect the identity of race between Wales and Brittany.

perpetual recognition of His name and power, so uniformly, and often so unexpectedly, is like an evidence to the senses—a result and warning of the nearness of His presence.

Brittany is a religious country, if ever the term could be applied to a country—the Church has set her seal on land and people. How she gained over these tough, stubborn, dark-thoughted people, is not the least wonderful question in her history. Her conquest is best explained by the countless legends of self-sacrifice and gospel labour, which the Breton calendar has of its own. But once gained, they pay no divided allegiance, and if the outlines of their faith are coarse, they seem indelible. The feeling that they are Christians is ever present to them; they delight in the title. Their most popular songs are religious. Even their tragedies begin in the Most Holy name. The cross is every where; the beggar traces it on his morsel before he touches it; on all things, animate or inanimate, which are turned to the use of man, its mark is placed; it is set up in granite at the cross-road, on the moor, on the shifting sands, where, as long as it is in sight above the waves, the passenger need not fear the tide—‘*puisque,*’ says his guide, ‘*la croix nous voit.*’

Even the brute creation is brought within the hallowed circle—they have to fast with men on Christmas-eve, and they receive a blessing of their own from the Church: the very dogs, when they are sick, have a patron saint. The people may smile or joke themselves; but they do not the less believe. The speculator from civilized France, who comes to improve in Brittany, finds to his cost, that nothing can shake this faith. Say, he has to finish a sea-wall before the next spring-tide—there remains but one day:—

—‘The evening before, as the workmen were going from their work, a carter came to tell me that he could not bring his team to-morrow, because it was the *fête* of St. Eloi, and he must take his horses to hear Mass at Landerneau; another came soon after with the same tidings; then a third, then a fourth, at last all. I was alarmed; I explained to them the danger of waiting; I entreated; I got into a rage; I offered to double, to treble the wages of their work: it was no use. They listened attentively, entered into all my reasons, approved them,—and ended by repeating that they could not come, because their horses would die, if they did not hear the Mass of St. Eloi. I had to resign myself. Next day the spring-tide rose, covered the unfinished works, flooded the whole bay, and swept away the dyke, as it ebbed. This Mass cost me 30,000 francs.—*Souvestre*, p. 433.

They have not yet learnt the powers which God’s wisdom has, in these last days, placed in the hands of man. In Brittany still, as in those middle ages which it reflects, men feel that God only is strong, and that they are weak—helpless in a world of dangers—among irresistible and unknown powers, where God only can help them. ‘My God, succour

me: my bark is so little, and thy sea is so great;—so prays the Breton sailor as he passes the terrible cape, the *Bec du Raz*—and he speaks the universal feeling. He sees nothing between himself and the hand of God. He is still in the days of the Bible: the invisible world, he realizes it without effort, he is deeply interested in it, he has his scruples, his fears, his axioms about it, as his civilized cotemporaries have about the order of *their* world. They take for granted their own power, and trouble themselves about no other. He delivers himself up in his weakness, almost passively, into the hands of God. His submission, his intense conviction of the sorrows of this world, would almost amount to fatalism, were it not for his faith in the power of prayer.

‘It is only within a few years,’ says M. Souvestre, and we believe he does not over-colour the case—‘that physicians have been employed in the country districts; even now, confidence in them is far from being general. Some traditional medicines, prayers, masses at the parish church, vows to the best known saints, are the remedies mostly used. Every Sunday at service time, you may see women with eyes red with weeping, going up to the altar of the Virgin, with tapers, which they light and place there; they are sisters or wives who come to beg some dear life, of her who, like themselves, has known the cost of tears shed over a bier. You can tell by counting these tapers, which burn with a pale light upon the altar, how many souls there are in the parish ready to quit the earth.’
—*Souvestre*, pp. 9, 10.

The stern resignation to which this faith leads, this steady acquiescence in suffering as the order of Providence, puts out the political economist sadly. The Breton peasant or workman, strange to say, unlike his brethren in England or France, does not care to mend his condition: he is firmly persuaded that it is all one where he is, in this world,—a broad heroic view of things, though a partial and wrong one; but very maddening to speculators on ‘capabilities’ and ‘resources.’ There the peasant sits in his hovel by his fireside, silent and grave, mooning and dreaming about things invisible and days gone by, chanting his monotonous mournful poetry, making his coarse cloth, which no one wants to buy of him. It is no use telling him that his manufacture is too rude, that his market is gone—his father made cloth before him, and whether it sells or not, he cannot give over making it. ‘*Dans notre famille nous avons toujours été fabricants de toiles.*’ Arguments are beaten back by the recollection of past days—‘*dans notre famille nous avons été riches autrefois;*’ and when he can no longer resist the assertion that times are changed, he sighs and says—‘*c’est le bon Dieu qui conduit le pauvre monde.*’—‘After that, press him no more, you have reached the ‘end of his arguments, you have driven him back on Providence:

to any further objections he will make no answer.¹ Yet at this very moment he has not given up the hope that the old days will come back; he can see no reason why they should not. He dreams of his new coat of brown cloth that he will 'purchase, and of the silver dishes that he will substitute for 'his wooden spoons—these silver dishes are the utmost stretch 'of the Breton workman's ambitious visions. This point reached, 'he goes to sleep in his rapture; and the next morning, cold 'and hunger awaken him as usual at sunrise, and he resumes 'the toils and bitter realities of his daily life.'²

But there are times when this heavy, narrow-minded, melancholy, lethargic drudge, who drones and pines while others work, rises and fills out into a breadth and grandeur of character, when all other men are helpless and despicable with terror. The cholera, when it was in the province, drew forth to the full the Breton peasant, his nobleness and his folly;—his faith and uncomplaining resignation—his obstinate distrust of all that comes through man: and both in exaggerated proportions. We quote from M. Souvestre:—

After speaking of the cry of the Paris mob, that the government had poisoned the provisions, he goes on:—

'In Brittany, where the government, its form and name, are almost unknown, and parties are political only because they are religious, it was naturally otherwise. Any one who had told our peasants that government was poisoning them, would scarcely have been understood. For them, there are but two powers, God and the devil,—they looked not to criminal conspiracies for the cause of the evil which smote them. "*The finger of God has touched us;*" "*God has delivered us to the devil;*"—this was their energetic language. And forthwith the report was spread in the country, of supernatural apparitions,—red women had been seen near Brest, breathing the pestilence over the vallies. A beggar woman maintained before the magistrates, "that she had seen them—had spoken with them." Menacing signs gave warning that God was about to cast his "*evil air*" over the country,—the churches were opened, and the people awaited, without taking any precautions, the fearful guest, whose approach was announced to them. I asked the priest of one of the parishes in the Léonais, what precautions he had taken. As we were leaving the church, he silently pointed with his hand, and shewed me *twelve pits ready opened.*'

The cholera soon came, and came with fury:—

'But the peasant of Léon, accustomed to hard trials, bowed his head beneath the scourge. Once only the murmur of grief and discontent was heard in our country districts; it was when, for fear of contagion, it was proposed to bury those who died of cholera in the cemeteries of remote chapels. The relations and friends of the dead collected round the coffin, and opposed its removal from the parish churchyard, which already contained the bones of those whom he loved. Indeed, in some places, it was not without danger that the new orders were carried into effect: these

¹ Souvestre, p. 368.

² Ibid. p. 369.

men, who disdain to wrangle about their place in life, disputed with eagerness for their place in the churchyard. You should have heard their words in this strange long dispute, to know the depth of those hearts. "The remains of our fathers are here," they repeated; "why separate him who is just dead? Banished down there to the burying-ground of the chapel, he will hear neither the chants of the service, nor the prayers which ransom the departed. Here is his place. We can see his grave from our windows; we can send our smallest children every evening to pray here; this earth is the property of the dead, no power can take it from them, or exchange it for another." In vain people spoke of the danger of the accumulation of corpses in the parish churchyard, always in the middle of the village, and surrounded with houses. They shook their large heads sadly, and their flowing hair. "Corpses do not kill those who are alive," they answered; "death does not come except by the will of God." At last it became necessary to apply to the priests, to overcome their resistance; and all the authority of the priests themselves was scarcely enough to make them yield to the change. I shall never forget having heard the rector at Taulé talking long to them about it, and assuring them, in the name of God, whom he represented, that the dead had not the feelings of the living, and did not suffer by this separation from the graves of their forefathers. These explanations, which would have made one smile under other circumstances, took so strange a character of seriousness, from the air of conviction in the priest, and the intense attention of the crowd, that they left no feeling but that of extreme amazement and involuntary awe.—*Souvestre*, pp. 14—17.

These views of life are not the views of a soft and tender-hearted people. The Breton who suffers unmoved, looks unmoved on suffering in others. He may help or not, as it may be; he will not waste many words or much compassion. But the Church, which has not made him feel for suffering as such, has impressed, like an instinct on his soul, that deep reverence for earthly humiliation, which since the Sermon on the Mount she has never forgotten. The roughest and hardest Breton wrecker never turned away from the beggar—the '*hôte du bon Dieu*,' who visits his hovel, or who sits praying and begging by the way-side or the church-door. He sees in him one touched by the 'finger of God'—this moves him, though physical suffering does not. And that most touching faith of early times is still strong among them, which revered the idiot; which believed him to be in grace, and sought his intercession because he could do no sin; which, because of the extremity of his degradation, felt sure that the All-merciful was with him, and would visit him who was so humbled in the eyes of men. The most famous church in Brittany was raised to consecrate the memory of one of them. Every one who travels there, hears wherever he goes of the renown of the *Folgoat*—the work of the glorious days of Brittany, now scathed and battered by the Revolution; where instead of the princely convent, a few *Sœurs de la Providence* educate poor children—'*les filles des misérables*.' And though English taste may think it over-rated, it is a noble church,—with its two towers and spires of pierced granite, and its line of five

altars, along the eastern wall, carved with the most exquisite beauty, of the sharp dark grey *Kersanton*. The legend which led to the building of this church, shall be given as it was read in the church itself.¹ We shall not be surprised at our readers smiling, or, if it is worth while, condemning; but we think they will be touched, at least, by the manner in which it is told.

‘On the Sunday before All Saints, 1370, deceased the blessed Salaun, or Solomon, vulgarly called the Fool, because he was taken for one naturally dull, and wanting reason, having never been able to learn anything save only these two words, “*Ave Maria*,” which he would say and repeat without ceasing. This poor innocent had made for himself a wretched dwelling beneath a great tree, whereof the branches were very low, and were to him for a roof and walls. There he lived by himself, lying on the bare ground: and when he was hungry, going through the town of Lesneven, he asked for bread, saying, in his Breton language, “*Ave Maria, Salaun a de pre bara*,”—that is, “*Solomon would fain eat bread*,” and then he would return to his abode, where he dipped his bread in the water of a fountain hard by; and no one all his life long could make him eat or drink any thing else, or sleep elsewhere. And when in winter time he was cold, he climbed up into his tree, and hung on to the branches, swinging backwards and forwards, to warm himself by the motion of his body, and singing the while with a loud voice, “*O-o-o-o-o-o, Maria*.” So that, from his simpleness of life, they called him only “*the fool*.” At last, he having deceased, the neighbours, who were poor country-folk, simple and ignorant, supposing, from his innocence, that as he had lived without use of reason, or knowledge of God or religion, as far as it appeared to them, so he had not died like a Christian, not having been assisted by the Church-folk, nor having asked for any of the Sacraments; and thinking also that those frequent words which he had in his mouth, “*Ave Maria*,” meant nothing religious, but rather that they were a custom, without his knowing their meaning; and also setting down his great austerity of life to a brutish disposition by nature, which never could have tasted good or evil;—therefore they thought him not worthy to be buried in holy ground. And, moreover, his body being disowned of his friends, and despised by others, the trouble and charges of carrying it to be buried in the parish burying-ground, which was about one league distant, were an excuse to each one of them, to flatter himself in this lack of charity and kindness. So it was, that he was buried by the peasants, like a beast, at the foot of his tree, without priests, or the accustomed ceremonies of the Church. But the good and all-merciful God, to whom only it appertains to judge of the end, whether blessed or miserable, of all men, caused it to be seen then, for the consolation of the poor and simple in heart, that paradise is not only for those whom the world calls wise and understanding; and, above all, that the invocation of the name of his Holy Mother, is verily a mark of predestination and salvation. For the night following, there sprung and grew up marvellously, out of the grave of this innocent, a lily all covered with flowers, though the season was adverse, and near to winter; and upon these flowers, and also upon the leaves of the tree, were read these words, imprinted, “*O Maria*,” and “*Ave Maria*,” just as if they had been naturally traced and graven; and they continued, until, the winter drawing on, the leaves fell off from the flowers, and from the tree. At the noise and fame of this so admirable an event, there came together from all parts, an infinite number of folk, as

¹ The legend is hung up on a board, in old French, on one of the piers.

well of the clergy, as of the nobility and others, who proposed to build a church in honour of the glorious Virgin, in this place, sanctified by so evident a miracle, and where the invocation of her holy name had appeared so effectual.'

A people who build churches in honour of fools, must be expected to do many other strange things, grotesque, puzzling, revolting, to the shrinking taste and the cautious, unventuresome imagination of the civilized traveller, who suddenly throws himself into this mediæval race. Modern faith shrinks from details, declines the doubtful, cannot tolerate juxtaposition of the heterogeneous; it is not imaginative or wide. Not so the hardy, daring faith that still survives in Brittany. There the world of faith is the counterpart of the world of sight; a world which addresses itself not merely to the devotional or contemplative feelings, but to the whole man; as full of detail and variety as the visible creation; with its heights and depths, with its unaccountable phenomena, its strange conjunctions; which opens up, not by a formless, featureless expanse of light, but by visions insulated, unfinished, yet distinct, to the Everlasting Throne—which sinks down, through all loathsomeness, absurdity, terror, to the depths of the bottomless pit; and in this middle world presents a mixture astounding, yet to its own denizens most natural, of the heavenly, the human, and the infernal.

There is one prominent feature in this, which excites very strange feelings in the serious Englishman. He has probably been accustomed to think only with solemn fear of that evil being, who is to him almost the unnameable: not with hatred, not with contempt, not with anything approaching to levity. He goes to Brittany, and he finds, as in the middle ages, that the prevailing feeling is one of heart-felt derision, implying, but almost too strong to show, real human hatred—the feeling of redeemed man triumphing over and laughing to scorn his outwitted enemy. He is brought in to make sport, in the Breton play, or the Breton tale: the Breton hero must always, to keep up his character, '*jouer quelque mauvais tour au diable*.' 'Le diable,' says M. Souvestre, '*est la victime obligé, c'est l'Orgon du fabliau Bas-Breton; dans le genre plaisant, comme dans le genre terrible, sa figure est celle qui domine*.' 'C'est une assez curieuse étude,' adds our philosophic *Breton-francisé*, 'que celle de cette vieille haine, qui prend tour à tour la forme de la malédiction, ou de la raillerie.'

The popular stories are all of his baffled power and cunning,—not of tremendous conflicts, souls staked and lost, or but hardly saved, but of his ridiculous failures, or precipitate and foolish bargains with men. There is a grotesque belief,—sprung, perhaps, from the same feeling which gave birth to

Eastern Dualism,—that the wild animals, and the coarse and ugly species of the same type, are the result of his abortive efforts at creation; the ass in his copy of the horse, the fox of the dog. In his contests with man, he is defeated not by sanctity, but by superior cunning. He tries his sharpness against the long-headed shrewd peasant, or the light-hearted, quick-witted Trondec, the great mythic hero of these encounters; and he is disgracefully taken in, laughed at, and duly tortured. Nothing so completely recalls the grotesque side of the middle ages, as these strange tales, so profane to our ears, which the traveller may still hear in the inn-kitchen, or in the *petite coiture*.

Another, and a different feature of mediæval times, are the pilgrimages and '*pardons*;'—assemblages, by hundreds and thousands, to seek the blessing attached to a particular spot. There is the same undoubting and ardent devotion—there are also, in many cases, the same excesses. The smaller meetings, it is said, are free from these scandals: certainly, nothing can be more striking and solemn than some of them, from first to last,—unless there happens to be present a rude Englishman, or, what is still worse, a mocking Frenchman. But at the larger ones, part of the business of the day is to get drunk, to the annual vexation of the priests, and the annual entertainment of the neighbouring *bourgeois*. M. Souvestre's account of one of the most famous pilgrimages, is revolting in the extreme. We will extract from Mr. Trollope a description of another, which probably is a fairer specimen—it is told with offensive flippancy, but the picture is not unfaithful.

'We left Morlaix by the picturesque fauxbourg of Troudousten, which lines the side of the valley with its irregular collection of buildings; and then traversed the shady woods of Tréfeunteuiou, and the deep valley of the Dourdu. . . . Farther on, we crossed the little stream of the Mesqueau, and soon after arrived at the object of our pilgrimage.

'All this time we had been journeying amid a crowd of all ages and sexes, who were bound to the same point, and which became denser as we approached the village. We made directly for the church, as the grand centre of interest; and, having reached the churchyard, found ourselves in the midst of a scene, which it is almost as difficult adequately to describe, as it is impossible ever to forget.

'The church is a large building, with a handsome tower, standing in the midst of an area, which is but little encumbered with gravestones. This was thickly crowded with a collection of men, women, and children, more motley in appearance than can readily be conceived by any one who has not seen the never-ending variety of Breton costume. The churchyard was bounded on part of one side by a long straggling building, which had been turned into a cabaret for the occasion. The door, and front of this house, were on the side looking away from the church; but a window opening into the churchyard, had been converted into a temporary door, for the more ready passage of the pilgrims from one to the other of the two occupations, drinking and devotion, which, on a pilgrimage, as for the most part elsewhere, form the principal amusements of a Breton's life.

'In the parts of the inclosure farthest from the church, were erected a quantity of booths, beneath which were exposed for sale innumerable specimens of all the various trumpery which forms the machinery of Romish devotion. Pictures and figures of saints, especially of St. John the Baptist, of every possible size, form, and sort; chaplets of various materials; bottles of water from holy fountains; crucifixes, crosses, and calvaries, &c., were the principal articles. Amid these, other stalls were devoted to the more mundane luxuries of nuts, rolls, figs, sausages, prunes, biscuits, apples, crêpe, &c. By the side of the pathway leading to the principal door of the church the dealers in wax and tallow candles had stationed themselves. The consumption of these, and the supply provided for it, were enormous.

'The thing that most struck me after the first glance at the various heterogeneous parts of this strange scene, was an equable and constant motion of that part of the crowd who were nearest to the church, around the walls of the building; and, on pressing forwards, I found an unceasing stream of pilgrims walking round the church, saying prayers, and telling their beads. Many performed this part of the ceremony on their bare knees.

'Just outside the moving circle thus formed, and constituting a sort of division between it and the rest of the crowd, were a row of mendicants, whose united appearance was something far more horrible than I have any hope of conveying any idea of to the reader. Let him combine every image that his imagination can conceive of hideous deformity and frightful mutilation; of loathsome filth, and squalid, vermin-breeding corruption; of festering wounds, and leprous, putrifying sores; and let him suppose all this exposed in the broad light of day, and arranged carefully and skilfully by the wretched creatures whose stock in trade this mass of horrors constitutes, so as to produce the utmost possible amount of loathsomeness and sickening disgust; and when he has done this to the extent of his imagination, I feel convinced that he will have but an imperfect idea of what met my eyes at St. Jean du Doigt.

'Each horrible object continued all the day in the position he had taken up, and, in many instances, in attitudes which it appeared scarcely possible to retain so long. One man lay on his back on the ground, while both his bare legs were raised high in air, and sustained in that position by crutches. Of course each studiously placed himself so as most to expose that particular affliction which qualified him to take his place among the sickening crew. All vociferated their appeals to the charity of the crowd incessantly, and most of them appeared to receive a great many alms from the pilgrims. Some gave a small coin to every one of the revolting circle. In many instances we observed change demanded by the giver, and produced readily by the miserable object of his charity. Many gave part of the provisions which they had brought with them in their wallets from their distant homes.

'The novelty and strangeness of the scene around the church detained us long from entering it. Fresh pilgrims continued to arrive every instant, and joined themselves to the never-ceasing procession around the building, who came, as was evident from their costume, from various distant parts of the country. Grave, decorous peasants, in black, from the neighbourhood of Morlaix and St. Thégonec, were mixed with wild-looking-travel-stained figures from the hills. Here a group might be seen, whose white flannel jackets and violet-coloured breeches shewed them to be from the neighbourhood of St. Pol de Leon; and there a blue cloak, with its short, falling cape, declared its wearer to have come from the western extremity of the northern coast. Roscovites were there, with their close, green jackets, white trousers, and red sashes; and inhabitants of the distant shores oppo-

site to Brest, distinguishable by their glaring costume of red coats and breeches, and white waistcoats, adorned with crimson buttons.

'In the midst of all these, but keeping in a knot together, might be seen a group, perhaps more remarkable than any of the others. Their small, blue, cloth caps, very similar to those worn by the Greeks, their dingy woollen jackets, short loose linen breeches, and bare legs and feet, distinguished them sufficiently amid all the other varieties of costume. These were the men of Plouguerneau and Kerlouan, remote communes on the northern shore of the department . . . They are said to be a lawless and ferocious race, obtaining but a poor subsistence from their ill-cultivated soil, and willing to eke it out by less peaceful and less reputable means. And it must be confessed that their harsh and wild-looking features, bronzed sinewy limbs, and the free, vigorous manner in which they handle their "penbas," incline the imagination to give credit to the unfavourable reports which are spread concerning them.

'Each freshly arrived party, as they entered the churchyard, fell into the ranks, and, muttering as they went, commenced the tour of the church; and, having performed that, some more, some fewer times, proceeded next into the interior, and struggled onwards through the crowd towards the altar. This was no easy matter to accomplish. We followed into the church a recently arrived party of very poor-looking pilgrims from the hills, whose liberal alms-giving we had been observing with surprise and interest, and endeavoured to make our way towards the altar in their wake.

'The church was large; but it was crowded to such a degree, that it was absolutely difficult to find room to stand within the doors. By degrees, however, and by dint of long perseverance and much striving, we at length got near the principal altar. A narrow passage along the front of the rails of this had been partitioned off, into one end of which the crowd struggled, and issued from the other.

'Within the rails was a priest, carrying the Finger in its little case, and applying it to the eyes of the people, one after another, as fast as he possibly could. Running the whole length along the top of the rails of the altar was a sort of box, about four inches broad, by six deep. The top consisted of a sort of grating, formed of a succession of wooden bars, with interstices between them, about a third of an inch in breadth. Into this each devotee dropped one or more pieces of money as soon as the miraculous relic had touched his eyes.

'I have been assured that the sum of money received annually at St. Jean du Doigt on this day is very considerable indeed. And I can easily conceive it to be so; for the confluence of people was immense, and, of course, no one there failed to come to the altar, nor could I perceive that any one left it without having deposited an offering in the box.

'The crowding, pushing, struggling, and jostling, at the entrance to the passage in front of the altar, was tremendous. Here, high above the heads of the undulating crowd, mounted on a level with the top of the altar-rails, was a beadle, with a good stout cane in his hand, with which he was laying about him vigorously; whacking the most violent and impatient of the crowds over their heads and shoulders; much in the same manner that a Smithfield drover regulates the motions of an irritated and over-driven herd of bullocks.

'We remained near the altar for some time. But there was nothing more to see than we had seen. The same thing continued without the slightest variation. Fresh comers continually thronged to the door of the passage, and supplied the places of those who kept streaming from the other end, as fast as the priest could touch both their eyes with the sacred relic. And this continued nearly the whole day.

'I could not perceive that any body watched, to see if the people dropped

their money. The priest certainly paid no attention to it, being fully engaged in performing his own task, now stepping back a little, and now forward, and now stretching out his arm to some one behind, whom the throng prevented from getting close to the altar-rails. It appeared, indeed, that the honesty or fanaticism of the pilgrims rendered any care on this point unnecessary. For I observed many, who had had the finger applied to their eyes across others, and were consequently separated from the box on the rails, and were being carried away by the motion of the crowd, struggling hard to reach the box with their hand, to deposit therein their offering . . . This continued without stopping till about six o'clock, at which hour the procession was to take place.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 245—259.

In spite of the length of our extract, we shall venture on another, describing a custom which has struck all who have seen it—the fires on the Eve of St. John.

'There are few villages or hamlets in Brittany that have not their bonfire on the eve of St. John; but of course, in the village under his peculiar patronage, and in the presence of hundreds of pilgrims, assembled for his express honour, the rite is solemnized with especial pomp and circumstance, and the blaze is a glorious one.

'To this spot the solemn train proceeded. A hollow way led up the side of the hill, and in some degree compelled, by its narrowness, the immense crowd to keep behind the procession. We however climbed up the steep side of this ravine, and thus, high above the heads of the crowd, looked down upon the assembled multitude. The coup-d'œil was certainly a very striking one. The processional pomp, examined in detail, was, of course, mean and ridiculous. But the general aspect of the prodigious multitude assembled from so many distant homes, their deep seriousness, and evident devotion, as with bare heads, and long locks streaming in the wind, they raised the burthen of their solemn chant, could not fail to effect powerfully the imagination.

'At length the living mass reached the top of the hill, and arranged itself in a vast circle around the huge stack of dry broom and furze, which was destined to the flames. Some fireworks were to be let off first; and when this had been done, the firing of a cannon gave the signal that the bonfire was about to be lighted. This, however, was to be accomplished in no ordinary way, but by fire from heaven, or by a contrivance intended to resemble it in effect, as nearly as might be. A long rope was attached to the top of the church tower, the other end of which communicated with the fuel. Along this a "feu d'artifice," in the form of a dove, was to be launched, which was to run along the line, and ignite the dry brushwood.

'Great is the importance attached to this feat of ingenuity, and long is the sight looked forward to by the admiring peasants. Down shot the fiery dove at the sound of the cannon, and briskly she flew along the rope, amid the murmured raptures of the crowd, till she had travelled about half the distance. But, there, alas! she stopped dead, nor could any expedient of shaking the rope, &c., induce her to advance another inch.

'The fact was, that the rope was not stretched tightly enough to produce an uninterrupted line in an inclined plane. Its own weight caused it to form a considerable curve, and the dove decidedly refused to advance an inch up hill. Thus foiled in their scenic effect, the masters of the ceremonies were fain to light their bonfire in an ordinary and less ambitious way.

'This was soon done. The dry brushwood blazed up in an instant, and the already wide circle around the fire was soon enlarged by the heat, which drove back the thick ranks by its rapidly increasing power. . . .

'Soon after the pile was lighted, the clergy, with the banners, the relics,

and the principal part of the procession, left the bonfire, and returned down the hill to the village. This appeared to be the signal that all semblance of a religious ceremony might now be dropped. The remainder of the evening was given up to unrestrained merry-making and carousing. The dance around the fire, which, when formerly it was lighted at the same period of the year, in honour of the Sun, was intended to typify the motion of the stars, and has been preserved, though meaningless, since the Christianization of the festival, was duly performed. Cattle were brought, and made to leap over the burning embers, to preserve them from disease, and from the malice of the fairies. Boys and girls rushed in, and snatched from the glowing mass a half-consumed morsel, to be carefully preserved till next St. John's eve for good-luck—shouts and cries rose on all sides from the excited multitude; and the whole scene, over which a solemn and religious spirit had so recently presided, became one of frolic and confusion.

'One after another the surrounding hills were lighted up each with its crowning bonfire, and the reflections of many others still more distant were seen in the sky, imparting to the heavens in every direction the ruddy glow of a golden sunset. Then groups of girls, in their holiday trim, might be seen stealing off, and mounting the various points of the hills, to try if they could see nine fires at once. For, if they can do this, they are sure of being married in the course of the year.

'The more soberly disposed and steady among the crowd were leaving the village in parties varying in number, when we started on our walk back to Morlaix. We left, however, a sufficient multitude behind us, who were apparently little disposed to bring their revelling to so early a conclusion. We did not return by the road we had come, but by Lanmeur. The whole country through which we passed was illumined by a succession of fires. And on many of the hills a shadowy circle of ghost-like figures might be seen, moving around the distant flames. We found no less than three bonfires blazing in different places in the very middle of the road, over which two or three diligences would have to pass in the course of a few hours.

'Several fires were burning in the streets and open spaces of the town when we got to Morlaix, and lighted up, with a strange and striking effect, the picturesque old houses, and the grotesque figures and carving on their highly-ornamented fronts.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 265—271.

It is not necessary, we think, to have recourse to a Celtic rite for the explanation of the fires on St. John's Eve. In this case the supposition is simply gratuitous; and at any rate it is now, though mixed with many superstitions, a Christian festival, celebrated with no unnatural or ungraceful joy. But there are more questionable usages among these wild people: Paganism has scarcely yet been quite rubbed out from among them—the religion of the wells, and woods, and heaths, and shores;—the tall ghost-like stone on the moor, still fills the peasant with supernatural awe, though the cross has been set upon it. It is startling to be told by M. de Fréminville, a writer who professes accuracy, and is not a free-thinker, that on the western coast, and in the Isle of Ushant, idolatry was practised as late as the seventeenth century.¹ Idolatry is now gone; but wild fearful ideas about the invisible world still linger, and belief in the mystic powers of

¹ Trollope, ii. 279, 386, 389. Cambry, p. 64.

nature, mixed up with Christian legends. It is on the western coast that these superstitions, solemn everywhere in Brittany, are most dreary and terrible; that coast which looks out on the desolate ocean—*‘la proue de l’ancien monde’*—and shares its gloom and storm. Even on the stillest day there is a sullen savage look about the scene, about the gaunt dark rocks, the long low sandy islands in the hazy distance, the heavy sleepy balancing of the endless waters in their bed, *immensi tremor Oceani*. “Who has ever passed along this funereal coast without exclaiming or feeling, *‘Tristis usque ad mortem?’*”¹ Every cape and island has its associations of terror or death; fit place for the *Nekyia* of the Odyssey;—the refuge of the spirits of darkness whom the Gospel had scared from Greece, and the East,—the abode of the weird virgins, who ruled the tempests; the birthplace of Merlin; the haunt of mermaids and sea-monsters, and, in later times, of wreckers:—

‘Never shall I forget the day on which I set out, early in the morning, from Auray, the sacred city of the Chouans, to visit the great druidical monuments of Loc Maria Ker, and of Carnac, which are some leagues distant. The first of these villages lies at the mouth of the filthy and fetid river of the Auray, *with its islands of Morbihan, outnumbering the days of the year*, and looks across a small bay to the fatal shore of Quiberon. There was a fog, such as envelopes these coasts one-half of the year. Sorry bridges lead across the marshes; at one point you meet with the low and sombre manor-house, with its long avenue of oaks—a feature religiously preserved in Brittany; at another, you encounter a peasant, who passes without looking at you, but he has scanned you askance with his night-bird eye,—a look which explains their famous war-cry, and the name of *Chouans* (owls), given them by the *blues*. There are no houses on the road-side; the peasants return nightly to their villages. On every side are vast *landes*, sadly set off by purple heath and gorse; the cultivated fields are white with buck-wheat. The eye is rather distressed than refreshed by this summer snow, and those dull and faded-looking colours—resembling *Ophelia’s* coronet of straw and flowers. As you proceed to Carnac, the country saddens. The plains are all rock, with a few black sheep, browsing on the flint. In the midst of this multitude of stones, many of which stand upright of themselves, the lines of Carnac inspire no astonishment; although there are several hundred stones still standing, the highest of which is fourteen feet.’—*Michelet, Eng. Trans. p. 114.*

The local legends are equally gloomy;—legends of sin and judgment, of the great city of Ys, and the cry of its wickedness coming up to heaven like Sodom, till its measure was full. Then King Gradlon’s wicked and beautiful daughter Dahut stole the golden key, which kept out the sea, and opened the floodgates, and let in the waters. But S. Gwenolen was sent to the king to save him:—‘Ah, sire, sire, let us depart quickly hence, for the wrath of God will destroy this place! Thou knowest the sin of this people, the

¹ Michelet.

measure is full; let us haste to depart, lest we be overtaken in the same calamity.' The king mounted his horse, with his daughter behind him, and fled out of the city; but the raging waves followed him, and were about to devour him.—'King Gradlon,' cried then a terrible voice, 'if thou wilt not perish, separate thyself from that evil one thou carriest behind thee.' The king knew the voice of Gwenolen,—the voice of God; he cast off his daughter to the sea, and the sea was satisfied with its prey, and stood still. But the city was swallowed up, with all that were in it, and its ruins are still pointed out under the Bay of Douarnenez.¹ There, when the storm is rising, the fishermen hear in the whistling moaning gale, the *crierien*, the voices of the shipwrecked, shrieking for burial; and tell that on Allsouls-day, *le jour des morts*, you may see the pale spirits rising on the crests of the waves, and scudding like the spray before the wind, in the *Baie des Trépassés*: it is the annual gathering of those who once lived on these shores, the drowned and the buried, and they seek each other among the waves. There also they believe that the demons which wait for the lost soul, show themselves in visible form about his door during his agony; they tell of fishers' boats, deeply laden with their invisible freight of spirits, gliding off to the ocean. There, at mysterious Carnac, the tombs are opened at midnight, the church is lighted up, and Death, clad in the vestments of a priest, preaches from the pulpit to thousands of kneeling skeletons: the peasants say that they have seen the lights, and heard the voice of the preacher. There also, near Auray, is the battle-field of Pluvigner, where the souls of the unshriven slain are condemned to wander till the Great Day, each in a straight line across the plain; and woe to the traveller who crosses the path of a spirit!

'While I was at Auray,' says Souvestre, 'I was enabled to judge how deeply the belief is rooted in the minds of the country people. A young country girl came to the house where I was staying, crying bitterly, and unable to speak. We interrogated her in alarm, and the poor girl told us, through her sobs, that her father was dying. He had gone yesterday to the fair of Pluvigner, and had returned alone and late by the fatal field. *He had been met by a spirit*—(while she said these words, her whole body trembled); he had been thrown down, and it was only in the morning that he had been found and brought home; a doctor was no good, it was a priest that he wanted; his hours were numbered.

'We went to the dying man. He was already in the agony; but he told us his story, in words interrupted by the horrible hiccough of the death-rattle. *He had been struck by a spirit*, and in spite of his efforts, he had been hurled from his horse.—The physician arrived, and declared that he had been seized with apoplexy.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 115, 116.

¹ Pitre-Chevalier, p. 88.

Nowhere do the ideas of death crowd in so thickly and drearily; but though they are here more gloomy and terrible, they are not confined to the coast. In the interior, they are of a more Christian and fireside character. On the coast, men think of the dead as exposed to the sea and storm; inland, they still think of them, but as lingering about their old homes and families. In Léon especially, as we have already seen in one instance, they keep up very strongly these household feelings about the dead. On Allsouls-day, the day on which the fishermen of the coast see the vexed spirits in the tossing waves of the *Baie des Trépassés*,—

‘The whole population of the Léonais rises serious and in mourning. It is the family anniversary, the time of commemorations; and nearly the whole day is spent in devotion. About midnight, after a meal taken in common, all retire; but the dishes are left on the table; for the Bretons think that, at that hour, those whom they have lost rise from the graveyards, and come to take their annual repast under the roof where they were born.’—*Souvestre*, p. 10.

The Breton shrinks from the thought of laying his bones out of the consecrated land of Brittany:—‘What would his poor soul feel, if it found itself at night among so many strange souls?’—and he shrinks equally from disturbing his fathers, by burying strangers in their honoured fellowship.¹ In the midst of rejoicing, the dead are not forgotten. On the eve of St. John, seats are set for them by the fires, that they may come and look on at the dancers. Even at the wedding, amid its grotesque ceremonies, they are thought of: the *bazvalan*, or village tailor, who conducts the negotiations, after inviting all the living relatives to go with him to church, excuses himself from inviting the dead, because to pronounce their names would be too painful;—‘but let every one uncover himself, as I do, and beg for them the blessing of the Church, and rest for their souls;’—and he aloud, and the rest in an under tone, repeat the ‘*De profundis*.’

These feelings are stamped on the face of the country. Even in the course of a summer visit, when the long sunny days, and the bright warm looks of sea and earth and sky, continuing week after week, make the mind less attentive and less open to opposite impressions—again and again will they force themselves upon it. What is elsewhere put out of sight, is here as much as possible kept before the face of the living. The way-side cross, with the inscription, ‘*Ici trépassa N.*,’ meets you perpetually. The parish churches in the country, especially if of any antiquity, have a strange character of hardness and dreariness, distinct from mere rudeness, and quite their own. The well-known forms of church

¹ *Souvestre*, pp. 363, 428.

architecture reappear, but with altered proportions, and a peculiar grotesque sternness;—granite without, instead of the chequered flint, and warm rich freestone of France and England—within, whitewash, with perhaps a broad border of black; wide open paved spaces; and the church ending, not in a chancel, but in a cross transept. Even when empty, there is generally one sound heard in them—the loud ticking of a clock. At the East end are the heavy, brightly painted images; in other parts of the church, and in the porch, set up on shelves, each in a small black box, pierced, and surmounted by the cross, the skulls of those who have worshipped there, taken out of their graves when their flesh has perished, and placed on high with their names—‘*Cy est le chef de N.*,’ in the sight of their children when they come to pray. They are literally churches of the dead as well as of the living.

In keeping with this character of the country, is the ‘sacred city’ of old Armorica—the chief see of Brittany, now decayed and brought low,—S. Pol de Léon. It still shows the beauty—the grace mingled with sternness—which the Church impressed upon it. For a couple of hours before he reaches the city, the traveller looks at its group of spires, which spring out on a rising ground from the vague outline of trees and houses; they are imprinted on his eye, and occupy and prepossess his imagination while he is approaching, and they grow in interest as he comes near. There are the two cathedral spires, and like them, but leaving them far behind, the Creisker; a pierced spire of granite, of strange and singular beauty, boldly deviating from the most graceful western types—not springing from its base with a continuously tapering outline, but rising long with solemn evenness from the ground, and then, after pausing at a deep and heavy cornice, shooting up amid a crowd of pinnacles, with inexpressible lightness and freedom into the sky. But the city beneath these beautiful structures is deserted and desolate; dull unbroken streets of granite, with a few people sitting at their doors, or it may be, squatted outside, like savages, round a fire:—

‘The general air of the place might impress a traveller with the notion that all the inhabitants were asleep. A deep and slumbering tranquillity seems to be the presiding genius of the town. . . . The principal building of the town is of course the *ci-devant* cathedral. It is small, low, and gloomy. No service was going on there when we entered. Two or three silent figures were kneeling motionless in different parts of the nave, and not a sound but the echo of our own footsteps disturbed the death-like stillness of the sombre place. But the quiet was hardly more profound than that of the city without; and the deep silence, the dingy walls, and the undisturbed dust on them, seemed attributes fitting a place of worship for this scarcely living city.’—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

Even the Creisker seems, to some minds, to harmonize with

the melancholy of the city: it was the remark of an intelligent Breton, that it was the only Gothic 'church that gave him the idea of *repose*, like the Grecian temples.' And any one who has wandered from the cold silent streets to the great *cimetière* outside, late on a summer's evening, when the full moon was rising, and hanging low and red over the misty bay behind; and has walked in this uncertain twilight along its straight avenues, bordered by ossuaries and 'stations,' till he stood in front of the great 'Calvary,' to which all the paths converge—in a broad open space paved with grave-stones, with dimly-seen groups, as large as life, of the Passion and the Burial, before and around him, and in the background the long low shapeless outline of the chapel of the cemetery—must remember well the solemn dreariness of the place—

' Reliquiæ mortis hic habitant.'

But Breton religion, with its mixture of wildness and thoughtfulness, its tenderness and sad resignation, has other sides. Faith, as of old, works in many ways. It is a fearful thing, yet nothing new, that it can co-exist, strong and all-pervading, with monstrous evil; it is compatible with violence, and hatred, and impurity. Faith is no restraint by itself,—is no test of the virtue of the multitude. An age of faith will be fruitful in good: but the evil that grows along with it may rival in horrible excess the most portentous births of atheism. The French Pantheist sees God in himself: '*même dans ses passions et ses délires.*' The Breton savage reverses this: firmly believing in One above him, he sees his own wild passions on the Throne of Power—he sees sympathy there with his feuds and hatreds. At no distant time, he made pilgrimages to obtain '*des bons naufrages*;' nay, by a distortion which is peculiar to his own stern character, and which, though less blasphemous, is almost more unnatural than his fierce appeals to the justice of God,—he transforms her whom his Church regards as the type of unmingled tenderness, into a minister of unerring revenge. There is a chapel near Tréguier—so says M. Souvestre, and there seems no reason to disbelieve him—consecrated to '*Notre Dame de la Haine*,' where men pray for vengeance, and believe that their prayer is never denied, at the shrine of her who is called the Mother of Mercies.

The fanaticism of this stern faith, when it blazes out, is of the same terrible character. Take the following scene, which Souvestre states that he witnessed in 1839. A *pardon* is going on—all are dancing under the light clear sky,

' When suddenly there was a movement in the crowd; the bagpipe was silent, the dance stopped, and I heard, passing round me, a name which struck me, João de Guiklan. I had heard his name the day before, and had been told

that he had gone out of his mind after a retreat at S. Pol de Léon, where the sermons, the solitude, and his naturally excitable temper, had worked him up into a wild fanaticism; and that he went about everywhere, preaching repentance, and throwing himself across the joys of life like a messenger of death. It was added, that he had lived for many years without house, or friends, or family. He taught the word of God in the country towns, slept at the foot of the stone crosses by the roadside, or on the thresholds of solitary chapels; he took in alms only what was necessary to satisfy his hunger, and refused, with disgust, the offer of money. Never, since his madness, had his hand been stretched out to ask for, or to clasp, another hand; never a word, save of holy counsel or prophetic threatening, had fallen from his lips. In the darkest and coldest winter nights, when the frost or snow had surprised him in some lonely track, and prevented him from sleeping on his bed of stone, he remained all night standing, with his rosary in his hand, chanting hymns in Breton. The people of the neighbourhood said, that a supernatural foreknowledge had been granted him, and that, at the hour when death was knocking at the door of a house, the madman always preceded it, crying, Repentance, Repentance! We soon perceived him standing on the blackened walls of a house which had been burnt some years before. He was a tall man, pale and thin. His hair fell over his shoulders, and he rolled his haggard eyes over the crowd which surrounded him. His gestures were frequent, and in jerks. He often shook his head like a wild beast, and then his black shaggy hair half veiling his face, gave a terrible character to his look. His harsh voice had that sing-song intonation common to the Breton accent.

‘His sermon, which turned upon the dangers of dancing, and the necessity of flying from the pleasures of the world, was, in itself, a very commonplace repetition of what I had heard twenty times in country churches; but, by degrees, the fit came upon him, and then his language assumed an energy by which I confess to have been myself overcome. Vivid images, stirring appeals, sarcasm, pointed, coarse, and driven home to the heart, and leaving its mark like a hot iron—this was its character. He pointed out to the crowd of dancers the rising tide, which would soon wash away the foot-prints which they had left on the sand; he compared the sea which roared round their mirth as if in menace, to eternity, incessantly murmuring round their life a terrible warning; then, by an abrupt and familiar transition, he addressed his words to a young man who stood before him—

“Good morrow, Pierre; good morrow to thee; dance and laugh, my son: here thou art, where, two years ago, they found the body of thy brother who was drowned.”

‘He continued in the same strain, calling every one by his name, stirring each heart by the bitterest recollections, and detailing them with ferocious exactness. This lasted long, and yet his cutting bantering was not softened. One felt, by turns, touched and indignant at hearing these sarcasms, sharp as daggers, which searched about in each man’s history, to find out some old wound to open. At last, João quitted these personal addresses, to speak of the pains reserved for the sinner, and attributing to God a horrible irony, he proclaimed to those who, on earth, had loved the intoxication of the dance and the revel, an eternal dance in the midst of the flames of hell. He described this circle of the damned, whirled about for millions of ages in a perpetual round of sufferings ever renewed, to the sound of wailing, and sobbing, and gnashing of teeth. In my life, I had never heard anything so agitating as this grotesque sermon, mingled with bursts of maniac laughter, with imprecations, and prayers:—the crowd breathed hard.

‘Then he contrasted, with this frightful description, a picture of the blessedness of the elect; but his expressions were feeble and tame. He was not carried away, except when he spoke of the necessity of self-mor-

tification, and of offering our sufferings to God. Then he gave the history of his life with so majestic a simplicity, that one might have fancied that one was hearing a page of Scripture. He told how he had lost his fortune, his children, his wife; and, at the recital of each loss, he exclaimed,—“It is well, my God; blessed be Thy holy name!” The women burst into tears. He added advice and exhortations to repentance; and finally, warming more and more, he told how his losses had appeared to him too little to expiate his sins. Jesus Christ had appeared to him in a dream, and had said to him, “Joân, give me thy left hand—to me, who gave my life for thy salvation.” “Lord, it is thine,” he had answered.—“And I have fulfilled my promise,” he cried, raising above his head his left arm, which till now we had not noticed.

‘There was a stump, wrapped round with bloody rags. A murmur of amazement and horror burst out all round.

“Who is afraid?—who is afraid?” rejoined the maniac, whose vehemence seemed only to increase. “I have restored to God that which he gave me. Woe be to you, if the deed done at the command of Christ has made your hearts sick! Behold! behold! It is Christ who has willed it. See what I have done for the love of Christ!”

‘And the miserable man tore off, in a frantic transport, the bandages of his wound, and, shaking his bare stump over the crowd, made the blood spurt in a half circle on all their heads.

‘A long cry of horror rose; part of the spectators fled terrified; some men threw themselves on the wall where he stood, and bore him to a neighbouring cottage, almost insensible.’—*Souvestre*, pp. 25—28.

Yet this Breton peasant—this outlandish mediæval being—with his stoical unhoping apathy, his low views of life, and vivid thoughts of death; with his wild dangerous faith, and dogged attachment to the past; so lofty and awful, and narrow-minded, and quaint,—is, after all, still a man; the chances are, a thoughtful, well-judging, honest man, without pretence or sham,—understanding and trusting himself with fairness; a man for unromantic self-sacrifices. Home and family feelings are as strong in Brittany as they are in England. Not that he is the least romantic in his domestic affections; home and family, however indispensable, are simply what tame prose makes them, scenes of work, trials of temper. Never does the Breton cheat himself by gay illusions, not even on his wedding-day. Though he is poetical then, and sings, his poetry comes in, not to dwell on visions of bliss, but on the troubles of the cottage nursery; to chant not an Epithalamium, but a Threnode. A strange ‘Song of the Bride,’ is that which Mr. Trollope has translated from *Souvestre*; and the Bridegroom’s is like it:—

‘In other days—in the days of my youth—how warm a heart I had! Adieu, my companions—adieu for ever!

‘I had a heart so ardent! Neither for gold, nor for silver, would I have given my poor heart! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

‘Alas! I have given it for nothing! Alas! I have placed it where joys and pleasures are no more. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

‘Pains and toil await me. Three cradles in the corner of the fire! A boy and a girl in each of them! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Three others in the middle of the house! Boys and girls are there together! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Go, maidens! haste to fairs and to pardons! but for me I must do so no longer! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'For me, see you not, that I must remain here? Henceforward I am but a servant, girls; for I am married. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

There is little gaiety, or gossip, or comfort in a Breton cottage; but nothing could make up to its tenant for the loss of its dull monotony. Just as it is, it exactly suits him; his surly affectionateness is satisfied with its dingy walls and silent company. We have drawn the wild side of his character; we will now extract a story from Souvestre, which shows him in his family—a curious picture of simplicity and reserve, of feeling and composure.

The writer goes to explore a Breton farm, one of the numberless little 'homes' which parcel out the country, and which, with their surrounding fields, lie out of view of the great thoroughfares, hidden by their sheltering elms, or betrayed only by their thin column of smoke.

'The home of Jean Mauguierou, like all others in Brittany, consisted exclusively of a ground-floor room. The floor was of earth beaten hard, and the ceiling was formed of hazel bushes, with their dry leaves still on them, made into bundles, and supported on cross poles. On two sides of the house were four "*lits clos*," (beds like berths on shipboard,) the wood-work blackened by time, and with the monogram H surmounted by the cross,—the usual decoration of Christian altars,—carved in open work on their sliding panels. Below these beds were seen chests of oak, with their delicate mouldings and slender shafts, spoils, no doubt, of some neighbouring manor-house, in the bad days, and carried off from the bower of some lady of the château to the peasant's cottage. A high-backed arm-chair, coarsely carved, was pushed into a corner of the huge chimney; and on the table opposite the casement, was the loaf of rye-bread wrapped up in a fringed napkin, under a white wicker cover. . . . As to the circumstances of the inhabitants, the large dung-heap which I had observed near the pond, and the sides of bacon hung over the hearth, showed plainly that Mauguierou might be reckoned among the rich farmers of the country.

'Just at this moment he appeared. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, stern and plain, but stoutly built. While he was talking with my friend, his wife was putting out milk, butter, and brown bread. She asked us to sit down, which we did, while Mauguierou lit his pipe at the fire.

'As I took up the box-wood spoon which had been set for me, I noticed that it was less rude in its make than the others, and that the name "Etienne" was carved along the handle, between two vine-leaves, rather gracefully cut.

'"Who is called Etienne in this house?" I asked. The farmer's wife blushed, but answered without hesitation, "It is a young man who is now a soldier."

' "Don't you expect him soon?" asked my friend.

' "He wrote that he should be here for August."

' "That will be two good arms more to help you."

' "And a good heart," said the woman, almost to herself.

'The husband, enveloped in his cloud of smoke, listened unmoved.

- "Who is this Etienne?" I said to my friend, in French.
 "He is Yvonne's lover," said he, pointing to the woman.
 "And is he coming to stay here?"
 "Yes, in a few days."
 "And is her husband satisfied?"
 "Her husband knows all."
 "I stared."
 "What sort of man is he, then?" I asked.
 "He is a worthy man, who has confidence, and with good reason;
 Etienne has been tried, he has nothing to fear from him."

Etienne and Yvonne had known each other, and been in love with each other from children. In course of time, Etienne became farm servant to Yvonne's father; and the two lovers plighted their troth, and made up their minds that they were to be man and wife. But Yvonne's father had been ill for a long time; the farm had been neglected, and had got out of order. Things became worse and worse; the bailiffs began to threaten. Etienne was a mere boy, and knew nothing of farming; he could not help. At this pinch, Mauguierou, another of the farm servants, who had hitherto been in the back-ground, came forward, and took the command. Under his management, things improved, and at length righted. Before dawn, and after night-fall, he was at work. His cheek sank, and his hair turned, his back became bowed, and his limbs stiffened; still he toiled on, silently and unostentatiously, with stern calmness, and the family was saved.

But Yvonne's father was dying. He called his children about his bed, and there, with the prayers for the dying already sounding in his ears, and with the funeral tapers already lighted at his bed's head, as at the head of a coffin, he spoke those sacred and solemn words, which the departing utter when their soul is in view of heaven. He bade Yvonne come near, and laying his icy hand on her brow, he reminded her that she was now the mother of her young brothers and sisters. Then calling Mauguierou to her side—"Here is the man who has raised our house," he said to her, "and has saved you from wandering about the roads with the beggar's wallet on your shoulder. You want him, Yvonne, for a stay to these children; he must be your husband, and master."

He saw that the young girl shuddered.

"I know," he added, "that thy heart is elsewhere; but he whom thou lovest cannot carry on the farm. Submit to what God wills; Christians receive baptism to suffer; thy duty is better than thy joy.—"

"And you, Mauguierou, be gentle to your wife, and allow her to weep sometimes."

Mauguierou, in silence, laid his hand on his heart, and bowed himself.

"It is well," said the dying man. "Now, Yvonne, will you do what I have asked of you? Will you be this man's wife, after I am dead?"

The young girl did not answer; she had fallen on her knees by the bed, sobbing, and in agony, she cried, "My father, my father!" But her tears prevented her from saying more, and she shrunk instinctively from the promise.

"Promise to obey your father, who is dying," said a voice behind her, full of lofty despair. Yvonne turned round; her eyes met Etienne's; it

was a farewell to happiness for both. Yvonne gave the promise, and her father died.

'A month afterwards, she had married Mauguérou. The day after the marriage, Etienne, who had been away for a week, came into the farm house. He went up to Mauguérou, who was sitting by the fire, took off his hat, and said, with a faint voice,—

' "Master, I am going away; yesterday, I became the king's soldier."

' Mauguérou looked at him with surprise.

' "Why are you leaving us?" he asked.

' "My heart is sick; I must go elsewhere."

' "You could have found a cure here among us."

' The young man shook his head, without answering.

' "Listen to me, Etienne," said Mauguérou, with simplicity; "remain here; everybody wishes you well; you have your stool by the fire, and your porringer in the dish-rack; your going will make a void among us."

' "It is better so, master—let me go. There are bad spirits round me in this house. I will come back when I have forgotten what is gone, when—when you have children."

' Mauguérou made a sign of distressed consent; Etienne twisted his hat for a moment in embarrassment, and there was a pause.

' "Good bye, Mauguérou," he said, at last, with a choked voice.

' The peasant seized his hand with both his own, and pressed it for some minutes without saying anything; then he called out—

' "Yvonne, Etienne is going; come and speak to him!" And he left the house.

' After a long and bitter farewell, the two lovers separated, and Etienne joined his regiment.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 442—450.

Jean Mauguérou is a true Breton peasant; a reserved, silent, not unobservant, not unintelligent man; though 'progress' has no charms for him: if you are a stranger and an Englishman—a *Saxon*—he will bear you no particular love, but he will probably treat you with a kind of just courtesy, and be a man of his word; his curiosity, or his local interest, may even make him talkative, and, if you can make out his French, he may startle you with some *naïve* disclosure of Chouan feeling, or popular superstition. Nor does he want for shrewdness, though he lives so much out of the world; in some districts especially, for every parish almost has its own character, he is a match for most opponents. The people of Roscoff, the green-grocers of the province, who travel riding and singing in their light carts almost to the gates of Paris, are dangerous traders: a purchaser must take care how he deals with them. *Souvestre* describes almost feelingly their skill in handling a customer; their bullying, or their caressing, according to circumstances; 'how, if he finds you firm, he will call you *son cher pauvre Chrétien*, and lavish on you 'the most endearing expressions of the Breton vocabulary, till

¹ 'L'adultère est extrêmement rare chez les paysans de la basse Bretagne; le titre de mère est une sauvegarde pour une femme, et éloigne d'elle toute idée de séduction. C'est avant le mariage seulement, que les lois de la chasteté sont violées.'—*Souvestre*, p. 449.

‘ he has insinuated his merchandize into your basket, and concluded his bargain before you have offered a price.’ But this is an exception; the grand resource of the Breton in making a bargain, is resolute ignorance of any language but his own.

‘ The natural enemies of the Breton farmers are the cunning, subtle, Norman horse-dealers, who have long ‘worked’ the province to great advantage. The Bretons know this, and are in a state of perpetual distrust of the horse-dealers, which increases their natural taciturnity. They often sham drunkenness, to make the horse-dealers think that it will be easy to surprise them; but generally, they entrench themselves in an apparent stupidity, of which nothing can express the grotesque truth. On that day not a single peasant knows French; and the inexperienced purchaser lets fall expressions, which guide the seller in his bargaining: but the older dealers are up to the farce, and retort by affecting an entire ignorance of the Celtic language. Then it is a scene worth looking at, this struggle between Breton and Norman trickery; the peasant listening immovably, with a stupid attention, to the horse-dealer’s remarks, who, with an air of indifference, looks at the horse as if he cared not a straw about it, remarks fifty faults, loud enough for the seller to hear, and ends by proposing half the real value;—the result of this “*fourberie laborieuse*” naturally being, that if the bargainers are equally matched, the fair price is hit upon.’—*Souvestre*, p. 295.

But bargain-making of any kind is not the line of the Breton; his defensive position shows that he is not at home in it. He adheres to the old notion of riches; he makes money, if he can, but by close parsimony, not by speculation; he hoards, but does not invest. The mere process of buying and selling has no attractions for him; his enjoyments are of a different kind. The nation is still too poetical for the joys of business.

As in many other things, so in this, Brittany is a specimen of the old world: it is still in its poetical phase; it has scarcely yet reached to prose; all is rhythm, all is traditional, everything is chanted or sung. ‘When the cholera was in the province,’ says Souvestre, ‘it was in vain that the préfet and the doctors sent forth proclamations, directions, warnings; no peasant would look at them, for they were mere official prose. The only way was to make a *chanson sur le cholera*, and set it to a national air; and then the beggars were soon chanting in all parts of the country, “what Christians were to do to escape the cholera.” Poetry is there in its earliest state, before it has become a literature, or a luxury, or the voice of individual feeling or genius; the natural, free, careless outpouring of feeling in rude and warm-hearted masses. Poetry is with them not an inspiration, but a habit of mind, a sense or faculty; a natural part of a character impressible and thoughtful, intent on few objects, and those absorbing ones. Without any great events, or great names, their poetry floats and circulates from village to village, from generation to generation, homely, and real, and touching; perpetually oozing out, fresh

and exuberant from the undistinguished crowd—hymns, and ballads, and elegies, and Theocritean idyls, and love laments, and satires, and tragedies; quaint combinations, in every conceivable degree, of clumsiness and delicacy, the genuine work of the people; of village tailors and schoolmasters, strolling beggars, and young seminarists. The individual author may put his name, but it is forgotten; his work is known only by its subject; it is passed from mouth to mouth, altered and interpolated at will, to make it a more perfect expression of the feeling which it embodies. After a time it may be printed; but its home is in the voices and memories of the peasants. The blind beggar goes from *Pardon* to *Pardon*, like the old *ῥαψωδὸς*, and stands by the church reciting his poem on the birth of Jesus Christ, which it takes him a whole day to get through. And as it is living poetry, it has its music, and is sung; and poems and airs alike are endless.

The character of these 'songs of the people'—the genuine expression of feelings, which elsewhere the sympathy of art prides itself on copying—is well given in the following, the 'famous complaint of the labourer.' Even diluted through French prose into English, it calls up some notion of what the original must be, when it is heard in its own rude force, and monotonous rhythm, in the smoky cottages, or on the half-cultivated 'landes' of Brittany.

'THE COMPLAINT OF THE LABOURER.

'My daughter, when the silver ring is put on thy finger, beware who gives it thee:

'My daughter, when thou makest room for two in thy cottage-bed, see that thou hast a soft pillow.

'My daughter, when thou choosest a husband, take not a soldier, for his life is the king's; take not a sailor, for his life is the sea's; but, before all, take not a labourer, for his life belongs to toil and misfortune.

'The labourer rises before the little birds are awake in the woods, and he toils until evening. He fights with the earth without peace or respite, till his limbs are stiff, and he leaves drops of sweat on every blade of grass.

'Rain or snow, hail or sunshine, the little birds are happy, for the good God gives a leaf to each of them for shelter; but the labourer, he has no hiding-place: his head is his roof-tree; his flesh is his home.

'Every year he must pay his rent to the landlord; and if he is behind, the master sends his bailiff. Rent!—the labourer shows his fields parched up, and his mangers empty. Rent! Rent!—the labourer shows his children's coffins at the door, covered with the white cloth. Rent! Rent!—the labourer bows his head, and they lead him to prison.

'Very miserable, too, is it to be the labourer's wife: all night long the children cry, and she rocks them; all day, at her husband's side, she is turning the ground: she has no time to comfort herself—no time to pray, to soothe her heart. Her body is like the wheel of the parish mill; ever must it be going, to grind for her little ones.

'And when her sons are grown great, and their arms are grown strong to relieve their parents, then the king says to the labourer and his wife:—"You are old, and too weak to train up your children; they are strong, I will take them for my war."

'And the labourer and his wife begin afresh to sweat and to suffer, for they are once more alone. The labourer and his wife are like the swallows which build their nests under the windows in the town; every day they are swept away, every day they must begin again.

'O labourers! ye lead a sore life in the world. Ye are poor, and ye make others rich;—despised, and ye pay honour;—persecuted, and ye submit yourselves; ye are cold, and ye are hungry. O labourers! ye endure much in this life; labourers, ye are blessed.

'God hath said, that the great gates of His Paradise shall be opened for those who have wept upon earth. When ye shall come to heaven, the Saints will know you for their brethren by your wounds.

'The Saints will say—"Brothers, it is not good to live; brothers, life is sorrowful, and it is a happy thing to be dead;" and they will receive you into glory, and into joy.'—*Souvestre*, p. 450.

But the Paris newspaper is on its way, and doubtless this natural poetry is gradually failing, hemmed in by French prose. The marriage negotiations, which used to be a trial of extempore poetical talent between the young lady's friends and the village tailor, who was the mediator, are now generally carried on in set couplets;—even the *bazvalan*, the humpbacked, squinting tailor, with his one stocking white, and the other blue, is become a formula. And other things in time will follow him; but they are not gone yet; and story, and song, and tragedy are still the great delight of the Breton peasantry, which they enjoy with the utmost gravity and seriousness, as they enjoy their not less solemn dances, or wrestling matches, and, at fitting times, the pleasure of getting drunk.

Nothing brings out the mingled clumsiness and feeling of the Breton character, its originality of idea and want of resources, so much as their tragedies. The Breton tragedy is a remarkable thing in its way; a serious and important affair, both in the eyes of actors and spectators, by no means to be confounded with what, at first sight, it most resembles, the trumpery of an English fair, or the exhibition of strolling players; nay, not even with the refined and magnificent opera. There is a rude quaint dignity and self-respect about it: it is not a money-making show, presented by paid and professional actors, but an entertainment given to equals by their equals, who find an ample recompense in the pleasure of their own acting, and the attention of their audience. The tragedy itself has lofty pretensions, and professes a higher mission than merely to amuse. Supremely despising all effect, all artificial arrangement, or strokes of passion; it marshals, with solemn clumsy exactness, the instructive moralities of some notable life before the audience, 'in chapters, rather than scenes.' It begins with unaffected gravity, in the most Holy Name; then comes the Prologue, giving good advice, and the key of the drama, to the 'Christian and honourable' assembly which has collected to hear it, while at every four verses the actor

who is reciting, makes the circuit of the theatre, followed by all the company, during which 'march,' say the stage directions, 'the rebecks and bagpipes must sound:' and then, in perfect keeping with this grotesque beginning, follows the interminable length of the play itself, divided into a number of '*journées*,' and often actually extending over more than one day. But however long it may be, it never tires out the grave patience of a Breton audience.

The external appliances and machinery of the theatre show the same high-minded contempt for scenic illusion. Tragedy in Brittany still preserves, in its theatre, its antique simplicity. While it has elsewhere retired under cover, strutting by gas-light before the rich in a gorgeous playhouse, or ranting in a barn before the poor by dim rush-light illumination, it here comes forward under the open sky, and its stage is still mounted upon waggons. Mr. Trollope shall describe what he saw of the Tragedy of St. Helena.

'The ground, though all covered with turf, was considerably broken and uneven, so as to afford peculiar facilities to a large concourse of people, all anxious to have a perfect view of the same object. On the highest point of the ground, with its back against the gable end of a house adjoining the common, was the stage. Nine large carts had been arranged in close order, in three rows of three each, and on these a rude scaffolding of planks was supported. At the back of this were hung, on a rope sustained by poles, on either side, several sheets, so as to partition off a portion at the back of the stage, to serve as a green-room for the performers to retire to. This white back ground was ornamented with a few boughs of laurel, and bunches of wild flowers, and, somewhat less appropriately, perhaps, with two or three coloured prints, from the cottages of the neighbours, of Bonaparte and the Virgin.

'Of the performers—though it was now past two o'clock, despite the promised punctuality of our friend, the tailor—there was yet no appearance. The crowd, however, seemed to be waiting with great patience, and every body appeared to be in high good humour. All were busily engaged in securing the most advantageous places. One long row, chiefly composed of women, occupied the top of the churchyard wall—a most desirable position, inasmuch, as though seated at their ease, they were sufficiently raised to see over the heads of those who stood at the bottom of the wall. Some preferred seats on a bank which commanded a perfect view of the stage, but which must have been rather too far to hear well, to a nearer place, where it would have been necessary to stand. The greater part of the men stood in the immediate front of the scaffolding, gazing on the unoccupied stage, and waiting with imperturbable patience the appearance of the performers.

'At length, the shrill tones of the national instrument—the bagpipe—were heard approaching from a lane, which opened upon the common, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction. We were, probably, the only persons on the ground, who were not aware that this betokened the arrival of the players. But we were not long left in our ignorance. For presently the bagpiper himself, followed by men bearing the banners belonging to the church, made their appearance upon the common. Behind these, in grave and solemn procession, and full theatrical costume, came

the tragedians. The crowd immediately formed a lane for them to pass, and thus, with great dignity and decorum, they reached the scaffolding, and one after another mounted by a ladder to the stage. When they were all up, they marched thrice round the boards in the same order as before, with the bagpipe still playing at their head; then gravely bowed to the audience, who lifted their hats in return, and retired behind the sheets, to their green-room.

'The appearance of the corps dramatique was more preposterously absurd and strange than can well be conceived by those who have not seen them with the accompanying circumstances of air, manner, and expression, and all the surrounding objects, which gave such novelty and striking character to the scene.

'There was the pope with his triple crown, very ingeniously constructed of coloured paper, a black petticoat for a cassock, a shirt for a surplice, and a splendid cope, made of paper-hangings, and with the twofold cross in his hand. There were two kings with paper crowns, adorned with little waxen figures of saints, and arrayed in printed cotton robes, carrying in one hand a sword, and in the other a cross. Three or four wore the uniform of the national guard, and the remainder made any additions they could to their usual costume, which they thought would most contribute to the general effect. The female characters were all sustained by men, dressed as much like the usual costume of ladies as their knowledge and resources would permit. A very fine young man, six feet high by two and a half at least broad, was selected to personate St. Helen, who was dressed entirely in white, with a large table-cloth for a veil.

'There was one exception only to the general air of deep gravity and perfect seriousness which prevailed throughout. This was a buffoon, who was dressed in shreds, with a cap and bells, and a long pigtail, with a huge horn in his hand, which he blew from time to time. His part was to fill up the time between the acts with buffoonery and jests. He was regarded by the crowd as he walked in the procession, making faces and affecting to ridicule the tragedians, with a 'passing smile; but, for the most part, they were as grave as the performers.

'The performance commenced by a single actor coming from behind the curtain of sheets, and making a very long speech. It was in rhyme, and was delivered in a very distinct manner, with much, but very unvaried action, and an extremely loud voice, that strongly marked the rhythm and cadences of the verse. He began at one corner of the front of the stage, and spoke a certain number of lines, then moved to the middle and repeated a similar quantity, did the same at the other corner, and then returned to his original position, and so on. In this manner, he must have delivered, I should think, nearly two hundred verses.

'He then retired, and out came the buffoon. His fun consisted, of course, chiefly in absurd attitudes, in blowing his horn, in ribaldry, and sundry standing jests, which succeeded in producing shouts of laughter. The most successful joke of all, which was repeated every time he came upon the stage, consisted in his assuming an air of the greatest terror, and effecting his escape in the most precipitate manner, when the graver actors returned upon the scene.

'The same remarks will apply to the delivery of all the other actors as to that of the first. They generally continued walking up and down the stage while speaking, and marched round it in procession at the conclusion of every scene.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 6—11.

And yet this scene, with all its ineffable grotesqueness, spiritless, childish, wearisome,—of all coarse and helpless attempts after the

sublime, the most ludicrous,—it is not vulgar; you cannot despise it, while you laugh at it. In spite of the matchless clumsiness of the whole proceeding, there is a seriousness about it, a composure, a genuine appreciation of the high and great; and its glaring freedom from all efforts after effect, the simple undisguised monotony of the whole scene, raises it out of the class of ordinary stage shows. It aims in earnest at reviving the past,—the heroic or the saintly, the strange changes of character, the visible providences, that were then. The popular interest is still set high, and that, of its own accord; for these tragedies come from the people,—their authors are scarcely known. The exhibition is not that of a low-minded or low-bred people; even about the manner of giving it there is a dignity and mutual self-respect, an *ἐλευθεριότης*, a sort of gentlemanliness; actors and spectators meet as equals; the spectators come, not to pay hirelings to amuse them, but to assist at an entertainment given by their fellows and friends. All goes on as between equals,—equals of high breeding,—with solemn etiquette, and all the ceremoniousness of old-fashioned aristocratic courtesy.

Indeed this self-respect is one of the most striking characteristics of the Breton peasant. The eldest born of the races of France, he has a strong feeling of the honours of years and ancient blood: he is the old noblesse among the French peasantry. There was no prouder noble in the French peerage than the Breton Rohan—'*Roi je ne suis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis*,'—but before the proudest of the Rohans his own tenants would have drawn themselves up, and said in their solemn manner, '*Me zo deuzar Armorik*—I too am a Breton.'¹ Yet with them the pride of the Celt is deeply hidden; it does not show itself in any thing petty,—in any small peevishness, or uneasy watchfulness after small slights,—it is dignified, almost unconscious,—it pervades the man, and when it appears, it explodes. Their blood is as good as the gentleman's, and so is their faith; and while the gentleman is just, the peasant is content with his lower place in the world; but the gentleman must not interfere with what God has appointed, or with what the peasant thinks his due. No one can, on occasion, hate the gentleman with deeper, bloodier hatred, than the old-fashioned royalist peasant. He is at once aristocratic and republican; too proud not to recognise gentle blood and superiority in others; too proud, also, to do so slavishly. He will not refuse to work for the *messieurs*, but it is a traditional point of honour with him that the 'labour of the gentleman' should not display an excess of zeal.² Nor will he defile himself with the low toil

¹ Michelet.² Souvestre, p. 459.

and base gains of the artizan. His thoughts and his works are about that where man's art stops short, and the mysterious unseen Hand only works, without labour or stint; with the old, sacred, benignant earth, which rewards, but does not traffic;—with his own peculiar plot of earth, and the masterless sea; the pasture and the corn field, and the sea-weed on the beach. Careless about the works of his own hands, and rugged in his skill, he rejoices in the gifts which come perfect and immediate from God, and by which his life is nourished. He ploughs, he reaps, he threshes the grain, in the spirit and gladness of patriarchal faith; as it is his labour, so is it his chief joy in life.

The Breton threshing-floor is well described by Souvestre. The sound of the flail is one of the most familiar summer sounds in Brittany. Every one who has travelled there will remember it, borne from a distance on the wind, as his road passed the opening of some valley, and the lines of dancing, bounding figures, among the corn.

‘When the sheaves were carefully spread out on the floor, the old peasant who had led the reapers, took his place, and made the sign of the cross, by striking with his flail several times; this was, as it were, the taking possession of the floor. The other labourers then ranged themselves in a circle. The flails first rose slowly, and without order, whirling round, and poising themselves like waltzers ready to start and getting into the step,—then, on a sudden, at a shout of the leader, they fell all together, and rose again and descended in cadence. The stroke, at first light and moderate, soon took a more lively movement; it fell heavier, it grew animated, then hurried and furious. The reapers, carried away by a sort of nervous intoxication, danced up and down among the resounding sheaves, on which their blows fell fast and thick as a summer hail-storm. The dust of the chaff raised by the flail rose round them in light eddying clouds, and a line of sweat marked each muscle beneath their tight fitting dress. At intervals they seemed to yield to this toil, and the regular beat became weaker by degrees, as if it was lost in the distance; but then, the leader gave a peculiar cry, a mixture of encouragement, rebuke, and command, and, in a moment, thirty shouts responded, and the sound of the threshing became louder and louder, like an approaching peal of thunder,—it rallied, it spread more rapid, more wild, more furious.’—*Souvestre*, p. 463.

Out of this wild country, and its stern, poetical-minded people, French enterprise is trying to make something more adapted to the standard of Paris and *Napoleonesque* ideas. French enterprise is not the most promising engine to produce great changes in commerce and industry. It talks very cleverly, but it talks too much; it wants the spirit of plodding, it wants capital. But it is at work. A manufactory of steam engines was set up at Landerneau,¹ great trouble was taken, great patience shown by the engineer; the Breton peasants were drilled out of their clumsiness and poetry, and learnt to believe that the

¹ *Souvestre*, p. 485.

steam engine was a machine, and that they could make one. But capital failed. We have before alluded to the attempts to introduce a more modern style of farming,—an up-hill work, in which the disinterestedness of the improvers is suspected, and every failure is looked upon by the peasantry as a judgment against them. Interference with the earth, their ancient ally and friend, is peculiarly repugnant to Breton feeling, and deemed almost profane.

The following passage will show in what spirit the improvements of the French farmer are met. It is a dialogue between an old Breton peasant, the patriarch of the neighbourhood, and an 'improving' French gentleman-farmer, who had reclaimed a large tract from the sea, by shutting it out with a dyke. The dyke did not please his old-fashioned neighbour. A report got about of a compact with evil spirits, and it was called *le Môle du Diable*. The farmer, for his own protection, and to prevent its being injured by them, had all the new works 'baptized' by the parish priest—the dyke, and the drained land, and his own new house. To the surprise of the peasants, the improvements stood the holy water without moving; but the people were not a bit more reconciled to them.

"You were one of those," (he says to the old peasant,) "who maintained that I should never succeed in enclosing the bay."

"It is true, sir."

"*Eh bien, père*, you see that you are out. The sea herself has furnished me with rocks and sand to wage war with her; and she has produced a child stronger than herself; and now the dyke laughs at her."

"Men say that it is a sin for children to make a mock at their parents," answered Carfor.

"However, you see that I have done as I said."

The old man shrugged his shoulders, as if to express his doubts; he was silent for a moment; then stretching out his hand to the shoulder of the farmer, with a gesture at once respectful and familiar,—

"You are strong, Sir," he said; "but *le bon Dieu* is stronger than you; *le bon Dieu* had said to the sea to go as far as there;" and he pointed to the hillocks. "Some day he will find out that the sea does not obey him, and then your dyke must give way to the will of God."

"And how do you know, father, whether *le bon Dieu* has not himself given me this bay?"

The peasant shook his head.

"*Monsieur, le bon Dieu ne vend pas son bien*," said he, gravely; "this is land stolen from the sea, and stolen goods bring no luck."

—The farmer is a little nettled; and talks of the money he has put into circulation, and the various benefits to the neighbourhood which would result from his improvements: "*Mais ces hommes ne comprennent rien.*"

"We understand," answered Carfor, "that when the rocks begin to move, the grains of sand are crushed. Rich men like you are always awkward neighbours for the small folk. The country was made for the country-folk, and towns for the gentlefolk; and if these come into the

country, there will soon be no place for us. Before, when this bay belonged to the sea, the sea lent it to us for eight hours in the day; we could bring our carts over it, to go to the beach to pile up our sea-weed. Down in the corner there was some coarse grass, which our sheep browsed; now you have made a ditch all round it, and said to the sea, and to us, who were its kinsmen and friends, You shall not come here any more, this belongs to me. And you wonder that we are not satisfied. We poor people do not like these changes, because there is never a change without taking from us a bit of our little place under the sun. If we used to like better to see the water than the corn, it is because the sea was always a better neighbour than the *bourgeois*."—*Souvestre*, p. 435.

The old quarrel, so hard to adjust, but so certain in its issue, between the improver, and the poor man of his day, to whom it is small comfort to be told, what is perfectly true, that returns will come to *some one*, and to him, *if he can but wait*. The story goes on to relate, that the sea *did* prove stronger than Monsieur, and in the course of an equinoctial night washed away his dyke, and destroyed everything. When he comes down to view his losses, there is the old Breton standing on the ruined dyke, looking out on the sea, '*comme pour la complimenter de sa victoire*.' The cause of improvement had not much to hope for in the neighbourhood after this.

But this might happen anywhere; habit, and distrust of improvements, and suspicion of the disinterestedness of improvers, are not confined to Brittany. There is something deeper at work beneath; Brittany is really not France, any more than the outlandish names on its map, its Plouha, and Poullaouen, and Locmariaker, and Guipava, and Lannilis, are French. It is little more to France, than a nursery for some thousands of good soldiers and sailors, and a causeway for the road to Brest. Opposite in character to the people, and uncongenial in feeling, the Frenchman is not at home in Brittany; he feels as a stranger, and is felt as such. They hate England, it is true. Englishmen, besides being strangers and enemies, are *Saxon heretics*; Souvestre talks of the little village girls dancing with triumphant glee over the unconsecrated graves of a shipwrecked 'Saxon' crew:—but they have not forgotten that they once had wars with France. When the Duke de Nemours visited them, two years ago, the names of Breton victories over the French were not forgotten, on the triumphal arches under which he passed. Brittany hangs on to France, because it cannot well do otherwise, but like a mass of extraneous matter, which will not assimilate, dead and heavy and unsympathizing. As a part of France, she is not doing her work;—a national character that ought to tell on the whole country, resolute, steady, serious, and slow, apprehensive,—full of quiet deep fortitude,—seems thrown away. The field of European civilization, is not, of course, the only, or the highest

field for these qualities; but if the advance of human society is to be considered as a providential dispensation, it is one field; and they are missed, they have not found their place, when they are not there. Brittany is like a nation which has failed in its object, and been beaten; while her neighbours are in the heyday of success, hopeful and busy, she keeps apart, contented with her own isolation, stagnant, almost in decay, and looks on with melancholy listlessness amid the stirring of the world. Her time may be yet to come; now, with so much that is striking in individual character, amid genuine and deeply-felt influences of the Church, as a country she languishes, aimless, without any part to play; a study for the summer tourist, a curious contrast to that he has left behind. Yet she may remind him also, if he be wise, of times when the present, if it had as much of man's heart, had less of his feelings, and his reason; a witness, like those times, of that perplexing truth, the vanity to each individual man of the wonderful and magnificent order of things in which he lives—of the very short and passing interest he has personally, in that which, for society, and as a system, has such high-wrought perfection and value.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Letter on submitting to the Catholic Church. Addressed to a Friend.* By FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A. London: Toovey.
2. *The Plea of Conscience for seceding from the Catholic Church to the Romish Schism in England. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 5, 1845.* By W. SEWELL, B.D. Fellow of Exeter College, &c. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1845.
3. *The Schism of certain Priests and others, lately in Communion with the Church. A Sermon, by the Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT, Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.* London: W. J. Cleaver. 1845.
4. *Notes of the Church. A Sermon preached at Brompton.* By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, B.D. Vicar. London: Rivingtons. 1845.
5. *The English Church not in Schism.* By the Rev. W. B. BARTER, M.A., Rector of Burgclere. London: Rivingtons. 1845.
6. *Letter by the Rev. Dr. PUSEY. Reprinted from the 'ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.'* Oct. 20, 1845.

It is with deep pain that we commence some remarks on the secession of Mr. Newman, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Oakeley, with several others, from the communion of our Church.

To the first-mentioned name, of course, does the whole importance of this movement attach. Mr. Newman has, for the last ten years, had a position and influence which must make such a step on his part a heavy blow indeed to the Church. He has been loved, admired, looked up to. Over his circle of friends, and over that larger ground which his authorship covered, his mind has irresistibly won. Everything that he has written has told. His books have made their way to person's hearts. We can point to no one who has had the influence he has had amongst us; and now he has left us; has transferred himself and his name to another communion, and instead of being a witness for the English Church, become a witness against it.

To take a final leave of Mr. Newman is a heavy task. His step was not unforeseen; but when it is come, those who knew him feel the fact as a real change within them, feel as if they were entering upon a fresh stage of their own life. May that very change turn to their profit, and discipline them by its hardness! It may do so, if they will use it so. Let nobody complain. A time must come sooner or later in every one's life, when he has to part with advantages, connexions, supports, consolations that he has had hitherto, and face a new state of things. Every one knows that he is not always to have all

that he has now: he says to himself, 'What shall I do when this or that stay, or connexion, is gone?' and the answer is, 'that he will do without it.' Undoubtedly, of all a person's losses, that of a superior on whom he has been accustomed to rely, is the greatest. It is felt in a hundred different turns of thought and feeling; many secret appetencies miss their accustomed object, and a general sense of inward safety, security, and peace is disturbed. The mind likes a patron. He is felt far beyond the reach of his own personal presence; he is perpetually at the call of imagination, to do what we want him, to encourage an effort, to praise an idea, to smile and look pleased with us, to sympathise with and back up our likings and dislikings. He is our running argument, and in fancy confirms and warrants all our different mental acts, tastes, or discoveries. How would he approve of this or that, that I am thinking of?—the mind says unconsciously to itself; and thus its succession of ever-issuing thoughts, its whole course of sentiment and temper, enjoys a definite support, feels an unseen observer, is soothed by unconscious commendation. The time comes, however, when this is taken away; and then the mind is left alone, and is thrown back upon itself, as the expression is. But no religious mind tolerates the notion of being really thrown upon itself: to say that it is thrown upon itself is only to say, in other words, that it is thrown back upon God. It is thrown back upon a something invisible within, it is made to do without a particular medium which it enjoyed before, and is brought into immediate contact with its own nature and hidden life. It is natural, it is religious in persons to lean upon a support which Providence puts in their way; but it may be true also that they are entering into a higher stage of life, when it is removed, and they are obliged to do without it. The child-like temper, that courts encouragement or reposes in sensible approval, amiable and reverential as it is, has to yield, perhaps, to a purer, harder disinterestedness, that is able to go on in its course by itself. Secret mental consolations, whether of innocent self-flattery, or reposing confidence, over; a more real and graver life, begins. Let them see in the change a call to greater earnestness, sincerer simplicity, and more solid manliness. What were weaknesses before, will be sins now; they have crossed a line, and have left the pleasures, security, liberties, and indulgences, of a former state behind them.

It is another painful reflection, in confronting the fact that Mr. Newman has gone from us, that we have not only lost him, but are placed at once in a totally different relation to him. He was amongst us; he is now external to us; we look at him as an object out of our sphere and home. To us and to the English Church he is now a past, and not a present person. He has

run through a course, he has finished the life that connected him with us; all that we had of him is over: his period of English Church influence is now an historical one. More than this, he was a friend—he is now an antagonist. Nay, the nearer he was to us, the deeper, in one sense, is that antagonism: even his continued vicinity to that University, which was the scene of his labours, assumes the antagonistic aspect, simply because such a relation is begun: with the change of his own position, the animus of his locality changes too. Old feelings then and associations are for the past: there is no help for it: a change has taken place; one relation is over, and a new one has arisen; what we remember must give place to what we see, and we must do what it would have been most unloving to have done before. It is melancholy, but it is necessary now, as Mr. Newman has put himself outside of us, to look at him as a spectator and observer would; and, regarding him as a phenomenon, to ask what he has been, and what he has done, and how he has moved in the system in which he has hitherto lived. He may rest assured that he shall hear nothing petty from us; nothing but what he may well hear, and we may well say.

Now the first observation that will of course be made about him, and will come with double and treble force upon people when they hear of his departure, is the very obvious one of the extraordinary influence, religious and intellectual, which has gathered about his name, the hold his works have taken of persons' minds; in short, his whole connexion with the late movement and revival among us. His power, fertility, richness, variety, even the very quantity he has written,—wonderful, considering what the nature of that writing has been,—have made their way, and we see their effects everywhere before us. We inquire further, and we find that this influence has been of a peculiarly ethical and inward kind; that it has touched the deepest parts of our minds, and that the great work on which it has been founded, is a practical religious one—his Sermons. We beg to say on this subject, that we speak not from our own fixed impression, however deeply felt, but from what we have heard and observed everywhere, from the natural, incidental, unconscious remarks dropped from persons' mouths, and evidently showing what they thought and felt. For ourselves, we must say, one of Mr. Newman's Sermons is to us a marvellous production. It has perfect power, and perfect nature: but the latter it is which makes it so great. A sermon of Mr. Newman's enters into all our feelings, ideas, modes of viewing things. He puts himself into the place of others, whom he is speaking to or speaking of, and is able, by the force of a mixed sympathy and penetration, to feel their feelings and think their thoughts.

He wonderfully realizes a state of mind, enters into a difficulty, a temptation, a disappointment, a grief: he goes into the different turns and incidental unconscious symptoms of a case, into notions which come into the head, and go out again, and are forgotten till some chance recalls them. All is brought out, and put in a thoroughly natural way before his hearer and reader. What that power of mind is, by which a man realizes a feeling which he really has not himself, by which he makes himself another, and multiplies self indefinitely, it may be difficult and perhaps impossible to say: but whatever it is, Mr. Newman has it most deeply. To take the first instance that happens to occur to us, though not perhaps as pleasing a one as many others, perhaps the better on that account; because there is no poetry in it—it is thorough matter of fact. We have been often struck by the keen way in which he enters into a regular tradesman's vice—avarice; the love of money, fortune getting, amassing capital, and so on. This is not a temper to which we can imagine Mr. Newman ever having felt in his own mind even the temptation; but he understands it, and the temptation to it, as perfectly, notwithstanding, as any merchant could. No man of business could express it more naturally, more pungently, and, as it were, *ex animo*: Mr. Newman puts himself thoroughly into the tradesman's state of mind. So again, with respect to the view that worldly men take of religion, in a certain sense, he quite enters into it: he throws himself into the world's *ἥθος* and point of view; he sees, with a regular worldly man's eye, religion vanishing into nothing, and becoming an unreality, while the visible system of life and facts, politics and society, gets more and more solid and grows upon him. The whole influence of the world upon the imagination; the weight of example; the force of repetition; the way in which maxims, rules, sentiments, by being simply sounded in the ear from day to day, seem to prove themselves, and make themselves believed by being often heard:—every part of the easy, natural, passive process by which a man becomes a man of the world, is entered into as if he were going to justify or excuse, rather than condemn him. Nay, he comes across scepticism, and enters deeply into what even it has to say for itself; he puts himself into an infidel's state of mind, in which the world, as a great fact, seems to give the lie to all religions, converting them into phenomena which counterbalance and negative each other; and he goes down into that lowest abyss and bottom of things, at which the intellect undercuts spiritual truth altogether. He enters into the ordinary common states of mind just in the same way; into those joys and sorrows, troubles, successes, which everybody has some time of their life or other. He is most consoling, most sympathetic. He sets before persons

their own feelings with such truth of detail, such natural expressive touches, that they seem not to be ordinary states of mind which everybody has, but very peculiar ones: he and the reader seem to be the only two persons in the world that have them in common. Here is the point. Persons look into Mr. Newman's Sermons, and see their own thoughts in them. This is, after all, what as much as anything gives a book hold upon minds. A book that does this, comes with the authority of truth to us. There is, too, a charm in seeing ourselves reflected; the reflection seems to substantiate and deepen us; it brings the truth and reality of our own feelings home to us, and shows they are more than our own dreams or fancies. It is a test, an evidence of a thing being real when it has a reflection; our inward feeling and pathos are soothed by finding that they stand this test. The mind will, when it is either suffering at the time from some grief, or under some vivid recollection of one, go again and again to the same passage in a book. Nay, although it knows it perfectly well, and could say it almost off by heart, it will open the book and turn to the place twenty times over, that it may see the actual letters in type. It is something additional in the way of substance and reality, to have the words before one, and see with one's very eyes the print upon the page, and line coming after line. A book of this kind performs a delicate service to us which no other can; it is a minister, an attendant; it seems to make a great deal of us, to take its thoughts as it were from our dictation, to defer and bend to us, and acknowledge an originaive character in our minds which we did not know of before. We all at once feel ourselves real and deep, and seem to be the very reality of which the printed ideas are the imitation and picture. Such is the power of the sympathetic faculty, such, if we may use such an expression, its intellectual humility: it condescends to make itself our image, and be the reflection of our substance. It changes places with us; it sweetly flatters and elevates; it raises us in our own esteem; it gives us, by a sort of generosity which it never suffers to appear, the origination of whatever it tells us, and in the very act of imparting, seems to borrow; so that our first thought is, This is mine, my very own; and we are unconscious of our ingratitude, and lift ourselves up, and are pleased as if we had done it all ourselves. Wonderful pathetic power, that can so intimately, so subtly, and kindly deal with the soul!—and wonderful soul, that can be so dealt with! What a spiritual mechanism is here that we have no idea of, and how deeply does it act—how quietly! Truly the soul is made for sorrow, for it is made for consolation. Its very internal construction seems to show design in that direction: it has such a peculiar remedial

system by which it meets the evil. Our spiritual nature shows the Comforter underneath it. In all these inward operations, this fine machinery, He really moves: all is His work, and the soul revives as if under the pitying hand and wise appliances of its great Physician. Truly not in the wonders of earth, or air, or sea, not in sun or moon, in stars and light, is that evidence of Divine Love to be found which strikes most home; but in our system within; its provisions for sorrow, restoratives, consolations, those laws of relief which act we know not how, and seem to show eternal mercy and pity ministering to us.

In this region is Mr. Newman's peculiar power. He can sympathize, he can put himself into the position of another person, he can throw himself into a state of mind. His Sermons show, indeed, a power much akin to that which we see in one great department of poetry. There is a poetry that especially deals with the human mind, and enters into all its characteristic traits and workings. And this poetry, where it does its task with truth, is sure to make its way, just as Mr. Newman's Sermons have, and for much the same reason. People go to it for consolation, as they would go to a friend: they go to it to find an *alter idem*, to see their own thoughts there. We mean to say that the poetry of Shakspeare is great on this principle; though we are not comparing Mr. Newman and Shakspeare together. But this one point is true of both: it is true of all writers who will enter into people's thoughts, and enter into them accurately and deeply. They are oracles, and people will go to them. Mr. Newman does, in the religious sphere, what others have done in the natural; and the Christian mind sees its temptations, difficulties, struggles, hopes, griefs, in his pages. Whether the power of mind which does this is intuitive, or is a subtile experience, is a question we have not time to enter into. It may very often be only the latter. A very little experience does for a mind which can make the most of it. A person has a mere passing feeling of a particular sort once in his life: that one short experience of it in himself makes him know what it is, and he can follow it up indefinitely, and understand it as a regular and broad characteristic in another person. A man goes into a particular company, or kind of society once; he feels a certain impression that it made upon him for that once; and he can tell from that what its power over the mind is, and can understand what the temptation must be in the case of persons always in it.

In considering Mr. Newman's Sermons to be his great work, we are not forgetting him as a theological writer, the author of the 'Romanism,' the 'Justification,' &c.: though on this head we think there is a just, and not an odious comparison to be made. No man, perhaps, has ever been equally great in two

perfectly distinct departments: nor is Mr. Newman. His Sermons are great; his theological works are exceedingly able. When we go from the one to the other, we feel a difference; such a difference as is expressed when we say that the one is his great work, the other is not. The readers of Mr. Newman will see what we mean, if they will only recall the impressions which the two left respectively upon them. The effect is as if he were more at home in the sphere of mind and feeling, character and sentiment, than he was in that of argumentative theology; as if in the former we had his more genuine, clear, native kind of depth. This may partly have arisen from his not having been thoroughly at home with us as a theologian, whereas mind and feeling are universal and sure ground. But perhaps the former is the deeper reason of the two, viz. that the one really is his natural department more than the other. While in ethics Mr. Newman ever appeals to great human feelings, which everybody recognises in himself, in disputation he is perhaps too apt to create fine points of view which do not take substantial hold of the mind; and, in short, if it is necessary amid the many things that Mr. Newman preeminently is, to mention something which he is not—he is not always a broad, straightforward, and convincing arguer. A distinction nicely put, and an opposition in which the terms are well selected, are carried off by their very completeness, and the *onus probandi* seems to lie on the reader, if he does not quite grasp them; he has to undo a close joining, as it were, and to uncreate again what has been made. It requires thought and patience to do this; and he will find himself going along by the argument's side, with the feeling that it is too well joined to be easily interfered with; but still desiderating all along a want of tenacity in its hold upon his understanding, compared with what he sometimes experiences in reading processes of reasoning in the works of other argumentative writers.

We will mention another point. Mr. Newman is perhaps too anxious about the effect of his argument on the reader's mind; we mean, that this anxiety influences his argumentative style. A strong desire, or *empressement* to convince, does not appear to suit a reasoner as such, though it does an orator and practical writer. There is a characteristic distinction between one class of minds and another on this head: their relation and attitude to truth is different. One always associates truth with the act of disclosing it, and the idea that strikes the mind, in the very moment of striking it, goes off into the form of a communication to another. The mind has a secret audience within it, some mass which it is informing, some sympathizing and imbibing circle. Its truth has an unconscious egress out of it, as fast as it comes into it; it brings its own ideas home to itself in this

way, and its realized truth is essentially a communication. This is one class that we mean. Another has more repose and *αὐράκεια* in its mode of holding truth, and less activity. The notion of communicating is secondary with these minds, and has no part in their own realization and appreciation of ideas. Take one of Bishop Butler's argumentative sermons, or a chapter from the Analogy. He seems to be thinking of nobody while he is writing it: it is so much simple truth issuing out of him, which he does not communicate to you, but to the air. There is no apparent endeavour to persuade: he seems to say, This is truth; let whoever wants to know what is true, attend to me. There is a sublime indifference in his style, which does not seem to realize or substantiate any reader. If we can talk of such a thing as an argumentative *ἥθος*, this is a higher one than the other. The idea which Bishop Butler's whole mode of arguing leaves upon the mind, is, that it would be simply wrong not to take for true whatever he says: the other style tends to interfere with the reverential attitude in the reader. But however we may divide Mr. Newman as a writer, it is quite clear that all that he has written has told, and that he has been a great fertile mind spreading itself everywhere, putting ideas into people's heads, forming opinions, engaging sympathies, winning love and gratitude. He has been thought of, and talked of; his books have been a favourite familiar subject that people have entered on, when meeting each other, and they have supplied a common ground that has brought people together, and elicited kindred sentiments and feelings.

The argument, then, many will naturally be inclined to bring against our Church, from the loss of Mr. Newman, will stand thus. It will be said: Your great champion has himself left you; your very defender has found your ground untenable. Here is a great religious mind, who has tried to enter into your system with all his might, has had all his wishes, prejudices, all the feelings that education and early associations can give, in your favour. He began and went on being a genuine Anglican, with all an Anglican's disposition; this he has gradually, and much against his will, been obliged to give up: he has abandoned his cherished principles, and passed out of the hearty belief of a member of the English Church into an entirely opposite conviction. Had he never been regularly one of you, he would not be now the great strong witness against you that he is; but he has been, and therefore his witness has this strength in it. It is when persons have been genuine believers in, and maintainers of any position, that their contrary opinion tells so strongly against it afterwards. For we are sure then, that the position has had full justice done to it. When a mind, step after step, reluctantly

outgrows an old obstinate set of convictions, it is as strong an evidence for the new ones, as, by the nature of the case, any one mind can give. The argument then proceeds to fall with great weight upon the whole of that Catholic revival that has been going on in our Church. That movement, it will be said, had no basis and foundation but what he gave it; it must fall, therefore, when its mover goes, its resources, arguments, stimulus have left it.

How far this is a true and correct account of Mr. Newman's course of mind, and his relations to our Church, and the Catholic movement in it; or how far it is not, we shall not attempt to decide off-hand. Mr. Newman, however, has left behind him not altogether obscure signs of what his past course of mind and general position in our Church has been.

We leap over the first three years, then, of that religious movement, in which he took so leading a part, and we come to the 'Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism,' published in the beginning of the year 1837. In the introduction to that work, we find the following passage:—

'A religious principle or idea, however true, before it is realized in a substantive form, is but a theory; and since many theories are not more than theories, and do not admit of being carried into effect, it is exposed to the suspicion of being one of these, and of having no existence out of books. The proof of reality in a doctrine is its holding together when actually attempted. Practical men are naturally prejudiced against what is new, on this ground, if on no other, that it has not had the opportunity of satisfying this test. Christianity would appear at first a mere literature, or philosophy, or mysticism, like the Pythagorean rule or Phrygian worship; nor, till it was tried, could the coherence of its parts be ascertained. Now the class of doctrines in question, [*i. e.* the distinctive ones of the English Church,] as yet labours under the same difficulty. Indeed, they are, in one sense, as entirely new as Christianity when first preached; for though they profess merely to be that foundation on which it originally spread, yet, as far as they represent a *Via Media*, that is, are related to extremes which did not then exist, and do exist now, they appear unreal, for a double reason, having no exact counterpart in early times, and being superseded now by actually existing systems. Protestantism and Popery are real religions; no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast; but the *Via Media* has never existed except on paper, it has never been reduced to practice; it is known, not positively but negatively, in its differences from the rival creeds, not in its own properties; and can only be described as a third system, neither the one nor the other, partly both, cutting between them, and, as if with a critical fastidiousness, trifling with them both, and boasting to be nearer Antiquity than either. What is this but to fancy a road over mountains and rivers, which has never been cut? When we profess our *Via Media*, as the very truth of the Apostles, we seem to be mere antiquarians or pedants, amusing ourselves with allusions or learned subtilties, and unable to grapple with things as they are. We tender no proof to show that our view is not self-contradictory, and if set in motion would not fall to pieces, or start off in different directions at once. Learned divines, it

may be urged, may have propounded it, as they have; controversialists may have used it to advantage when supported by the civil sword against Papists or Puritans; but whatever its merits, still, when left to itself, to use a familiar term, it may not "work." And the very circumstance that it has been propounded for centuries by great names, and not yet reduced to practice, may be alleged as an additional presumption against its feasibility. To take, for instance, the subject of Private Judgment; our theory here is neither Protestant nor Roman; and has never been realized. Our opponents ask, What is it? Is it more than a set of words and phrases, of exceptions and limitations made for each successive emergency, of principles which contradict each other?

'It cannot be denied there is force in these considerations; it still remains to be tried whether what is called Anglicanism, the religion of Andrewes, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, and through a sufficient period, or whether it be a mere modification either of Romanism or of popular Protestantism, according as we view it. It may be argued that whether the primitive Church agreed more with Rome or with Protestants, and though it agreed with neither of them exactly, yet that one or the other, whichever it is, is the nearest approximation to the ancient model which our changed circumstances admit; that either this or that is the modern representative of primitive principles; that any professed third theory, however plausible, must necessarily be composed of discordant elements, and when attempted must necessarily run into Romanism or Protestantism, according to the nearness of the attracting bodies, and the varying sympathies of the body attracted, and its independence of these portions of itself which interfere with the stronger attraction. It may be argued that the Church of England, as established by law, and existing in fact, has never represented a certain doctrine, or been the development of a principle; that it has been but a name, or a department of the state, or a political party, in which religious opinion was an accident, and therefore has been various. In consequence, it has been but the theatre of contending religionists, that is, of Papists and Latitudinarians, softened externally, or modified into inconsistency by their birth and education, or restrained by their interests and their religious engagements. Now all this is very plausible, and is to the point, as far as this, that there certainly is a call upon us to exhibit our principles in action; and until we can produce diocese, or place of education, or populous town, or colonial department, or the like, administered on our distinctive principles, as the diocese of Sodor and Man in the days of Bishop Wilson, doubtless we have not as much to urge in our behalf as we might have.'—Pp. 19—23.

This passage was written just when the movement we refer to had first fairly set in, and began to be felt; and had yet all the future before it. It is written, moreover, with a weight and power of language, which shows that the view given in it, had been long felt, and was not then, for the first time, present to the writer's mind. The broad way in which that view is put, shows that it was a deeply held one, a fundamental theory, and philosophical canon, as it were, in his mind, and not an incidental or passing reflection. And lastly, the particular form in which it is put forward, is one not uncommonly selected by a writer for an anticipatory expression of a growing idea. A series of reflections are made, as the writer's own, and as a supposed objector's,

alternately: they sometimes come from his own mouth, sometimes are put in another's; they seem sometimes to stand for what he really believes, and sometimes for what he is partially prepared to answer. And therefore, on the whole, they represent, we conclude, a view which the writer felt strongly in his own mind, but had not yet definitely matured—a line of speculation, in which he was advancing, a mould of theological thought, a theory which was as yet at the bottom, and had not come to the surface. Looking at the whole passage with this eye, we are taken a considerable way back in Mr. Newman's inward theological history, and seem to see an idea which fundamentally possessed his mind, almost from the commencement of his Church-of-England career.

That idea, or that theory, seems to be this: that the test of the correctness of a system is, the largeness of its field of action; and that, ultimately, after other grounds have been gone over, truth has a very simple standard—*size*. The argument that virtually runs through the passage, is: power is a test of truth, and largeness is a test of power. A smaller system, whatever appeals to antiquity it may make, has the great matter of fact objection to it, which arises from its smallness. It does not represent the force, the efficiency of truth. Numbers are the test of reality in a system; truth should wield, mould, indoctrinate the human mass; she likes influence; she claims the largest ground:—such is the argument here. One step more:—we suppose two systems before us, both having their fundamental doctrines the same, but differing in a variety of modes of feeling, and popular forms and objects of reverence; and in a whole religious colouring. It is open to a person to say, either that both these are true, both are substantial Christianity; or, that only one is. The view in this passage tends strongly to the latter conclusion; to the choice, *i. e.* for its Christianity, of some one large acting system in the world, and the rejection of what is outside of that. That largeness which would be obtained by allowing both systems does not commend itself to such a view, because such a view wants largeness as a demonstration of power, and a demonstration of power is made by the effectiveness of one system, and is impaired by a divided agency.

We observe a line of thought then here, which tells not against the Protestantism in the English Church or any current theology in her, but against the English Church herself; and aims at the Anglican ground especially, as distinguished from other looser grounds with which it has been popularly mixed up. And the introduction to a regular defence of the Anglican position, has this note running through it:—‘Protes-

'tantism and Popery are real religions; no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast: but it remains to be tried whether what is called Anglicanism, is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere.'

Accordingly, a strong idea of our Church as offering a mere theory, a literature, a religion of books, pervades the passage. He speaks of her as if, after having been three centuries on her present ground, she had yet to make her very first practical display before men's eyes, and to come down from the library shelf, to life and action. Three centuries are passed over almost as if they had not been; and the religion of the English Church is said now to be standing its first trial, and the result of a totally new experiment is waited for with sincere curiosity. 'Christianity would appear at first sight a mere literature, or philosophy . . . the class of doctrines in question as yet labours under the same difficulty.' 'The *Via Media* has never existed except on paper, it has never been reduced to practice.' 'We seem to be mere antiquarians or pedants, amusing ourselves with illusions or learned subtilities, and unable to grapple with things as they are.' 'Learned divines may have propounded it, as they have; controversialists may have used it to advantage when supported by the civil sword against Puritans and Papists; but whatever its merits, still when left to itself it may not "work." The view of Anglican Theology as a negation follows. 'It is known not positively, but negatively, in its differences from the rival creeds—not in its own properties; and can only be described as a third system, neither the one nor the other, partly both, cutting between them, and as if, with a critical fastidiousness, trifling with them both.' It remains to be seen, he says, whether it is not 'a mere modification either of Romanism or of popular Protestantism, according as we view it;' whether any proposed third theory, however plausible, must not necessarily be composed of discordant elements, and when attempted must necessarily run into Romanism or Protestantism, according to the nearness of the attracting bodies.'

Such is the whole view of our Church to which Mr. Newman seems here inclining; and it had, perhaps, its connexion with his own particular line of employment in her: there was something in that which would tend to fasten this idea of her as a Book-Church upon him, when once taken up. He was himself acting as writer and penman on the Church ground: that was his particular line of connexion with it, as distinguished from a more practical one. He felt himself advocating, arguing: he had to do with our Church's religion in books; *i. e.* with a display of authorship and controversy, with what its writers had said for

it; he came across it as a defended, advocated religion; he saw the pen everywhere; his own pen was going. A person has a considerable tendency to identify a system with that particular position, in which he himself stands to it. If he only or chiefly stands to it in one particular attitude, his own attitude becomes reflected upon it; and the subject matter of argument becomes book-like and theoretical. One cannot indeed but observe how Mr. Newman unconsciously transfers his own attitude, in this respect, toward the English Church, to all her divines. He looks upon them as *writers* always. They appear as a series of 'controversialists,' and so far from substantiating the Church to his eye, in their character of sons and members, they throw rather an additional look of paper upon her, because they were her defenders, and wrote for her. They are placed in a literary position, as it were, to their own Church, and the latter gains nothing from them except their books. This we say is a natural point of view for a mind to slide into, with respect to our Church, which was itself in such an intellectual position to her. Mr. Newman's was so. He was—it was the task which fell to him—a spreader of opinions in the Church, an indoctrinator of minds; all came out of himself; he unfolded ideas, he taught, lectured, wrote. The practical connexion with our Church system, was one which his line did not bring him deeply into: he did not energize as a parish priest, but as an author. His sermons were addressed to a University audience, to the world in general; even his more sacred Church administrations had a University and not a parochial character. Mr. Newman had weekly communions, and daily prayers; and he had the Church at Littlemore with its daily duties. We do not forget them, and never can; but it is quite true also that all this was a thing attached to his great position, as a religious mover, and not that position to it. Mr. Newman had one line—that of a spreader of opinions, and former of public thought. And this line, however appropriate a one, was still one which kept the Church distant as it were to his mind, and did not bring her near him. This makes a great difference. The attitude of a person who goes on producing great effects, not from a position in a system, but from the basis of his own mind, necessarily tends to produce the external feeling toward his system that we are alluding to. He seems to himself to be creating as he goes along; and he can, if he will, view the Church ground he stands on, as a sort of voluntary hypothesis of his own, of which he has the possession and control, and which he might undo by an act of the same mental power by which he sustains it. It is a difference which, perhaps, every one will observe between Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey's state of mind; that Dr. Pusey has practically

and *bonâ fide* mixed himself up with our system: Mr. Newman has not. Would not Mr. Newman, for example, have always inwardly thought it an unreal thing for a clergyman of our Church to do, to try to exert any proper sacerdotal powers in a parish, and *act* Catholicism? Would he not have been inclined to say, Try to do so; it shows good feeling in you to try; but you will find it a mistake; you will find you cannot be a priest in our Church. Anglicanism is a book religion, not an acting one.

Whether or not what we have been describing in Mr. Newman's position, is true; and whether we think it had had any effect upon him or not; a deeply fixed view in his mind appears almost from the first to have enabled him, as a thinker, to abstract mentally the whole substance of Anglican theology from it, and reduce its existence to that of a case and superficies. He seems as if mathematically to cut through it in that particular, precise, logical plane, in which it did *not* present itself as a substance; and his point of view exactly fixes on its negative aspect; as distinct from its positive. Anglican divinity is *not* Protestantism: it is *not* Romanism: he sets it in the aspect in which it is *not*, and keeps it there. Again, a Church has an actual and a theoretical aspect; a theoretical one in books; an actual one in facts. Mr. Newman looks at the Church of England in the former aspect, and not in the latter. We have nothing to do now with answering such modes of viewing our Church, and are simply drawing out what was Mr. Newman's own latent state of mind; but we cannot help observing incidentally here of the very commonly used argument, which produces its conclusions through the simple instrumentality of aspects and points of view, that it appears to us to be available for all conclusions whatever, and equally so for contradictory ones. We do not deny that there are what are called conventionally negations in theology; but this is not the proper evidence of them. Every thing is and also is not: it is what it is, and it is not what it is not. If any person regards a thing simply in the latter point of view, and goes on indefinitely so regarding it, to him it simply is *not*: but it is open to any one to take the former point of view, or to say that it *is*. If it is negative in one aspect, it is positive in another; if it is *not* another thing, it *is* no less certainly itself. The Anglican system of theology and devotion, is certainly not Romanism; that is, not in those points in which it differs: it is also not Protestantism. But then, it *is* something, to take the other point of view. The Church of England has, as a matter of fact, exhibited a positive religious creed and character, which has struggled through mixture and opposition, and has made good its claim to be considered as the natural one of the Church.

Take a certain form of the Christian devotional character, as shown in any one out of those numbers that Church of England biography puts before us; and ask any impartial person, who knows what religion is, and can distinguish one school of religious character from another, whether he does not see a genuine substantial Church devotion before him; not puritan, not latitudinarian, but Church of England, as distinct from these; and he will certainly say, Yes. What other answer could possibly be given, were the characters of Ken, Hammond, Herbert, Evelyn, and others, the types of whole classes, placed before him, than this? That the English Church has had substantial influence, and produced distinct effects, seems to be a simple fact. It has a history. It has produced a theology. It has formed a character. It has shown itself a substance in many ways. It has kept itself up, and not gone back from its first doctrinal ground; its creed has not collapsed like that of German Protestantism, and broken into fragments.

To return.—We have then a deep basis of doubt existing in Mr. Newman's mind, almost from the very commencement of his course; we see a theory not indeed fully grasped or yielded to, for it allowed him to go on, and work for our Church, but still existing in a very solid and firm way. He seems to start with a deep latent incredulousness as to her very existence, a primary doubt as to whether she has anything at all in her, and is made of anything more than paper. He says, Here is an experiment to be tried; we have a church that we know nothing about, and it has to be unfolded and brought out: it is a mere experiment. 'The doctrines are in one sense as entirely new, as Christianity when first preached;' 'it remains to be tried'—'until we can produce'—'until it is realized in substantial form,' and so on, is the language, which, simply annihilating the three centuries of our Church's post-Reformation existence, prepares itself to test, for the first time, a book theory, as new to practice as if it had been the last issue from the press. The English Church has no past: she has not lived, she has not acted. She has no present either: she has only a future hypothetical existence, if she has any at all, as the product of an experiment, the result of a process which is but just now entered on. His mind fastens the one aspect of a book system upon her, and he prepares to pass through her, as if she were a phantom or exhalation, opposing no real resistance to the forcible theory that inwardly possesses him.

Upon a mind, then, going in this fundamental line of thought and feeling, comes the call to engage in and lead a zealous, enthusiastic, hearty and vigorous defence and resuscitation of the English Church. Mr. Newman responded to this call, and took up this great work. He had a right to do so. No inward

antagonist theory, no deep misgiving, so long as it only exists elementally in the mind, and has not come to a regular full belief, precludes a man from taking part in or forwarding any movement in the system, which he is at present in. His mind is divided; he feels himself carried in one direction by his view, he has a call on him in another from his situation; he has an idea within him, an actual system about him; he thinks, he acts; he suspects philosophically, and maintains and defends practically, nay, warmly. This is a state of mind indeed, which, even when perfectly legitimate, is in one sense not a pleasant one to contemplate, because it touches and borders on what is forbidden; and as we call it up, and place it as a mental *status* before our mind's eye, we find the eye does not rest tranquilly upon it, but oscillates between side and side, and tendency and tendency, and is too much afraid of a perpetually hovering excess, to regard with much satisfaction even the mean. But it may be all this, and be a legitimate state of mind: it may also cease to be legitimate. This state of mind, whatever be its characteristics and dangers, Mr. Newman now, at the natural call of his position, has to be in. He was exactly the person to maintain it. Few people can act warmly or decidedly with even a trifling doubt, the least element of separation, in their minds. They have not the simple power or command which enables them to maintain two distinct and counterbalancing lines of feeling, or points of view; they cannot carry on an internal action and counteraction, or preserve, throughout two different mental positions, their mental unity. Mr. Newman had this power pre-eminently. If he had an inward theory against his Church, there was much in him to enable him to side with her. That power of entering into and assuming another state of mind, which in Mr. Newman is not simply an intellectual power, but a most ethical and religious one too; that faculty of sympathy, that real fellow-feeling, that love and kindness which his Sermons so beautifully show, came in. He was in a Church which had a theology, exhibited a basis, did a work, imparted a feeling. He was surrounded by minds that regarded her with affection and hope. He agreed with them: he acted out naturally his position; he put himself into the Church's view; he adopted the language of her divines, their statements, their defences; he was a genuine Church-of-England theologian, only with a reserve in favour of a fundamental suspicion in his mind, supposing it should turn out a true one. It is difficult to describe such a state of mind, without making it appear more intricate and subtle than it really is. We look on it from without, as a sight; within, it goes on as a fact, and is quite natural and intelligible to itself. A person has an embryo idea in his mind; he does not know what it is,

or what it will come to; it is not a practical thing: it is in him, that is all that can be said; he is not the same as if it were not in him. Meanwhile, a whole circle of motives draw him out, and make him act. He has real love, real affections, activities, calls to do good, to do something: he is a man, a Christian. What is he to do with all this? Is he to do nothing? Is he to go to sleep? Is he to cease to be a real person, and become an abstraction? The laws of our moral constitution seem to provide for a state of mind that feels upon an hypothesis, and is perfectly sincere, hearty, and enthusiastic, upon a ground of which it distinctly contemplates the possible hollowness. There is a reality which acts through an internal intellectual medium, as distinguished from absolute natural reality, which comes straight and immediate from a man's very self. And however a plainer, and, as it might seem, a more common-sense view of our internal nature, may relieve itself of the difficulty of explaining some of her subtler operations by simply overlooking them; any one who will really look into and take cognizance of them, will see that there is one—one particular state of mind, in which a man believes, feels, opines in a given way, because he *throws* himself into such belief, feeling, mode of thought. He puts himself into a state of mind, and adopts a point of view which he follows up with fidelity and nature, into its various expressions, turns of thought, modes of speaking; he commits himself to it for the present, and waits to see whither it will carry him, and how it will unwind.

We observe a decided difference, for example, on this very head, between Mr. Newman's state of mind, with respect to the English Church and the movement in her, and Mr. Froude's. Mr. Froude held pre-eminently an absolute and genuine, as distinct from an assumed view of the English Church; a primary and natural, as distinct from an hypothetical position in her: he had the real intrinsic feeling of belonging to his Church, as a branch belongs to a tree. He regarded her straight, and not through a medium. In this way, he had very strong sharp feelings about different portions of her history; keen likings and dislikings, vigorous sympathies and disgusts; equally genuine and natural both. He felt against the Reformers; he felt with the Caroline divines. These two sets of feelings did not represent two different stages of a mental progress, but one and the same. They were contemporary; and with all their apparent *primâ facie* contrariety, rose from one natural basis of mind, that gave itself the liberty of liking and disliking according to a genuine instinct, and was not prevented from having a real feeling in one direction, because it had one in

another. We will add that not only were they contemporary, but that he himself distinctly contemplated the fact that they were so. 'As to the Reformers,' he says, 'I think worse and worse of them. Jewell was what you would in these days call an irreverent Dissenter. His defence of his Apology disgusted me almost more than any work I have read. Bishop Hickea and Dr. Brett I see go all lengths with me in this respect, and I believe Laud did. The preface to the Thirty-nine Articles was certainly intended to disconnect us from the Reformers.' We quote this passage because it contains the expression which has, perhaps, given the most serious offence of any that occur in his Remains, in the way of reflection on the Reformers,—the one about Jewell; and yet we see, it comes in immediate juxtaposition with the most natural feelings of an English Churchman toward his own divines; and he censures Jewell from a distinctly Church-of-England basis, and not from any other. It would be an endless task to go on quoting passages from his letters, in which he shows this strong hearty sympathy with our divines, their zeal, exertions, writings; for we should have to quote nearly half the volume. Let any one turn to his letters, and they will see his animus clearly enough. At the very time that he had arrived at his very strongest language about the Reformers, he held exactly the same that he always had about our standard divines and Churchmen. We see the zest and relish with which he enters into their works, their love of antiquity, all the struggles they carried on, in their day: we see him appreciating them as men of power and intellect. He has all the associations, that a genuine English Churchman has, with respect to the period of the Great Rebellion; is fond of recalling it, realizes it vividly and keenly, and dwells with real affection on Charles and Laud, 'those blessed martyrs,' and on all the nobleness and self-devotion which that period brought out in our Church. We are referring to a whole class of feelings in him that would be denominated by some persons 'party spirit,' and considered superficial. Such a 'party spirit,' however, as Mr. Froude's, is as good a test of a person's real feeling for his Church as we could have. Whether a person may or may not be an excellent member of our Church without this class of feelings, we do not say; but to try the reality of his church-sympathy, the *reality*, we say, as distinct from any other characteristic which may or may not be approved of—if we want simply to be quite sure about that, (and it is the only thing we are concerned with now;) the test of *party* feeling offers a hyperbolical certainty as to that point. There can then be no mistake about him. It is when a person's feeling ramifies and goes into all corners and paths, and takes hold of individual names, and likes and dislikes in detail, that the

reality of that feeling appears so. *E. g.* Mr. Froude has a feeling about Milton;—‘I think I shall give him a touch some day :’—

—*animumque explesse juvabit*

Ultricis flammæ, et cineres saturas piorum.

About Hampden:—‘Memoirs of Hampden would be a subject . . . would take to with zest, as he hates that worthy with as much zeal and more knowledge than your humble servant.’ So he dwells *con amore* on all the schools which the high Anglican feeling has formed—the Nonjurors, the Scotch Church—on all displays of English Church feeling. Even Sacheverell’s mob is grateful to his feelings: he goes back to the career of the English Convocation, and its characteristic termination. ‘I see the reason Convocation was put down in 1717,’ was the remonstrance of the Lower House against the upper, to make them censure Hoadley’s Reservation. The upper house had a very little while before taken part with the Socinianizing Bishops against the lower. Also, what a curious thing it is to see the popularity of high Churchism among the lower orders at the time of Sacheverell’s trial? These matters ‘have opened to my weak ‘mind, a field of thought and enquiry, which I have no great ‘chance of following up. If I had 5000*l.*, I would pay all the ‘clever fellows I could, to analyze the pamphlets, &c., of that ‘time, and make a good history of Protestantism. A continuation of Collyer, would just take in all I desiderate; and if done ‘well, most curious and amusing it would be.’ All these biasses, associations, deep English Church feelings, go on together with, and are not destroyed by, his dislike of the Reformers; go on together with, and are not destroyed by, his love of Thomas à Becket and the mediæval Churchmen. Was this a mental confusion—was it puerility? Was his English Churchmanship a mere schoolboy feeling, that he had not yet parted with, and was soon going to do? The analogy of his character, hardly makes that likely. Mr. Froude could give up prejudices as well as most people; he did give them up remarkably quick, in one instance, viz., in the case of the Reformers. Why could he not have done the same in the other case? Why should he, when he had ceased to be a Reformation partizan, resolutely keep up the English Churchman? ‘To see his way rapidly and acutely,’ says one who ought certainly to know him, ‘was common to ‘him with many; but to venture along it with uncompromising ‘faith, was in a degree peculiar to himself.’ He was ‘a mind of itself inclined to rationalism,’ we are told, and as far from an indolently prejudiced one, as could be. A mind, then, ‘able to see its way rapidly and acutely,’ a keen, philosophical, naturally rationalistic mind, gives up the reforming, retains the Anglican, adds on the mediæval spirit. Mr. Froude *uno eodemque animo*,

beatifies Becket and Laud, and condemns Cranmer. He does so, because in each case he knows what he is doing: he sees in mediæval Churchmanship, the same main spirit and cause that he sees in the Laudian, and in the temper of the Reformation, something very different from both.

We mean to say that Mr. Froude took a *bonâ fide* natural position in the English Church, upon which natural position he said many strong, sharp, and apparently contradictory things of her—things both ways. You hear him talking of the Reformers, and you think he hates the Church: you hear him talking of our divines, and you find he loves her. This is genuine nature. It is a test of nature in a man, when he is not afraid of expressing himself both ways, and gives his feelings on each side their vent, without stopping to modify and reconcile. Nature is conscious of her own consistency, and can afford apparent contradictions. How constantly we may observe this. Take any one in a natural state of feeling on any subject, or with respect to any person: there will issue from him, as likely as not, a variety of thoughts, which, put down on paper, and looked at by themselves afterwards, will appear contradictory: and it may be no evidence against them if they do; it may tell for them. If he had constructed his point of view, and not had it naturally, it would have been probably more superficially consistent. Mr. Froude speaks against the Reformation spirit, against 'Church of Englandism,' against 'establishmentism,' against 'smug parsons,' against many other things: all this is perfectly consistent with, and in him, did, as a matter of fact, actually go along intimately with, a deep, loyal, genuine, natural Church-of-England faith and feeling. It may be said, of course, that if he had lived longer, he would have altered and become a seceder; but it is easy to make a supposition. Certainly, no one can argue for it from the similarity of his state of mind to Mr. Newman's, when he was alive; for it was a very different one.

This difference that we are observing in Mr. Froude's and Mr. Newman's mental position in our church, shows itself in one rather remarkable instance; one which claims our attention the more too, for being contained in a statement proceeding from Mr. Newman himself: we allude to a 'Retraction' which appeared anonymously in the 'Conservative Journal' some years ago, and which the writer has now formally acknowledged in the advertisement to his new work. The extraordinary strength of Mr. Newman's expressions against Rome, is a point, we believe, that many never quite understood, till that explanation came out. It was a difficulty with them, how a mind, with Mr. Newman's general tendencies, could have held such extreme language on that subject. The language was much stronger, and brought

on wholly another class of expressions, than what either Mr. Froude, Mr. Keble, or Dr. Pusey have used:—we mean such as that, ‘it was to be feared that the whole Roman Communion had bound itself by a perpetual bond and covenant to the cause of Antichrist;’ that she was ‘spellbound, as if by an evil spirit,’ ‘that bad spirit which was the animating principle of the Fourth Monarchy,’ ‘the Sorceress upon the seven hills,’ ‘the man of sin,’ ‘the old man, or evil principle of the flesh, which exalteth itself against God;’ that this ‘was certainly a mystery of iniquity, and one which may well excite our dismay and horror;’ that the spirit of Rome ‘gained subtlety by years;’ that ‘Popish Rome had succeeded to Pagan; and would that we had no more reason to expect still more crafty developments of Antichrist!’ ‘In truth,’ the language goes on, ‘she is a church beside herself;’ ‘the spirit of old Rome has risen again in its former place, and evidenced its identity by its works. ‘In the corrupt Papal system, we have the cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the Republic; its cruelty in its unsparing sacrifice of the happiness and virtue of individuals to a phantom of public expediency, in its forced celibacy within, and its persecutions without; its craft in its falsehoods, its deceitful deeds and lying wonders; and its grasping ambition in the very structure of its polity, and its assumption of universal dominion: old Rome is still alive; nowhere have its eagles lighted, but it still claims the sovereignty under another pretence.’ ‘Their (the Romanists’) communion is infected with heresy; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. They have established a lie in the place of God’s truth.’ And epithets such as ‘profane,’ ‘impious,’ ‘blasphemous,’ ‘gross,’ ‘monstrous,’ are used with boldness and decision. With respect to such language, and remarking on particular parts of it, Mr. Froude writes to Mr. Newman, as follows:—‘I wonder you could, even in the extremity of *οικονομία* and *φειλακισμός*, have consented to be a party to it.’—‘I except from . . . approbation, your . . . most superfluous hit at the poor Romanists. ‘You have first set them down as demoniacally possessed by the ‘evil genius of Pagan Rome, but notwithstanding, are able to ‘find something to admire in their spirit, particularly because they ‘apply ornament to its proper purposes: and then you talk of ‘their churches. All that is very well, and one hopes one has ‘heard the end of name-calling, when all at once you relapse ‘into your Protestantism, and deal in what I take leave to call ‘slang.’

Now, one thing is not difficult to be seen here, and that is, that Mr. Froude did not quite understand the particular state of mind in which Mr. Newman used all this language. A retrospective view, throws almost an appearance of simplicity over

his remonstrance: the subsequent explanation so completely cuts under it. Mr. Froude, however he might joke about *oikonomia*, evidently does not imagine any real serious deep *oikonomia* to be going on in Mr. Newman's case; he takes his language for the expression of his real opinion in the ordinary way, and he tells him his opinion is wrong. 'I do not believe,' he says, 'that any Roman Catholic, of education, will tell you,' &c. &c. He supposes, all along, Mr. Newman to be speaking his own words. On the other hand, Mr. Newman's account of himself is: 'I said to myself, I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary for our position.' Here we have a difference then, in a particular instance, which is the result of a general difference in their two states of mind. Mr. Newman *put* himself into a state of mind, Mr. Froude did not: he had his own natural one, and that only. Language, therefore, that hurt Mr. Froude, sat comparatively easy upon Mr. Newman: it was not the expression of himself, in the same sense it would have been of Mr. Froude. Mr. Newman threw himself into a system, carried out a position. He held the language which he thought belonged to that system and position; and it was his own, only through that medium; his own in a secondary, and not a natural sense.

It is obvious which of these two states of mind throws most life and reality into the Church; which is the son's, and which the sojourner's feeling. Mr. Froude united *himself* with his Church; and regarded it as a home, in which he could think and act naturally and freely, as a person does at home. He did not go to books in the first instance, to know how he was to express himself: he had his own language, and he used it. Mr. Newman might have said to himself, We are a living Church, and have a right to alter our controversial style if we please; just as a living person can make changes in his manner, tone, and deportment: although our old controversialists used harsh and rough language, we are not obliged to follow them in it; let us speak in our own words; we are as really the Church as they were. But Mr. Newman did not do this: he went immediately to books for his language; he spoke, as he tells us, what were 'not his own words;' and a line, in one aspect extremely deferential to the authority of his Church, does in reality exanimate and deaden her. Alas! is there not betrayed in it that view in his mind which we have already alluded to, which, latently, from the first, fastened the aspect of

a book system on his Church? Mr. Newman seems to go instinctively to documents, not to life; to think of her as a literature, and not a substance. His line binds an objectionable and untenable style of language on her, from which it relieves him: in the act of not committing himself, he commits his Church, and enjoys an ominous internal liberty, under shelter of her stiffness.

We began our remarks with the year 1837, when Mr. Newman published his 'Romanism and Popular Protestantism.' A body of thought, as we have said, is apparent in the introduction to that work, which reflects a considerable way back, and shows a strong groundwork, of some standing, of reserve and suspicion in his mind on the subject of our Church, to which he then, for the first time, gave indefinite, but still significant expression. And a state of mind appears anterior to this, in which, as he informs us, he separated himself mentally from his language as a controversialist, and 'threw himself' into the Anglican belief, as a mental position.

In the autumn of 1839, an able controversial article appeared in a Roman Catholic periodical, generally ascribed to the pen of Dr. Wiseman. It brought against the Anglican ground a mode of attack, which had at any rate the advantage of being plain; it placed the two sides fairly opposite each other, and its argument had definiteness and tangibility. Its aim was to reduce the question between the two Churches, to one of simple matter of fact. The fathers, urges the writer, had a very straightforward way of dealing with schismatical bodies. The Catholic Church, as they represented her, did not argue, but assert a fact. She said, 'I am, as a matter of fact, the Catholic Church; and therefore I am right, and you are wrong. The Catholic Church extends over all lands; that is its definition. I, as a matter of fact, fulfil it; I extend over all lands: while you, who oppose me, are a mere corner of the world. It follows immediately, without going any further, that you are in schism, and not I, that I am the Church, and not you. *Securus judicat totus orbis.*'—Such is the argument which St. Augustine is made to wield against the Donatists, in this article. He is made to conduct that controversy by means of a simple appeal to a great fact, an existing visible phenomenon, of which the eye itself was a judge. The Church, in its simultaneous unity and extent, one body corporate spreading over all lands, was a great fact, to the truth of which he appealed with the same certainty as a geographer could to the continent of Europe, or an Englishman to the liberty of the press; and that fact settled the question between the Church and the Donatists. The inference was immediately drawn with respect to Rome and the English Church.

That this was an argument exceedingly suited to tell on Mr. Newman's mind, will be obvious to any one who will turn back to those parts of the Introduction to the 'Romanism and Popular Protestantism' that we have quoted. It falls in completely with the indefinite and immature, but forcible view there; fills up the hiatus; satisfies a *desiderium* of tangible largeness, which had gone on rather negatively than positively hitherto. 'Protestantism and Popery are real religions,' had been Mr. Newman's dictum; no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast. But the *Via Media* has never existed except on paper.' This argument talked of lands, of nations, of the *orbis terrarum*, of one visible organization, that spread over them: it professed to supply a matter of fact Catholicity, to relieve the mind of the appeal to books, the search into history, the balance of evidence, and to place a phenomenon before it. It accordingly appears to have produced a powerful effect on Mr. Newman's mind; and to have pushed him to a decision. From that time dates that course of steps, which, one by one, with fatal regularity, removed him from his residence in the University, then made him give up St. Mary's, and lastly, lodged him in the communion where he now is. A silent, slow, and gradual, but determined process of withdrawal, commences shortly after the publication of that article, which shows a mind only waiting to be made up, and proceeding by successive stages to a certain goal.

The very first manifestation of his mind, after it, the article viz. on 'The Catholicity of the English Church,' written shortly after the Roman Catholic challenge and in answer to it, shows the strength with which this process had set in. A deep appreciation, differing so subtly from, that it appears almost to shade into an acceptance of, the Roman ground, pervades and inhabits that article from the beginning to the end. The Roman ground has settled immoveably in the writer's mind. The body of thought which runs through it is Roman: scattered portions of the Anglican argument hang upon it or float around it, but the body is Roman; it moves through the light opposition which is made to it, as a ship moves through floating pieces of timber. It shoves them aside, because they are simply floating pieces, and have no system or arrangement, no solid corporate existence in the writer's mind. It is a too certain test which way an intellect is going, when it sees systematically on one side and not on the other; when one set of arguments presents itself in form and shape to it, and another in scattered fragments, and one by one, as it happens. Such is the case with the article 'On the Catholicity of the English Church.' It sees, connectedly and systematically, on the Roman side, and not so on the

Anglican. It is solid on the one side, loose on the other; and opposes to a body of constructed thought in the Roman direction, only a light running set of defences in the Anglican. The phalanx moves on, accompanied by straggling foes, who, like dogs running along by the side of some large animal, rather snap at the heels of the formidable invader than really disturb his progress. This was the natural result of the state of mind upon the subject, in which Mr. Newman was. Water finds its own level: his mode of arguing reflected the real progress of his mind, which was for the Roman, and against the English Church.

The following passage, *e. g.* which draws a general comparison between the arguments of the two Churches, is a remarkable one:

‘ Now, as to the respective views themselves, Roman and Anglican, the maintainer of the former has this advantage, that the fact which he alleges against us, want of Catholicity, is far more level to the apprehension of men in general than that which we allege against him, want of primitiveness, while the significance of his fact is such as plausibly to throw discredit upon our contrary fact. It is very obvious to the whole world, that the English Church is separated from the rest of Christendom; it is not evident, except to a very few, that the faith of Rome is an addition to the primitive. Again, suspicion is thrown on the allegation that it is an addition, by the aforesaid unquestionable fact, that far the greater part of Christendom denies the assertion. Our argument, then, has to sustain the disadvantage both of the certainty in fact, and the apparent cogency in reasoning, of those arguments. And while the argument of the Romanists is thus practically efficient, it has a simplicity in its theory which is very plausible. It provides for the special difficulty which we urge against their religious system, before we bring it; whereas ours does not similarly account for and dispose of the difficulty which they bring against our system. Roman Catholics urge against us, that we are separated from Christendom; now the fact of our keeping to the primitive faith has no tendency whatever to produce this deflexion from it, that is, to explain how it comes to pass that we are practically estranged from the great Christian body. On the other hand, when we in turn urge against them what they have added to the faith, they are not unwilling, in a certain sense, to grant it; they account for it by referring it to a cause recognised in their system,—to the power which, they maintain, is possessed by the great Christian body in matters of faith, of developing the faith. This alleged fact, that they are the Church Catholic, serves to account for our alleged fact, that they believe more than the ancients. We bring little against them which is not at once solved on the supposition of their assumption being

'true; they bring a charge against us which remains just where it was, though our assumption be ever so much granted. It is still a difficulty how the great body of Christians should have gone wrong, even granting our assumption that they have; it is no difficulty that the great body should have added to the faith, when we grant this assumption that they have the power.'

Here the Roman ground enjoys its full systematic strength: it is evidently being contemplated by a mind that peculiarly appreciates and enters into that particular characteristic of it; that relishes its system and rotundity. Rome 'has a simplicity in its theory, which is very plausible: it provides for the special difficulty which we argue against her religious system before we bring it.' In this mathematical fortification the Anglo-Catholic in vain endeavours to find some weak point; he thinks he has hit on one, but finds he is mistaken. 'Does the Church, according to Romanists, know more now than the Apostles knew?' he asks with surprise. But here, as before, the system is found 'to provide for the difficulty:' the theory of a latent knowledge comes in to meet his objection, and the Anglo-Catholic is obliged to end with saying, 'This is all very well in the abstract, but let us return to the point as to what the Apostles held.' That is to say, he can only go back again to his old point, after it has been already explained and accounted for.

On the other hand, the facts on the Anglican side of the controversy, and against the Roman claims, come in one after another without arrangement. They are mentioned, but they lose their effect from this circumstance. It makes all the difference as to facts telling or not argumentatively, whether they are in their place. A fact which is most efficient at one part of the discussion, is not at all so at another; if it comes in after the juncture for it is passed, it is of comparatively little use; it is made to tell in its own place, and not in another. Some facts again are leading ones, others secondary: a regular defence elevates some, subordinates others, and makes an argumentative fabric of them. If a leading fact has a subordinate place given to it, and is mentioned casually, as if it were nothing in particular, and one of a row, it has not its weight, and is not, in short, properly itself.

There is one fact in particular, the absence of which in its own place we most remarkably miss in the article's defence against the Roman claims. The schism of the East and West is a leading fact in the history of the Church. Its bearing upon the argument drawn from St. Augustine's ground, in the Donatist controversy, is obvious. St. Augustine appealed to a visible

fact of one Church-organization spreading over all lands. He appealed to the senses, to the organ of sight; he pointed to an existing phenomenon. That was his argument. But that phenomenon does not now exist. The Church is not now visibly one organization all over the world. The Church is, *prima facie*, divided. St. Augustine could not now, casting his eye over the Christian world, and going simply by the decision which his eye brought home to him, pronounce the Church of Christ to be, as a matter of eyesight, one and one only communion. We do not want a person to be rigorous or over nice, or to make more of exceptions to unity than they really come to. Let not an exception disprove a rule, or this or that division from the main body be fastened on, as if every division, *ipso facto*, destroyed visible unity. There is clearly a state of things in which the Church, notwithstanding bodies split from it here and there, would still appear to a fair candid eye, as one visible communion. The rule of visible unity might so completely dominate over sectarian exceptions to it, that an equitable, common-sense eye would pronounce the Church, *primâ facie*, one body. Such was the case in St. Augustine's time: such is not the case now. The Church is not now visibly one. There is, *primâ facie*, the Eastern and the Western Church. If it be said that this appearance can be explained, and that, notwithstanding the phenomenon in the case being the other way, the existence of the Church as one of these communions only can still be proved; to that assertion all we are concerned to say now is, that whether or not it can be proved notwithstanding the phenomenon, it cannot be proved by it. There are powerful, weighty, telling arguments, we doubt not, to form such a conclusion; there are also powerful, weighty telling ones against it. With neither these arguments, nor the comparison of them, have we anything at present to do; because they are not the ground taken in the controversy with the Donatists. An argument from Scripture, or history, or metaphysics, a regular theological argument, a process of reasoning, to prove the Church to be one intercommunicating body,—may or may not be good, may or may not be sound, consecutive, valid, just, potent, and satisfactory; may or may not be whatever else an argument should be; but one thing it certainly is *not*, and that is, it is not St. Augustine's argument. St. Augustine appealed to a visible fact: can Rome do the same? She cannot. The Church, as one external communion, and one only, if it is a fact *now*, is not a visible, but an invisible one. It is arrived at by reasoning, by inferences, not by the eye. The phenomenon is against it. It may be said that the Church was one external communion then, and therefore must be so now. That may be true or not, but St. Augustine appeals immediately to a present

fact, and does not argue inferentially from a past one. It may be said again, that we must go by faith and not by sight, and believe only in one intercommunicating body as the Church, in spite of sight's opposition. This also may be true or not; but St. Augustine did not appeal to faith, he appealed to sight. His argument, in short, is addressed to a plain Catholic person's eyes; and if such a person has now, instead of looking at fact to receive an explanation of it, and instead of seeing is told to believe against sight, he may naturally, without denying the legitimacy of reasoning or the excellence of faith, say, This is not the particular appeal which St. Augustine makes to me. If I am thrown back upon reasoning, I must then hear one side, and I must hear another; I must balance evidence, and test logic. I have not time or ability for this. And, if you release me of the difficulty, by telling me to believe simply, this is not St. Augustine's remedy either. He tells me to look with my eyes; I look, and I see the Church of Christ divided.

St. Augustine's fact, again, is made to take an invisible leap from his age to our own, and a past phenomenon, by monopolizing attention, is made to supplant a present one. But this again will not hold. St. Augustine appealed to a plain fact of his day, and his modern argumentative follower must appeal to a plain fact of ours. He cannot suppose that fact to go on as it did, unless it really does so go on. The appeal to a visible fact cannot, like a purely metaphysical argument, be transplanted whole out of one age into another, and used irrespectively of that matter of fact to which it appeals. An appeal to fact in one age becomes, when translated into the self-same argument in another, an appeal not to the fact of that former age, but to that of the present one instead. An argument which is the function of phenomena, must keep phenomena before it: it cannot go on indefinitely upon what was once apparent fact, simply because such was so once: it cannot, however closely it went along with its fact at a given time, create, simply because it did so, the continuity of that fact. It is a question of simple observation, at every given epoch at which it is used, what the matter of fact is which it is to reflect and vindicate. St. Augustine's argument is not now to be located in St. Augustine's time: if we so locate it, we change its very nature as an argument. It must, as an argumentative mirror, reflect the phenomenon before it.

We must add, that a phenomenon does not cease to be such, absolutely and in its own nature, because when viewed through a particular argument or theory, it ceases to tell as such. The Roman argument, *e. g.* negatives the Eastern Church from the epoch of the division, and so undermines it as a phenomenon to its own eye. But it remains a phenomenon in itself notwith-

standing; because it is one prior to any argumentative aspect in which it is regarded; it has its virtue immediately from its own visibility, and no argument can prevent it from being seen. An existing phenomenon has a ground of its own: it is a distinct independent thing, claiming a distinct independent cognizance: it stands before us prior to fact historical: we see it before we know anything about what was the case before it: it has a primary existence, and makes a necessary impression. A counter argument proceeding from another premise, may run parallel with that impression, may rival it, may outweigh it; but cannot possibly undo it, and make it not to be. We see a divided Church, before we either know of an argument for the necessity of one intercommunicating one, or the fact that there ever was one; and thus simply seen, it is that pure phenomenon, and makes that necessary impression which we speak of: appealing to our eye, as St. Augustine's undivided Church did to his.

Such appears to be the bearing of the great fact of the schism between East and West upon the exclusive Church theory of either. It shifts the great argument of Church visibility from one body to two; from East and West in intercommunion, to East and West in separation. Two bodies are now the Church apparent; two are real Churches to a simple Catholic eye: if one only of them is so, it is not so to the eye; it is, as an exclusive Church, not a visible but an invisible one, the result of a process of reasoning, the product of an intellectual inquiry.

But whatever be the weight assigned to this fact, or in whatever aspect we may view it, it has certainly a natural place, and a most important one, in any defence against the Roman claim to the *orbis terrarum*, and the Roman use of St. Augustine's argument against the Donatists. Nevertheless, it is not once alluded to by Mr. Newman, in this particular connexion. The passage in the article on the Catholicity of the English Church, which especially meets this Roman argument, begins and ends without mentioning the existence of the Eastern Church: just in the place where the fact would tell, we do not have it; and in the direct argumentative contact with Rome's *orbis terrarum*, the latter, in the full sense of St. Augustine's phrase, appears tacitly and simply conceded to her. The fact comes in indeed afterward, but it has not its place in the argument. 'Another thought is suggested to us,' Mr. Newman says, after the body of the argument is over; and that thought is the existence of the Eastern Church. The fact is viewed, however, with reference to the fulfilment of prophecy, and has not its immediate direct force given to it. Rome is told of her unreality in 'mapping out' the Eastern Church as she does. The Eastern Church is

alluded to, is lighted on, touched on, in the course of the article; but it never directly appears in its place as presenting the denial of fact to the Roman assertion of her *orbis terrarum*. The writer sees systematically for Rome, and never against her; has method on the side he opposes, and not on that which he defends.

It may be asked why we have gone through these tokens and evidences of a course of mind; why we notice the progress, when we have the end of the journey before us. Is it not a self-evident truth, it may be said, that a mind carries in it beforehand the seed of its ultimate belief, and that it is only a matter of time, when the seed unfolds? It is so in a sense. When a regular change is made, and the step is taken, we naturally expect on looking back to see signs and symptoms of its coming. We should be surprised if we did not see them,—they are no discoveries, when we see them, but only what would have been plain to us beforehand, had we seen the event. A retrospective view in this way seems at first unnecessary, because we may almost take for granted what it shows. What it does, it may be said, is too obvious to be wanted. It is easy to see things when they have happened, and it is a cheap mode of providing for them beforehand, to prophesy of them afterward. All this may be said, and yet, when an event in which we are much concerned has taken place, it is natural to go back in thought to the signs it gave of its approach; and at the expense, it may be, of pain realized in the process, to put ourselves into the past, and looking at the event as if it were future, accompany the progress to it with our minds. There is, indeed, more gained by such a process, than we are apt at first to think. However a fact may include its own explanation, it does not absolutely communicate it; it does not, accordingly, satisfy in itself a want we feel. It requires to be entered into. There is nothing new to be got by accounting for it, only the fact itself is more seen. As we look back and see it coming on, step after step, we become more familiar with it, and get over the pain by the act of contact with the cause of the pain. To look on a dead wall, is doubly unsatisfactory. We want to know what there is in a thing, about it, around it, before it, behind it; it develops itself in its circumstances; it becomes a thing known, and is admitted into our internal field of reality and experience. When a thing is not known, we fear it like cowards: we know it, and we fear it like men. We give it its due weight and regard, its proper import and meaning; but agitation is over, tranquillity has begun. The mind ceases to vibrate; it can confront an event, examine it, look it calmly and steadily in the face. Fear is not alarm; fear prevents alarm; fear is an essential element in all courage that is worth having.

Such is the fear that knowledge gives, and moderates while it gives.

As it has become necessary, then, let us with calmness and deliberation, with all love and sincerity towards him from whom we have parted, remembering what is due to him, and what to ourselves, his place and ours, ask seriously, whether Mr. Newman has ever had what could be called a natural mental position in our Church? His services, labours, what he has done, in word and deed amongst us; those energies and those sympathies, which have spread him over so large a ground, and made him teacher to so many minds, are before us; we remember them, and have remembered them with gratitude. Mr. Newman has energized, has expanded among us, has given us all the benefit and use of his inward powers and feelings; he has worked in our Church, and for her; he has been her minister, teacher, awakener, defender: but there is just one thing more—has he ever been her son? He has been all but that; but has he ever really, as an ordinary, continuous, natural state of mind, felt himself *that*? has he had that particular feeling to get over in crossing the line that he has crossed? If he has, he has not done himself justice, in his own way of speaking of his position; he has represented it as more external than it really was. We see existing from the very first in him, put forward in intellectual shape and phraseology, and so strongly appreciated as to be almost adopted, a view of our Church, as a simply untried theory, and of the present movement, as a simply new experiment. She appears to him to be written in books, in contradistinction to being alive. He wants a larger body to belong to; the English Church is too small. An image of largeness, masses, power, numbers, puts her in the shade. He tries her system as an experiment; he adopts the language of her divines, and throws himself into their state of mind. Upon this internal ground, rose the wonderful creation of books, sermons, and all that issued from Mr. Newman's mind. His influence was felt all over the Church, and his name was identified with her; but, alas! his own work was external in a way to himself all the time. There was a reserve going on; he was not one with his Church; he was not at home in her; he had not faith in her. The consequence we see. An internal theory going on, unsubstantiating her, till she became like the air around him, has at last cut through her, like a wedge; and the workman has gone, leaving his workmanship behind him.

There is a feeling which a person has when he looks upon the Church he belongs to naturally, as being his Church; when he impersonates her to his mind, and thinks of her as of a real being, with whom he is himself indissolubly connected; when he takes

real, natural, vital interest in the welfare of this corporate being; feels individual humiliation and shame at her defects, akin to the shame he would feel at defects he discovered in himself; and on the other hand, as it were, a personal, individual elevation in her improvement; when he has, though he may not at all yield to it, a strong tendency, even to conceal her faults from his own mind, because they pain him; and dwells on the good that he sees in her, with a peculiar interested pleasure and partiality. There is such a thing, in short, as a really, substantially, inwardly felt connexion between oneself and one's Church, so that in losing it, one would lose part of oneself, and become a changed person; there is the genuine natural relation of the member to the body, the son to the mother. This is a relation which cannot be assumed through an act of the will, and entered into as a state of mind. To enter into a Church's view, stand on her ground, to represent, to reflect, to adopt, is not to belong to. Great and beautiful is the faculty of sympathy: it can do wonders; it can transform itself at will; it can feel with another temper, *as if* it were that temper itself; can be absorbed into it, follow it out into all its symptoms and characteristics; it can be the very absolute living image of it: but one thing it is not—it is not that very temper itself. The feeling we speak of, must be fundamental in the mind which has it; must be at the bottom; it must be one's very self, and not one's sympathetic one that feels it; no other self will do, but self itself. The mind we assume is not really our own; it goes round and round our own mind; encircles, envelopes it, clothes it, includes it, *is* not it; we tenant, inhabit, occupy it; we make it, sustain it, but it is what we make, and not what we are.

Let us turn now, for a short time, to another stream of opinion which rather rose parallel with Mr. Newman, than absolutely proceeded from him; and which, like his, has ended in going out of our Church. Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakeley, half following Mr. Newman, half independent of him, taking their own line, and echoing him as they took it, exhibited to the world a magnifying mirror of what Mr. Newman held with delicate reserve, and used a strong and broad language with respect to the English Church, which quite put Mr. Newman's silence in the background. A writer in a contemporary has sharply and pithily expressed the relation in which Mr. Ward has stood to Mr. Newman. His severe, but just, remark is to this effect; that Mr. Ward held without tact and without taste, what Mr. Newman held with both; and that having the same view really, the one withheld, and the other obtruded it. This was about the truth of the matter. Mr. Ward produced a *sensation* by his language. There was no reserve, no accommodation, no consideration for public

religious feeling in his Church shown; none of that sympathy and refinement which, in Mr. Newman's case, rather hinted an indefinite prospective difference from his Church, than proclaimed one on the spot. Every thing came out bare and naked; thoughts were openly displayed as soon as they were conceived; and a course of writing, that went on some time, seemed to aim at being effective by giving offence. It abounded, to use the expression, in 'strong things:' we used to hear that Mr. Ward had 'been saying strong things about the Virgin Mary;' and so on. With respect to the English Church, the general tone of expression went far openly to unchurch her. The doubt as to whether she was a Church or not, was not at all disguised; and the same writers were teaching and doubting in public at once. Mr. Oakeley alluded to the hypothesis of the existence of the English Church, with hope:—if the English Church be a Church, '*as we trust she is,*' italicizing the latter words, on purpose that he might (for this is the only use that italics have) draw special attention to the fact, that he was in doubt whether ours was a real Church or not. It was very natural that such a tone of writing should produce a sensation. A Church cannot, with proper self-respect, hear her own ministers throwing doubts upon her existence, and not feel the offence. It is part of her very existence to feel it. A Church must, in simple consistency, assert her own life, and, therefore, must naturally feel resentment at the denial of it.

What was at the bottom of this manifestation was an inherent and fundamental want of faith in, sympathy with, natural position in our Church. We are aware, in saying this, that Mr. Oakeley, in his last letter, mentions a 'dogged loyalty' to the English Church, which kept him to it when the convictions of reason were sliding from under him. He thinks, and we doubt not sincerely, that he really sees in himself, on looking back, such a state of mind. But will he re-examine himself? We sincerely wish to avoid any forensic argument with one for whom we have so much personal respect, and whose devotional and ministerial labours in our Church have been so conspicuous; but we must, for convenience sake, use the ordinary form, and say, that if Mr. Oakeley really had this 'dogged loyalty' to the English Church, he took an extraordinary way of showing it. Let us take one of those natural tests of such a feeling, that are mentioned above. That feeling which we call loyalty to a body prompts a person to find out and make much of what is good in it; to single out the good symptoms rather than the bad. On the contrary, when a coolness is felt, either to a body or individual, we are disposed to fix on the bad symptoms, and argue against the good ones. Of these two dispositions, Mr. Oakeley has

evinced toward the English Church the latter, and not the former. For example: Bishop Jewell and most of the Reformation Bishops were puritans on the subject of Church ornament and ceremonial: Jewell did not even like the surplice. Mr. Oakeley, in an elaborate article, fastens Jewell and his puritanism upon the English Church. But then, after an interval, came Laud and the Caroline divines, taking exactly the opposite line on those subjects to Jewell and the Reformation Bishops. Is Mr. Oakeley glad to discover this? As he reluctantly saw a sign against our Church in Jewell's school, is he glad to find a favourable one in Laud's? Apparently not, because he tries to explain away that *prima facie* favourableness. Laud and his brethren are censured for a too formal attachment to ceremonial; and while every thing they said and did evinces a natural feeling and ecclesiastical love for the thing itself, Mr. Oakeley will think that they enforced it, as a matter only of establishment decency, if not of state-policy. He even sympathizes with the opposition of the puritans to it, and excuses the latter in consideration of the low ground on which they saw it based. Jewell is uncatholic for objecting to the surplice, and Laud is a formalist for imposing it. Mr. Oakeley censures Puritanism when the English Church is for it, and sympathises with it when she is against it.

We beg to be understood here as not reflecting or throwing blame in simply pointing to a particular state of feeling in certain persons as a fact; we are not judging but observing. Mr. Ward, we are sure, will have no objection to admit, that he never felt himself a son of the English Church. He will say at once, with that candour that so remarkably belongs to him, that what we say is quite true, that he has passed through the English Church without ever having, from the very first, felt any thing to be called affection to her. He will say at once, as far as himself is concerned,—We have been a separate stream of our own: we never did really belong to the English Church. We rose up and were in her locally for a certain time: but that is all the connexion we had with her. He will say, in short, of himself all we wish to say of him. In this way, then, an exhibition of opinion went on, and came to rapid and full-blown size within our Church; a church within a church grew up, and a curious phenomenon of the day, was looked at and wondered at by all.

We have given Mr. Newman's movement, and Mr. Ward's; it only remains to combine them: to view them, as what in reality they were, one and the same movement.

The exact degree to which the rapid growth of opinion around him hastened the progress of Mr. Newman's own mind, we do not undertake to say: but we know the influence which an expansion

and sudden development of thought in others has upon the same main idea, however more reservedly held, in oneself. Such a movement may disgust and drive back, certainly; but it may also bring out and mature. The development that we are speaking of, felt the support of Mr. Newman underneath it all the time, and derived strength and confidence from it. Mr. Newman's reserve and moderation of expression, compared with theirs, was amply atoned for by the certain knowledge of his real opinion being the same: and a note in one of his volumes of sermons gave his public sanction to a series of articles, of which Mr. Ward was the author. Thus totally different as Mr. Newman's own mode of acting has ever been to Mr. Ward's and Mr. Oakeley's, the two lines of conduct have in effect, and from the nature of the case, acted together, and Mr. Newman has been the support and strength of Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakeley's development, because he was with them in real opinion, and therefore could not help being so. If people really agree, they must of course, in effect, act together in such a movement: one may act with taste, another without; one reservedly, another obtrusively; one with sympathy for, another not attending to others' feelings: but if they are on the same side all the time, the refined, reserved, and sympathetic mind is strengthening the work of the rapid and precipitate one. Such is the necessary result of unity in principle. It even seems to go further. However broad, hard, and sudden a development of a view which oneself has may be, still, when it is made, it acts upon us; however we may dislike the shape of it, the outer fact tells, and exerts an extracting force upon our own idea. It operates as a challenge to it; the internal view has to show cause to itself, why it does not come out. A full precipitate exhibition, however really inferior in solid power to a slower and more quiet progress of the idea, has yet this particular influence over it—it is first in the field, and so obliges its superior in a sense to follow, and takes him along with it.

We do not forget other causes that have operated from without, in bringing this movement to a head. A class of 'signs,' as they have been called, against the English Church—a series of unfavourable symptoms and appearances, contracted in the course of late events, have been appealed to, as the originating and justifying cause of separation from her. On this head we have one or two remarks to make.

In the first place, we know well that Mr. Newman has had much to bear. He has endured a long storm against him. He has been singled out for censure, attack, rebuke, while openly dissenting and latitudinarian opinions have been tolerated and encouraged: and a long course of Church of England

labours and services; services, most of them, of an undoubtedly and simply Church of England tendency, and, whatever may have been the latent progress of his mind all the time, not at all obtruding the latter, or having anything to do with it; have not availed to skreen him from persevering virulence, and perpetual paper persecution. We know that when an event, such as has taken place with him, has followed upon a course of attack, it appears in one aspect simply to justify it; and the assailing party has the argumentative right to say,—We saw this event coming on,—we said all along what Mr. Newman really was,—our prophecy is made good; and the event shows that we had a right to regard him as we did. They have a right to whatever advantage, as a defence, this subsequent verification gives them; but what does this defence amount to after all? Because we see a tendency in a man in a particular direction, have we a right to add a stimulus of our own to it: however a person is apparently going to leave us, are we at liberty to drive him away from us? It is obvious, that such a mode of arguing, whatever subsequent absoluteness it may receive from the occurrence of an event, is indefensible as a rule for us, at the time at which we use it. It is not a practical warrant at the time for the line of conduct in defence of which it is urged afterward. Practically, and really, we have not a right to attack upon suspicion and surmise, however forcible; first to predict, and then try to secure ourselves the verification of our own prediction. If a person's mind is going through a course of change, let the responsibility of that change rest entirely upon him: we have no right to relieve him of it, and give him an external motive in addition to his internal one. This is the ordinary, practical, and common-sense, rule upon which we act in matters of life: but this was not acted upon with respect to Mr. Newman. Grant that the Roman tendency of his mind was apparent to those who raised the attack against him, and was the reason of that attack, what right did that give them against one who did not obtrude, or proclaim it? The truth is, however, it was not in Mr. Newman or in others, the Roman tendency simply, that created distrust and opposition. Those who felt the most simple attachment to their Church, fared the same with those who mistrusted her; and the Catholic son of the English Church, and the disciple of Roman Catholicity, had one treatment. All was one and the same thing, to those whom we are referring to; they put all together under one head, and opposed the whole revival of Church-doctrines as such. Moreover, persons condemned Mr. Newman who had no right to condemn, supposing a condemnation were wanted. Those who interpreted the Articles freely in one direction, had no

right to condemn others for interpreting them freely in another; and the latitudinarian could not consistently disallow a catholic liberty. Such was the promiscuous heterogeneous character of the opposition to Mr. Newman.

Mr. Newman and his school felt this, and felt it of course as an argument against our Church. They argued that the Church of England identified herself with latitudinarianism, or any heretical views whatever, against Church doctrines in any shape. They said, if a man be the most open heretic, he is safe; nothing is said against him: if he hold every Catholic doctrine, and have but a bias to Rome, he is treated like an alien. It is evident what the bias of the Church of England is. We will just observe of this argument, *en passant*, that it requires qualification; for, however the large party we are referring to might fully deserve it, still, with respect to the Church herself, we cannot always argue from what she opposes most to what she dislikes most. She is in a particular position with respect to Rome, and is obliged to defend herself vigorously against her, as against an external opponent who denies her life: it does not follow that she dislikes her internal doctrines more than she does those of dissent. The most formidable foe is most opposed sometimes, and not the worst man. However, unceasing opposition, attack, persecution, tell upon a sensitive person's mind, he draws his own argument from it: he is not particular or nice about his inferences; he does not think himself at all bound to be: he makes a full, broad, indefinite use of the fact: he says, the Church is attacking me, her authorities are condemning me. Everything is tolerated in the English Church except the least suspected Roman bias.

With respect, however, to this whole class of external causes and influences, these outward *σημεία*, these 'signs' against the English Church, we must say, that they would not have really thus told, except upon minds predisposed upon internal grounds of distrust, to take and interpret them thus. The opposition made to the revival of Church doctrines amongst us, has been a loud, deep, determined one; but is it louder, deeper, more determined than was to have been expected? As a matter of course, such a movement creates opposition, great opposition: this immediate consequence is to be expected with the same certainty with which one expects to see action and reaction in nature. It is almost a case of physical law. The revival of any set of doctrines is sure to bring out their antagonist ones: a movement is resisted when it is formidable; a spirit is noticed when it acts; what is not worth opposing is not opposed; what is, is. Activity on one side creates activity on the other. Opposition is the natural concomitant of effort; force creates force; your own

strength and life becomes the cause of your adversary's too, and turns round upon you: it is one phenomenon in two opposite aspects. Thus a catholic movement collects a phalanx against it, gathers threatening signs along its path as it proceeds, and brings out and consolidates the uncatholic spirit too, in the body. It exhibits the Church in a good aspect on one side, in a very unfavourable one on another. What amount of antagonism any given movement may attract is not, after all, so much the question, as what support it gains, what amount of feeling it awakens in its favour. If it evidently touches a chord, brings out men's minds and gives them what they were wanting; if it spreads, in this way, as a wide substantial movement over the Church, so as obviously to throw a different character over the Church at large, to what an observer would have noticed before; if persons even who do not agree with it, and partly oppose, are still consciously and unconsciously altered by it; if it affects the language of charges, sermons, and public reports; if our Episcopacy, as a whole, at home and abroad in our Colonies, has felt it, and shown as a whole, in consequence, a tone, modified or not, which was absent before; if a positive matter of fact impression has been made upon the Church, (and we see with our eyes that there has been;) then, in spite of opposition either from those who are not influenced by it, or from those who are, the movement has been an effective one. It has had success—it has produced real results in the Church as such. Consider what might have been the case; it might have only taken a small learned circle, and have stopped with a few books. Mr. Newman himself might have paused in his career of authorship, for lack of listeners: the consciousness of the impressible materials he had all about him, was the stimulus to his pen; and if hearts had not responded he would not have written. He, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Mr. Williams, and one or two more, might have stood by themselves in a small group,—the Church around them hardly caring even to wonder what they were talking about, and the appeal might have fallen dead, without an echo. But this has not been the case. The Catholic movement has inoculated the body; it has mingled with a congenial character in the Church, and found a home in her; not an easy one certainly, but still a natural one.

To minds, however, that internally distrusted our church's basis, every result of the general struggle as it went on, which operated disadvantageously for the catholic side, and was for the time, a triumph over it; the passing rebuke, sentence, judgment, appeared successively so many signs against the life of the Church. Whereas, the very relation, to begin with, in which the movement stood to the Church at large, we may say, implied

the occurrence of such blows and discouragements, sooner or later, under some shape or other. If a state of things is once understood and recognised, in which a cause has to make its way against opposition, it is no new fact to be accounted for, when that opposition assumes a formal attitude or takes definite measures. If it be admitted that a movement in a church may have an uphill course before it at first, and may have official authority, more or less, against it, for the time, it follows immediately that it may have the discountenance of an official sentence in one or other point; nay it is almost a certainty that it will have it at some time or other. An official blow came in the suspension of Dr. Pusey. It was an official blow; and that was all. Persons who were in power in the University, made use of the power they had, against a movement they disliked. If this was to be taken as a regular sign against the life of our Church, she ought to have been given up in the first instance, and the work within her never begun, because such a measure was the most natural immediate consequence of that state of things in which it was begun; one, viz. in which opinion was confessedly in advance of official authorities. And yet a deep internal distrust in our Church immediately made this use of a Vice-Chancellor's sentence, and turned it into a sign. The Church is tested by the power of punishment, it was said: whichever party can punish has the Church on its side. As if the power to punish was not the necessary accompaniment of office, and the fact of the strength of office being with one side and not with the other, were not admitted to begin with. Nobody could less entertain such an inference, indeed, than the person himself who suffered on the occasion; but it was entertained most deliberately for him.

The suspension of Dr. Pusey was then one 'sign.' The recent decision in the Stone Altar case has been another. The decision itself, not touching or having anything to do with any point of doctrine, the ground on which the judge's mind went in giving the decision has been put forward as a formal statement of the Church on the doctrine referred to. But paying all the deference that can be considered in any sense due to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust's judgment, grounds for judgment, and even *obiter dicta* connected with his judgment, it is difficult to imagine what authority can attach to any language of his, with respect to a doctrine on which he was not deciding. Sir Herbert Fust was not deciding on the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, but on the matter of fact question, whether our communion table was to be of wood or stone. He decided that it was to be of wood: the rubric said it was to be moveable, and wood was more moveable than stone. His decision, therefore, did not touch the matter of doctrine, and how could any language of his

be decisive on a point which it did not decide? It is obvious that if such incidental sentences were to be recognised, we should at once have the anomaly of a sentence, which, from its very form and mode, could not be touched by any appeal. Where is the appeal from the judge's *dictum*, uttered in the course of his speech on the bench? Where is his *dictum*? In what formal shape does it exist? Supposing any persons wanted to appeal from Sir Herbert Fust's, not sentence upon the use of stone altars, but general mode of alluding to the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, in his delivery of the sentence, how could they do it? The words are nowhere; they are literally, so far as law is concerned, *vox et præterea nihil*, however recondite a knowledge they may have shown in the judge as an individual divine. A distinction, indeed, has been ingeniously drawn between a judge's *obiter dicta* and those which express the grounds on which he comes to his decision,—the latter being, it is said, in immediate contact with the decision itself, and therefore going along with it. But this is a distinction not *ad rem*; the reason, in a judge's own mind, for his judgment, has an influence upon that judgment, but is not judicial on that account. A jury may, and doubtless often have, a hundred indifferent reasons, in the closest juxta-position in their own heads, for the verdict they give, which they would probably state if they had the opportunity of doing so, as Sir Herbert Fust had: but their reasons have no part or place in their verdict. If Sir Herbert Fust's *dicta* in a speech on the bench are to be laws to the Church, there is no reason why his conversation in society should not supply such laws; for, on the same principle on which his court *dicta* are always judicial, whether they come into the judgment or not, Sir Herbert is also always judge of the Court of Arches, whether he is in court or out. If the former defect is not to suggest a limit to authoritativeness, why should the latter? If any judicial connexion will give authoritativeness, why cannot the person do it as really as the speech? It is plain to common sense that a judge's decision decides the point that is brought before him, and not any other.

Nay, even on the matter of fact question of wood or stone, and a more literal or more liberal interpretation of the rubric, what is Sir Herbert Fust's decision after all? It is *his* decision; the decision of a particular judge on the question. He has decided a case one way: a future judge in the Court of Arches may decide a precisely similar one another: he differs from the Court below him; his successor may differ from him. His judgment, that is to say, is after all no more than a passing expression of official authority, decisive for the time, but liable to reversal, as a precedent, at any future day.

A more grave and serious sign that has been appealed to is the new 'Jerusalem Bishopric': viewed with reference to the apparent embryo connexion with German Protestantism involved in it. No genuine Anglican, we do not hesitate to say, can watch that symptom without uncomfortable feelings. But the use which has been made of this sign is peculiarly the sort of use we have been speaking of. Will Mr. Newman permit us to tell him here what we think, and take it in good part? It does not appear to us satisfactory, for a person to make a great deal of a sign, which he does not intend to go by. He said with marked emphasis, and solemnity, of that attempt to connect us with foreign protestantism—'may it come to nought!'—but he staid no time to see whether it did come to nought; and going really upon grounds independent of signs, he appealed to them formally. It is only fair to say, that if a sign is appealed to, it ought to have the chance of a favourable as well as unfavourable termination allowed it. If the mind upon an internal and deeper ground within, dispenses with futurity, it is not really going upon the sign, but upon that ground. And though it is true, that it may be using an internal ground, and signs, too, at the same time; still when the former, as a matter of fact, does its work, without waiting for any development of the latter, one way or another, it is plain that the latter was not the real ground felt, and was therefore occupying an artificial place, when put formally forward. The 'Jerusalem Church' has not hitherto had the effect of bringing our Church and German Protestantism nearer together, but as far as we are able to see, decidedly the contrary. The two Communions, when made to confront each other face to face, do not like each other the better for the inspection, but show a greater mutual repugnance than they did before. Germany discovers a 'dogmatism' in our Church, with which it will not mix; and we will not adopt the rationalism of Germany. With every feeling of reverence for the high-minded and religious prelate, whose name appears in connexion with that transaction, we must nevertheless continue to regard it as a simple fact, that a substantial and solid difference exists between the religion of the English Church and German religion; and that it is to mistake the Anglican spirit, to think that it ever will mingle with the latter. It is too practical, simple, and believing, for such an alliance. The 'Jerusalem Bishopric' is an artificial creation, aiming at the fusion of the two: it remains on that account inoperative: it does nothing: travellers through Jerusalem look at it. The Church at large does not take it up; she feels it is taking her out of her ground, and putting her in an unnatural position; and the Jerusalem Bishopric is apparently a case of an institution stuck on to the

outside of a body, rather than incorporated with, or belonging organically to it.

We feel ourselves indeed called upon, in reference to this subject, to notice an important but very clear fact, which subsequent documents have shown, that the Jerusalem Bishopric was set up in the first instance upon a different view on one side in the arrangement, to that which was entertained about it on the other. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of his Grace the Primate, and the Bishop of London, than such a fusion as we have mentioned. They looked upon the arrangement as bringing over the German to the Anglican ground, the other party as absorbing the Anglican in the German. They never intended that a body of episcopally-ordained clergy should go from under the hand of the Bishop of Jerusalem, with liberty to preach in the unepiscopal pulpits of Lutheran Germany; and that a new generation of Clergy should be produced, half Episcopal, half Presbyterian; first ordained by a Bishop, and then, if they liked, preaching in, and becoming regular ministers of, a formal unepiscopal communion. A subsequent German interpretation has fastened this intention upon the institution of the Jerusalem Bishopric; but sure we are such was not the intention of the other party. Were the just mentioned distinguished Prelates asked to sanction the principle that clergy, whom they themselves ordained in their cathedrals, were at liberty to go and assume regular cures and parishes in the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, we know very well what their answer would be. And they would not, we are sure, sanction in the case of the Lutheran Communion, what they would disallow in the case of the Scotch, or justify in an English Bishop abroad, what would be a departure from Church principle in the case of an English Bishop at home. The truth is, the German interpretation has obscured the principle it has assumed, and not let it appear. We see this in the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone and the Chevalier Bunsen on the subject. Mr. Gladstone makes the charge we have mentioned, and it is denied by the Chevalier Bunsen; but why? Because Mr. Gladstone had said that the ministers in question 'might move to and fro between the one and the other body, officiating in each,' whereas they cannot move 'to and fro,' a particular clause preventing them from preaching to *English* congregations. But the point is, the liberty to preach to *German* ones. Is it any qualification of the case of such ministers preaching in unepiscopal congregations in Germany, to say that they cannot preach in Episcopal ones in England? The latter arrangement serves to keep the phenomenon, indeed, of a class of episcopally ordained, unepiscopally ministering Clergy from English eyes; but that is all: the fact itself is the same.

And it is this consequence which we are sure that the Primate and the Bishop of London never intended to follow, when they made the arrangement about the Jerusalem Bishopric. They never intended to commit the English Episcopacy to an entirely new line of ecclesiastical policy, and the Church to a new relationship, and altered basis. But to return.

In summing up, then, the character of this seceding movement, we must repeat that our Church has been left upon an original objection to her, and upon no other ground really. We have in the theological movement before us an instance of a body of opinion rising in the Church, passing through her, and going out of her, without ever having really belonged to her. A deep internal ground, really independent of 'signs,' and not waiting for an issue,—an argumentative ground, which latently settled the question of our Church from the first, has operated. We are looking upon this movement, and its characteristics, simply as observers, just as we would regard any historical event: a particular movement, just like an individual, has a character, a genius, a disposition: as a matter of fact, and without reflecting on the movers, we observe this character, genius, disposition, in the movement before us. They will explain the character in one way, and others in another; they justify it, others censure: the inward voice of truth telling upon them from the first, will explain theologically and morally upon their view, that want of faith in the English Church from the first, which others will condemn; but that their movement had never a real basis of faith or sympathy, will be the common fact for both interpretations. In no stage of it is there congeniality, natural position, home feeling, as regards our Church. It has used her locality, risen upon her area, but not owned her authority, or life. Reservedly in one party to it, precipitately in another; in one delicately and tenderly, in another broadly and nakedly; but in both really; it has been a sure process of mental secession from the first; an unfastening, an undoing, the widening of an original gap. The *principium motus* has been from the first a separating, not a blending one; and a volume of opinion which never mingled with the air of the Church, has passed through it in a channel of its own. We have a commencement and a course before us, and we look on the theological phenomenon with melancholy and sad eyes, but feel that it is external to us, and we to it.

One or two remarks now, before we conclude, on the bearing of these facts upon our Church, and the inferences they support with respect to her condition and prospects. Minds are naturally disturbed and unsettled by them; we should be surprised if they were not. An issue such as we have before us is a visitation

upon our Church; so far is undeniable; we wish to contemplate it, with all the depth and calmness of which we are capable, as such; to enter into it, feel it, appreciate it thoroughly, and dwell upon it as we would upon an evident judgment of God, which personally concerned or affected us. But there are notes to be remarked about this movement, and we shall remark them.

The chief one is intimately connected with the whole course of narration and observation which this article has taken. We cannot allow, for our part, the issue of a movement which has never belonged to, and never mixed with our Church, to be set up as a convincing sign against her. There is a religious instinct which makes us want to see, that minds have loved their Church, before they leave it. We say, *before* they leave, not when they leave it, of course. Unless a religious system is very obtrusively, shamelessly, and unmixedly evil, it has a genuine claim of love and faith, originally, upon the person who is born and bred in it. There is so much in the nature of the case on the side of such a feeling, so much to cause it, such appeals to it from within, such natural material in the mind itself to produce it. The strong innate principle of faith seizes even on the very first object that it sees, and grasps with unsuspicious delight the first form of truth that fairly offers itself. It does not take it only *as* a form of truth, and try it as such; it does not go through a stage of belief, of which it contemplates the possible close: that is precisely what it does not do. It really and ultimately for the time believes whatever it holds: that is the very meaning of believing at all. This claim, then, on the part of a religious system we want to see genuinely answered. We look for this symptom in religion as naturally as we look for the symptom of filial love in morals. The English Church, whether ultimately or not, and whether or not after a certain course of argumentative discoveries have been gone through, certainly at first presents to the minds of her children claims to love and faith. And we want to see that state of real love and faith in her, as having been once their state of mind. We miss it pointedly, where we do not see it. Whether it lasts or not, and whether posterior arguments support it or no, it is the only legitimate original state of mind of a member of our Church. We speak in the abstract, and not of the individual as such. *Homo non judicat de internis*: the history of individual minds is a mystery to us, and what they apparently ought to have, but excusably and laudably may not have, is a matter behind the veil, into which we cannot penetrate. We have only, after all, even in morals and religion, the man external before us. But, speaking in the ordinary way, we assert with confidence what we have said. We naturally then look for this test: we desiderate this note in a

leader who calls upon others to follow him out of a Church. We do not see this note in Mr. Newman. If we are to trust his language, he has never had faith in his Church. He has, from the very beginning of his theological course, taken an external view of her, and that view of her has now formally expressed itself. A movement thus external in its origin, is no sign against that Church in which it arises, in the sense in which the departure of her genuine children, who had had genuine natural feeling and faith toward her, would be. What we want to see in such a case is the gradual, painful parting with a deep cherished conviction, the reluctant severing of an internal tie, the conscientious violation of a genuine love; we want to see an egress out of one state of real natural faith into another. The mind has a longing desire to see this sign, as a matter of evidence; it feels it has a right to demand it; it stands upon its own instinctive axiom, and will not confide in any one who does not show it. Where this decided note is shown, and a large mass of genuine sincere faith is seen deserting a cherished ground against its will, where a movement shows this spirit, not in some of its followers only, who simply yield to the influence which a superior has over them, but in its leaders too, and, as one whole movement, exhibits this type; that is a peculiar sign, certainly. But the rise of an external school within a church is not this sign, and does not make this particular impression. It may be argued, indeed, that though it does not make this particular impression, it makes another; that God would not have suffered such a school to rise up in a church, if He did not intend it to be a witness against her; and the question may be put, What is the proof of the necessity of this note you speak of, as an evidence in the case? and why may not we suppose God to have planted an alien spirit—originally and at starting, alien—in a body on purpose to dissolve it? But to this the reply is obvious: there is no proof that He has so done or purposed. Where an evident natural note is wanting, its absence cannot be supplied by an hypothesis. The absence of the note is certain, the truth of the hypothesis is not. We are talking about signs; and have appealed to one which religious instinct sanctions. If a movement does not show this, it has not the evidence in its favour which the presence of that sign would give; and though there is no limit to supposition, we go by what we see, rather than by what we suppose. The fact of a forcible alien volume of opinion rising up, passing through, and going out of a church, is, indeed, one which claims deep and anxious attention. But it would be pretending to more knowledge than we have of God's purposes, modes of dealing, and the occult world of causes out of which events issue, to say that His purpose in that fact was either this or that. There are certain obvious aspects in which

it may be viewed, and in which it may do us good to view it. It is undoubtedly an infliction upon the Church; it is natural to think it a punishment; without undoing her at all as a true church, her defect as regards catholicity, may, by a kind of natural law, produce events which are serious blows to her. The fact before us is an undoubtedly serious one, but it is not, we say, the sign that we have been speaking of. A galvanic motion that passes through a body is not the stroke of death.

We have another remark to make as to the character of this movement. It has been undoubtedly a very intellectual one. It has mixed itself up strikingly with intellectual considerations. We mean to say, that persons have thought considerably of the progress of their own minds in this movement, in that point of view; have put the subject to themselves in that particular form amongst others, and put it so very solidly and internally: the image of an intellectual progress has been before them, and they have thought of themselves, very habitually and naturally, as intellectually expanding in the course which they were taking; as attaining a philosophical enlargement, and becoming different and superior to what they were before, in this particular respect. We do not say that other things were not thought of, most seriously; but this was thought of too; nor are we making any moral reflection on the subject, but only noticing a department into which the movement has entered; and which furnishes, as a matter of observation, a characteristic in it. If persons imagine that the subject of Catholicity, because it is a religious subject, is not an intellectual one, they must be put right: it is as strongly intellectual a subject as any metaphysical one that philosopher has discussed. When we come to the question of Truth, its tests, marks, evidences, and so on, we are at once launched upon the regular sea of philosophy; and religion no more escapes from the contact, than any other subject matter. We observe, then, this feature in the movement now before us; it has it characteristically. No one would call, *e. g.* the movement about Investiture in the middle ages an intellectual one, or the Non-juring one either, or the Puritan, or the Wesleyan movements, again, intellectual. We mean, that, apart from the side they take, movements present a particular character, which we observe as we would any other fact. We observe this character in the movement before us. Persons who, to use the phrase, have gone 'farther' than others, have had the idea very really of being in intellectual advance of those behind them. The inward comparison has included that point. Mr. Ward, for example, has appealed to the intellectual province, as one which he considers

in a special way his own, and he has stated publicly his conviction that he is formed for excellence in it.

Now of this general feature—general observable fact upon the surface, (for this is the only light in which we want to view it) it may be said, perhaps, without at all passing judgment upon individuals, that it does not, in its quality of note, appeal to our love. A sign is, of course, a *primâ facie* thing, and has its weight as such; the present one may be accounted for, perhaps, but there it is. An image is before us. There is a real, solid, acute pleasure in the intellectual energy, in the speculating process, to the individual himself who carries it on. This is a subject we have noticed in a former article, and we have not time now for dwelling on it again. It is enough to repeat that the internal pleasure accompanying the action of the intellect has the same moral liabilities with the bodily one, accompanying the action of the senses. Both are in their own nature innocent pleasures; both are liable, and equally so, to contract evil. That is an enviable mind which can quite escape the touch in theorizing. A subtle intellectual self is flattered in the process, and an internal stimulus, having a perpetual vicinity to evil, operates, like the external one, in bodily enjoyment. This is the disadvantage, then, attending a prominence of the intellectual department in a movement, as a note to observers without: when they know of the fact of subtle pleasure going on in it, they are put on their guard. If it be said that such a department was forced upon minds, because questions turned up which required the appeal to the intellect; that may be true; but, independently of what causes led to it, we are speaking now of the fact; and we say that fact in itself supplies validly and legitimately, though not insurmountably, a reason for distrust. We have no wish to make a bugbear of the intellect, for we are aware that both sides must employ it. But though both sides stand on the same footing, so far as the simple *use* of the intellect goes; with respect to the application of it, they do not. There is an obvious difference in the act of a mind maintaining intellectually an old ground, and pursuing intellectually a new one; and originality and creation have a particular dangerous tendency, which cannot be charged upon the mere act of defence.

The view which we have been taking, in this article, of the movement before us, has not made it necessary for us to touch on the important work in which it has issued, and which may be presumed to express its argumentative basis:—we allude, of course, to Mr. Newman's Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. We have not been professedly arguing, but describing; and have had nothing to do with the contro-

versy as such. Such a book as Mr. Newman's deserves, of course, an answer; but we earnestly hope that, from whatever quarter that answer comes, it will not attempt to come too soon. Common sense, and common regard to our Church, suggest that, from whatever quarter it comes, it should be a well-considered answer; and that no one should suppose that the hasty effort of a few days can meet the elaborate, weighed, and finished embodiment of the first latent, then gradually growing, and finally definite and substantial thought of years.

And now, in closing a task which has weighed heavily upon us, a word must be said upon a question which was alluded to at the commencement. It is asked, then, how our Church stands affected by the issue of this movement, not only as a sign against her, but as a positive loss to her; and what substratum and resources she has for revival, improvement, and expansion, when the most prominent party to such a progress has left her?

The answer is, that she has that substratum upon which that very party itself arose, and which it undertook to expand. A Catholic movement, some years ago, arose in this Church; it sprung up out of the genuine English Church soil; had its origin there; and no foreign material, either in the English Church or out of her, produced it. It was of the genuine substance of our Church; it grew upon genuine, though enlarged Church of England feelings and sympathies; and it extended far and wide in the Church, because it had that solid connexion with, and that native origin in her. But this movement was taken up by a school of mind which was not thus congenial with, and had not this mental basis in our Church. First of all, at the very outset, Mr. Newman took it up: he took it up, as distinct from originating, and joined, as distinct from creating it. He saw a rising movement as a fact, and he saw it at its rise. He saw around him a genuine ground of Church temper, hope, aspiration, beginning to work; he was in the midst of a circle of such Church of England minds: the movement had a pre-existence in them; he took it from them. He was their convert originally, and not their teacher; and a convert of a particular kind: that is to say, never to the absolute acceptance of their ground, but only to the trial of it. In this way Mr. Newman adopted a movement, threw himself into it, and lent the whole force, fertility, and richness of his mind to it. It advanced and spread rapidly with such powerful aid; perhaps more rapidly even than was exactly healthy for it; it grew freely, and had a successful, and, as we may call it, brilliant course. It was a case of a powerful mind taking up a ground, and bringing it forcibly and strikingly out. Mr. Newman's especial relation to this

movement, as he himself seems to tell us, was that of expander, and not originator. He spoke for it, said what it ought to say; he made himself its mouth-piece and organ; and the value of such an organ as Mr. Newman was soon seen in the visible effects which followed.

But the use which this movement thus had of Mr. Newman's mind, was a loan, alas! and not a gift: the support was had, and not the supporter; and this deficiency also soon made itself apparent. Mr. Newman's inward reserve, was soon represented and expressed in plain language, by an earnest, active, zealous, and intellectual school, who partly professed to follow and partly to lead him; and the Catholicism of our Church acquired an openly extraneous and openly uncongenial set of adopters, and organs, and was made to receive a vague, illimitable, and unintelligible expansion from persons, whose minds were visibly outside of their Church.

The substance of the movement meantime went on, in its original spirit; worked quietly, and worked extensively underneath an exaggerated expression of it; and had an existence and reality of its own. To the outward spectator's eye it seemed to be lost, and the more marked set of opinions monopolized attention, and threw it in the background; but there it was, and it had its own will, character, and course of conduct. Persons said—We do not go along with this school, we do not agree with it; but we will not go out of our way to proclaim and echo that disagreement. So long as they are in our Church, they shall be members of the Church to us; and they shall be part of us, so long as they stay with us. However loosely they may hang by our Church, we will do nothing to break the slender tie there is; if their position is an unnatural one, that is their concern: we will only think of all the good that there is in them themselves. We will be their brethren, even if they do not wish to be ours; and we will not see them driven away, even if they are not going to stay. In this temper a body of Church of England feeling stood by a school that it saw was divided from it, against attacks; and gave it to the last the aid of a real, though not a theological sympathy. Mr. Ward was supported on the 13th of February against an unconstitutional attempt to deprive him of his academical position, by a body of votes, the greater part of whom were English Church ones; and Mr. Newman, at the very last stage, when his doubtful position in the Church was well known, received on the same occasion, the support of the Address to the Proctors against the gratuitous attack then made upon him. There was a body of Church feeling, which so went on and acted, and had a course of its own. That catholic feeling in our Church which Mr. Newman had expressed and ex-

panded naturally, and Mr. Ward unnaturally, was not the function of either expression and expansion of it. It was not absorbed in the act of being expressed, or unsubstantiated by being represented. It was not appropriated either by its true or untrue organs and exhibitors. It had its own life, genuineness, reality; it occupied its own ground, and was the substance which lay underneath all the stir and commotion of the late course of events.

If we are asked, then, how the Church movement stands affected by the loss of Mr. Newman, the answer is, that it has lost a most powerful and telling organ; one who could bring out, explain, illustrate, spread it, and carry it into people's hearts. But it is its organ that has gone, and not itself. It does not cease to be, because it has been left. An organ, indeed, and such a one as Mr. Newman has been, has a most absorbing, identifying power; it is the mirror in which a movement is reflected; the reservoir which collects its feelings, hopes, wants, anticipations; the centre which represents, in camera-obscura light, all that is going on. It is the movement's medium, channel, interpreter, to the world. No wonder if it is mistaken for the actual thing it expresses, if it supersedes it to the eye, and puts it in the background. If any thing deserves to do this, it does. We do not grudge Mr. Newman his power, or the results of it. Let him have all that he has won. It is his right. Though we feel the effects of his influence now to the quick; we must confess it is only what he has fairly earned by the strength, the energy, the labours, the sympathies of years. A natural law rewards such a course with visible effects, and the minds that he carries off with him, are the legitimate fruits of his own religious life, and great and noble gifts. Mr. Newman has been able to do this. He has been the powerful and effective organ of our Church; and when he goes, no wonder that many feel a void and blank which seems to unsubstantiate their Church, and make it no longer a home to them. Mr. Newman has, indeed, long ceased actually to be this organ, but it is when he is gone, that that loss becomes formal and irrecoverable. Thus intimate, thus identified with, thus expressing, representing, concentrating, personifying that ground of faith and feeling which it takes up; an organ is nevertheless the minister and executive of that ground, and not the substance of it. The organ gone, the unexpressed, indefinite feeling in the body falls back upon itself; and is thrown upon its own vague strength; but there it is: because it is unexpressed for a time, it is not therefore unsubstantiated; its substance remains, abides, endures, to find out its own expression somehow or other, and use those that are left, instead of those who are gone. Such is the state of things with our Church. There

have been two elements in this movement, a native and a foreign one; two grounds used—a natural and an hypothetical one: the foreign element goes, and the native remains; the natural ground continues, though the hypothetical has dissolved.

Looking upon our Church as observers, and attending to the different signs she has given, throughout her course, of what is in her, we see a character: and it is a solid and real one. She shows spirit and vitality. She has not equable, indeed, or uniform life: she struggles—she fights—she is overwhelmed at one time, undermined at another. The Puritans overthrow her first; the State weakens her afterwards: but she has something in her, which enables her to raise her head again and come up to the top. Hers is not an average, uniform, sluggish temper, that can never be touched, roused, or made to respond to a call; she is impressible; she has a soul. The appeal is not made to her in vain. The events of the last few years show this. Our Church has had a troubled and unsettled course, and her history shows alternations; but there is a character at the bottom, which acts and moves when the time comes; she certainly has not been a dead flat. She shows beneath, a material of indefinite strength and capability, obstinate, tenacious, antagonistic, able to contend with its own internal difficulties, and acquiring new vitality and force in the struggle. This material or substratum in our Church, is a pledge that we have a ground to go upon in forming our anticipations of the future. It appears to be something positive, real, inherent. We go upon it, in a sense, as we go upon experimental data in physics: history has proved its existence; we seem as if we could depend upon it not leaving our Church. And if it stays, it constitutes an indefinite fund and store within her, the issues of which we cannot limit to any precise extent or degree. We can never take upon ourselves to say that our Church cannot improve—advance; can never be some day better than she has been. We do not know how deep her secret reservoir is; we only know, going by facts, that she has one.

Let it be the deep, inward, and never-ceasing prayer of her members, those especially who have felt the trials of this painful crisis, that they may be allowed to see this character in her brought out, to see their Church coming out, see these elements in her telling. For that sacred pleasure, they may pray without blame; though it is, in one sense, an earthly result, and not a purely invisible one to pray for. And let them think it a blessing to contribute whatever they may be able to contribute to such an end. Above all, let the son of the Church serve her, by disciplining himself, and make his own inward life minister to her public one. It is certainly a strong motive for watching

the progress of our own minds, if a cause, in ever so small a proportion, depend upon us; and though this motive may be called a secondary one, it is one that the gospel gives us, and it recommends itself to our own religious common sense; the appeal is very sensibly felt within, when it comes. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The best argument for a religious cause, is to see persons devoting themselves to it, in a simple-minded disinterested way, despising show, and willing to work in their own places and according to the natural call of circumstances, turn of mind, education, and the like. It is only such minds as these that can feel that right sort of internal strength and self-confidence which is the warrant, sanction and nerve of the wish to do good. The consciousness of being genuine, and not having mean ends in view, and of being in their proper place, and not having any wish to go out of it, begets a cheerful zeal, and an active will. Such minds are messengers of truth wherever they go, and do their work when they are least conscious of it. They are the most practical efficient agents of any religious cause. And out of such material as this, arises that highest form of the influential character, which operates by being simply seen; that temper of holy magnanimity, high purity, and heavenly love, which, we thank God, still resides in and witnesses for our Church.

NOTICES.

THE correspondence between the Bishop of Cashell and Bishops of Moray, and Edinburgh has occupied great attention. We subjoin, without comment, an extract from a letter of the former, which sums up his Lordship's view of the Scotch Church; a view very natural to a person of his Lordship's opinions: and the publication of which reflects equal credit on his own sincerity and that Church's faith.

'To this question my answer is short and plain. I learned the unsoundness of the Scotch Episcopal Church from herself. I asked no man's opinion. I let your Church speak for herself, for example, in her Communion Office. You say that office is almost identical with Cranmer's first office of Edward VI.; and if your Communion Office only went back towards Popery as far as to the first Prayer-book—if it only brought the people back to that formulary which Cranmer and our other Reformers thought so objectionable as to require reformation and amendment, it would be a sufficient reason why those who have given their assent to the amendments as they now stand in our Prayer-book, should not connect themselves with a Church which rejects the amendments which we approve, and goes back to errors which we have given up; but I would remind you that your Communion Office adopts language for which it has no precedent in the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., nor even in Archbishop Laud's Prayer-book of 1637. Your Prayer-book goes back towards Popery in a degree for which *she has no precedent in the formularies of any reformed Church*. In the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., and in Archbishop Laud's Prayer-book of 1637, in the Prayer of Consecration, we find these words—"With thy Holy Spirit and word vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may be unto us the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ." But in your Communion Office, which I now have before me, you have these words—"Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with thy word and Holy Spirit these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may become the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son."

'I give it as my most deliberate opinion, that the introduction of these words into the Prayer of Consecration, more than justifies the separation from the Episcopal Scottish Church, of any person who has signed and *ex animo* assents to the Twenty-eighth Article of our Church; and when our Church, in reforming and improving our Liturgy, deliberately rejected and omitted far less objectionable words, I cannot but think that any consistent member of our Church ought to bear his protest against such an objectionable and indefensible deviation from our scriptural Communion Service; and this should be the more considered, because the Scottish Episcopal Church appears to consider that some peculiar character is impressed upon her by this Communion Service. . . . She admits, it is true, the Communion Service of the Church of England, but she holds the doctrines that are expressed in the language of her own office; and, on account of her holding this doctrine, which differs little, if at all, from the Transubstantiation of the Church of Rome, I feel myself bound to dissent from her,

and to sympathize with those who, being led to consider her doctrines, bear their testimony against her.' I need not go into other doctrines implied by the changes made in the "Prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church," the introduction of the word "altar," the alterations in the services of Baptism, Confirmation, &c. These, I think, fully bear me out in my declaration, that, if providential circumstances should take me to Scotland, I should hold communion with the Church of England in Scotland, rather than with the Scottish Episcopal Church.'

Mr. Petrie's 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion,' (Dublin, Hodges and Smith,) is by no means, as many seem to think, a mere disquisition on the Round Towers, although the nucleus of the present elaborate volume was a Prize Essay on that subject. Certainly it does seem to set this most vexed question at rest; and so satisfactorily, that, as in all other discoveries, the wonder now appears to be that there could ever have been two opinions about it. This character of simplicity is, as in other cases, a main characteristic of Mr. Petrie's line of proof; viz. that the Round Towers are of Christian and Ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries—that they were designed to serve as belfries, and strongholds in times of emergency, and, probably, as beacons and watch-towers. And this conclusion is supported by such facts as these:—1. That the Towers are never found unconnected either with churches or other religious structures; 2. That their construction and style are identical with those of the *original* churches to which they are attached; 3. That many of them display Christian emblems; 4. And that invariably they possess architectural and distinctive features *not* to be found in ascertained Pagan buildings. Of these branches of proof, just mentioned, we consider the second and fourth the most important; and this, because, upon the Fire-temple and such theories, the churches *might* have been attached to the sacred sites of Paganism, and the Towers, consequently, *might* have been anterior to the churches; and, again, because the symbolic ornaments *might* have been insertions. We are bound, however, to acknowledge that the positive induction, both with respect to the identity of structure observable in such buildings as the early Christian cells, as well as churches, and all the Round Towers; and, again, the negative argument arising from the universal absence from Pagan buildings of the peculiar features of the Towers, is, to our minds, decisive. Mr. Petrie's victory we consider complete; his learning in Irish antiquities seems very extensive; and his book is one of the most beautiful which has lately appeared—executed not only with very great skill in the way of drawing and engraving, but, which is even more important, with a temper and caution, as well as reverence for sacred things, of the absence of which in antiquarian inquiries we have often had serious occasion to complain. We consider its appearance highly creditable both to the national feeling and genius, as well as to the liberality which, in many quarters, must have contributed to its appearance. There are, however, higher reasons for which we very especially recommend it to English readers. Irish Ecclesiology is a field almost untrodden; and from the present volume we gather how much may be done by individual inquiry. Very few of us are prepared for what forms the most valuable part of Mr. Petrie's handsome volume. that

Ireland contains a multitude of examples of ornamental architecture, executed prior to the Norman invasion of England, and that remains of the strange Cyclopean masonry exist in undoubtedly Christian ruins of the sixth and seventh centuries. Of the development of pointed work from the debased classical, or even, as it seems, from Etruscan, if not Egyptian, (pp. 163, 169, 170) types, the present work presents abundant, though indirect, illustrations; while, in a different direction, we find that Ireland supplies examples of skill in the ornamental craft of jewellery and goldsmiths' work of an earlier date than even the well-known Alfred's jewel, or the Saxon illuminations preserved among ourselves. Two, and quite unconnected, thoughts, which we leave for others to expand, suggested themselves by the perusal of Mr. Petrie's work. 1. How is it that, with the firm impression which the parochial system made, both in England and Ireland, before the Reformation, it seems so little to have been the rule in Scotland? How few are even the ruins of parish churches of Catholic times, in the northern half of the island. 2. What, if any, connexion exists between the Round Towers and Round Churches of Europe? Apart from the undoubted connexion of the latter, *in many cases*, with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, *round* churches exist in the island of Bornholm, some of which are of considerable antiquity; and in connexion with which there is documentary evidence that they were used for one of the purposes mentioned by Mr. Petrie, as keeps in sudden predatory attacks. And this fact might help Mr. Petrie to strengthen a position which we think tenable; viz. that Round Towers or Churches were adopted by the Danes from Ireland, rather than the reverse statement, which has been hitherto the received theory.

Two volumes have appeared—'Eight Dissertations on Connected Prophetical Passages of Holy Scripture,' by Mr. Stanley Faber, (Seeley.) They were composed, we believe, not published, some thirty years ago. They contain all Mr. Faber's peculiarities—his unquestionable learning—his strange style in composition and expression, which, for want of an adequate nomenclature, may be designated as the Faberese tongue—and his more than questionable speculations on all sorts of subjects, sacred and profane. Among the latter, and certainly not the least ingenious, we should be disposed to reckon his very singular theory of the blackness of the Negro race. Mr. Faber considers the dark colouring matter residing under the Negro cuticle, as the transmitted and penal result of the physical disease inflicted in the sixth plague of Egypt, 'the boil breaking forth with blains.' Of course two points are required for the establishment of this theory; the absence of such blackness before the plague, and its universal presence in the whole Egyptian people after its infliction: on neither of these is any evidence offered by Mr. Faber. With his refutation of Sir William Betham's inconceivable folly in his version of the Eugubian Tables, we are quite satisfied. But of our author's rashness, not to say audacity, in rejecting Mr. Petrie's conclusion on the Christian origin of the Round Towers, before he had seen Mr. Petrie's book, we are hardly called upon to offer an opinion, though we might express a strong one. The fact is, that Mr. Petrie has actually done what Mr. Faber thinks proper to assume that he has not done;

viz. from an induction of all the particulars to conclude a general proposition. However, Mr. Faber's Dissertations will be read with interest even by those, and they will be the majority of his readers, who are not prepared to accept his conclusions, always fanciful, and generally extravagant. Although, let us add, we are not desirous to disparage the labours, however crotchety, of the author of the book on Election.

The 'Abbotsford edition' of the Waverley Novels, (Cadell, and Houlston and Stoneman,) has issued three volumes since our last notice. The work, on the whole, goes on very satisfactorily; not the less so, because, in some cases, the illustrations are produced with somewhat less prodigality. Of these, which constitute the chief element of its deserved popularity, we are disposed to reckon very highly Mr. Mulready's admirably clear drawings for *Peveril of the Peak*. One, 'Alice Bridgnorth dancing before her Father,' we think little short of perfection in its subdued comedy; and another, 'The Peverils attacked by the mob,' in its truthful and severe power of lines. The scratchy tinny steel engravings—the bane and disgrace of English art—which look so pretty, and are so bad, we could thankfully banish from the whole series. Franklin's drawings in the *Talisman* have all his vigour, and, may we add? his extravagances and out-Germanized Germanism; while Creswick has some beautiful landscapes, for which we think wood an inadequate medium. The antiquarian head and tail-pieces are the chief value of this edition, and of them we can generally speak in thorough commendation; though, now and then, anachronisms are fallen into, perhaps necessarily, when the object is rather to illustrate the present notions connected with the scenery of the Novels, than their then existing features. For example, in the *Betrothed*, p. 404, we get the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, with its inconceivably ugly and gigantic east window, of the most oppressive and inconsistent perpendicular, and its present preaching-box, right in front of the altar. And in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, p. 132, we are presented with the Temple Church, accompanied with the cloak and ruff of King James, and that abominable bell-cote, for which our own days are responsible. We may as well point out a more serious literary error connected with this edition. It ought to be, and, in many particulars, it is the standard edition. Now, although Scott was no scholar, the time has arrived when an English classic, as he is, should be relieved from his strange blunders in common quotation. There is, or there ought to be, an editor of these noble volumes; and we think it quite consistent with faithfulness to the original editions, or to the MSS. themselves, to remove some of these more palpable blunders. For example, King James was a scholar; and whatever Scott wrote we are quite sure that he did not intend the pedantic monarch to quote the 'lex horrendi carminis' with other than scrupulous exactness: we desire, therefore, an emendation in the phrase 'infelici arbori suspendite.' (*Nigel*, p. 316.) It is time, too, that Darsie Latimer altered his 'Cur me exanimas querelis tuis?' (*Redgauntlet*, p. 11.) If Virgil is to be quoted (Quentin Durward, p. 162), the misprint 'Vox duoque Mœrim,' may as well be corrected. And there never were heard in any place or time, 'the sublime notes of the Catholic *Miserere me, Domine.*' (*Betrothed*, p. 364.) On the whole,

while we are on the subject, we may express ourselves satisfied with the illustrations of mediæval architecture and the Catholic ceremonial throughout the series. We do not find anything, under this head, quite so grotesque as a recent picture at the Royal Academy, where the celebration of the Eucharist before the battle of Bannockburn was represented by the administration of the chalice to a whole army; or as the baptism of Ethelbert, in one of the Cartoons, in which an acolyte was vested in a violet-coloured cassock and laced surplice at a perpendicular font. However, the Abbotsford edition is far from faultless in this respect; as witness the chapel (*Betrothed*, p. 340), and the gateway (p. 362), of the *Garde-Doloureuse*; and the 'Saxon doorway' at the Temple Church, (*Ivanhoe*, p. 361,) which is, as everybody knows, no such thing. Somewhere, we remember the drawing of a pastoral staff misnamed a crosier; but this error is so common, even in well-informed quarters, that it requires notice rather than censure. However, with all these, and they are minor, drawbacks, the set of volumes is a noble monument to Scott, and we wish it, what it already commands, every success.

'The Round Preacher; or, Reminiscences of Methodist Circuit Life,' (Simpkin.) We have little sympathy with any exposure of an inferior religion. Wesleyan Methodism is mean and tricky, full of all sorts of vulgarities and scheming pretences; says this writer. Perhaps it is; but it is a vast fact nevertheless, which, with all its mean associations, has absorbed, even if it has spoiled, a mass of earnest, simple souls, which *we* have never been able to attract or to keep; and this only because it has—what we have little pretence to—system. And we cannot bring ourselves to laugh at this, or to draw grotesque caricatures of the little absurdities, or hypocrisies, of which Methodism is made up. This sort of warfare is small. Besides, the present book is but an obvious imitation, though with occasional offences against right feeling,—to say nothing of good taste,—quite its own. As a fiction it is very inartificial, and loose as a composition.

There is something which we much like about Mr. Ernest Hawkins' 'Notices of the Missions of the Church of England in the North American Colonies,' (Fellowes.) At first we thought the charm resided in the subject, though Missions, perhaps, are not the richest page in our history. But we are sure that what does constitute the great merit of the present book is its quiet, sensible, business-like tone and manner. There is neither affectation nor what is called prose in it; it reads, just as it ought to read, like annals, and nothing else. Whenever, and that is often, a lesson is to be learned, Mr. Hawkins does not call attention to the fact and assume didacticism, but he allows his narrative to do its own work in a simple way. Now and then, perhaps, this dislike of straining after effect does Mr. Hawkins less than justice: for instance, when he seems—and only seems—scarcely to sympathize enough with Seabury and his consecrators; still less with Talbot and Welton. The author's official position has enabled him to enrich his work with documentary matter of great value and hitherto of little use; from which we draw this, in its way, consoling

thought: That, in the very worst period of our ecclesiastical history, there existed a vast amount of true-hearted, self-sacrificing spirit, which, in the persons of the Missionary Priests of the English Church, worked on and achieved something, in the face of disheartening difficulties and perplexities which few of us could face, still less conquer.

The work just mentioned appeared, for the most part, in the 'British Magazine:' and this reminds us, that Mr. J. C. Crosthwaite has authenticated a collection of papers published in the same periodical, 'Modern Hagiology,' (J. W. Parker.) In so doing, Mr. J. C. Crosthwaite has effected a real service for periodical literature. There are some writings of a character so remarkable, that, while they remain anonymous, some sort of reflection or suspicion attaches itself to everything which does not come out with its author's name. The class suffers in the estimate formed of the individual. We therefore thank Mr. Crosthwaite for the present publication; it is quite a relief and kindness in its way.

'Fasciculus primus Historiæ Britannicæ,' (Longman,) are those passages of Cæsar and Tacitus which relate to the ancient history of this country. Useful notes are added by Mr. Drake, of Coventry School. The idea seems a happy one; and, on trying it, we do not think the change from Cæsar to Tacitus so abrupt as might be anticipated.

A second, and much enlarged and improved, edition of Mr. Markland's valuable 'Tract on the Reverence due to Holy Places,' (Rivingtons,) has appeared. From this reprint, we ask attention to a plan (p. 34) suggested by the author, who seems animated by the success of St. Augustine's, of restoring abbeys, as colleges for the aged clergy. There is much practical piety, as well as reason, in the thought, and we wish it every success. When we last mentioned this Tract, we coupled it with, for reasons sufficiently well known, an allusion to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Recent circumstances seem once more to have called painful attention to this body. We do not desire to revive, or to increase, bitter feelings, if such exist; therefore, we may as well state, that we do not see any *additional* reason for leaving the Society, arising from the late Apocrypha question. Rather the reverse; for, as far as that particular discussion went, it seems that the Standing Committee yielded a considerable point, in promising to procure, for those who demand it, as we understand the matter, the Apocrypha for *all* editions of the Bible, which has hitherto not been the case. But, while that root of evil, the Monthly Meeting, is suffered to exist, we have serious apprehensions for the Society. Some, we know, consider it a sort of safety-valve, which relieves the 'religious world' from the pent-up vapours of party and sectarian temper. It may be so; but the scene which this process causes is neither a wholesome nor an edifying one; and we think that the time has come for allowing the Standing Committee fair scope for *their* plan of government. If, as many think, they desire to make common cause with the principles of No. 619, they will soon show this if left to themselves; and *then* the result will be in a way satisfactory, and our duty plain. On the other hand, if, as of old, the Standing Committee have any definite views of their own, and an anta-

gonist principle of any sort with which to resist the encroachments of the Calvinistic party,—encroachments which, for some years, have been as sure as gradual,—they will work their policy much better without us. On every account, then, we recommend absence from the Monthly Meetings. In so doing, we but follow the example of the Bishops; and perhaps we may best consult that which we most need, the rest and peace of the Church. It is not, therefore, so much with the Executive of this Society that we wish to concern ourselves, as with what falls more immediately within the province of this Review; namely, the literary character of the works it issues. It is now agreed that this Society is chiefly a great bookselling concern: from such a trading establishment,—one whose profits, from capital and trade, amounted last year to nearly 15,000*l.*,¹—we have a right to ask for much better articles than we are furnished with. The Society is behind the age; its tracts are very poor even in a literary aspect alone; and in embellishment, as compared with those published by all sorts of bodies around us. The Derby books, published by the Roman Catholic authorities, are better (*mutatis mutandis*)—cheaper and better illustrated. The Religious Tract Society, in its prettily embellished secular books, is in the advance of the Literature and Education Committee many degrees; and, in the way of composition and truthful force, who would compare Black Giles the Poacher, or the dreary talk of Daniel Edwards—(we take specimens above the average only because they happen to be at hand)—with Mr. Burns' collection,—Little Alice, the Bird-keeping Boy, and the like? While education is going on at its present rate,—be it for good or for evil,—our religious tracts must be different from the conventional and repulsive prosiness of 'the good books' over which our grandmothers thought it a duty to slumber. The very aspect of the productions of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, wants a change; the days of dull drab and toad-speckled sheepskin, are out of date. We begin to find out the blessed truth, that even charity-children have faculties,—sweet, tender, loving faculties,—in which imagination, affection, fancy, poetry, love, demand their natural and holy influences. It is not always wise to try to write down to what we rather conceitedly imagine is the level of the poor man's mind. We can assure all parties concerned, that such tracts as Mr. Markland's, and such books as the Bishop of Oxford's 'Agathos,' and the 'Shadow of the Cross,' which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge so clumsily and ungraciously rejected, are the very books of which they ought, with their vast means and influence, to encourage the publication. These are what the Church will have; and it is in the Society's choice either to straggle behind, in the dust and mud, or, with capacities for usefulness far exceeding those of private resources, far also to exceed them both in energy and in services to the Church.

'The Ecclesiologist,' (Walters,) has completed another volume, which, in addition to its usual character for learning and accuracy, exhibits, on the

¹ Purchase of £11,000 Exchequer bills	£11,533	8	9
Balance in hand at Audit, 1845	3,429	3	2
—Report for 1845.			

whole, a caution and moderation always praiseworthy, but especially commendable under the very trying circumstances in which its conductors have been of late placed.

By far the most important production of this Society is the third part of its 'Transactions,' (Walters and Rivingtons,) just published. Nothing shows so forcibly the growth of architectural knowledge as the superiority of this part to its predecessors. We particularly single out the papers on the Church of S. Mary, Astbury, and one on Mouldings, by Mr. Freeman, on Vaulting, by Mr. Ellicott, on the Adaptation of Pointed Architecture to Tropical Climates, by Mr. Webb, on the Ecclesiology of Madeira, by Mr. Neale, and on the History of Great S. Mary's, Cambridge, (in this last some of the dates are perplexing,) by Mr. Venables. Mr. Webb's paper we consider as the most philosophical, in the application of great principles, and creditably free from the stiff, insular mannerism which would make English pointed art, as developed in whatever perfection of beauty amongst ourselves, the unvarying rule for climate and other conditions totally opposed to those of cold and temperate regions. Mr. Webb seems to have had unusual opportunities for the study of Italian churches, and he has deduced from these, principles, which he applies very happily to the practical question before him. To one consideration we think he has scarcely attached sufficient weight, and it would have strengthened his proof; namely, the comparative scarcity, in India, of working stone. His line of argument is, that, as Christian Architecture developed itself from classical models, through Romanesque, into the perfect Pointed style; which style, however, as exhibited in different countries, shows many varieties, evidently impressed on it by the requirements of diverse climates and circumstances; so we must apply this fact to the necessities of tropical regions. And since the warm climate of such countries as Italy is found to have modified in a certain way the development of Pointed Architecture, so we are not called upon to import *our* Pointed style into the tropics, but rather to ascertain in what way the hints to be gathered from the Italian variety may be expanded so as to suit still hotter regions; or even to take up Christian art at an intermediate, perhaps a transitional period, such as that between Romanesque and Italian pointed, and let it expand according to its own elastic nature, controlled and regulated by the *genius loci*. Might not this argument be applied still further? and ought we not to begin higher up in the scale? As Christianity absorbed and modified the pagan art of Greece and Rome, it might be possible, for an artist of high range, in such civilized countries as India and China, to take the indigenous style of the respective countries, should such exist, (of course undebased by Mohammedan buildings, which, like their religion, seem only the debased corruptions of a Christian type,) and let this style work itself out into legitimate, and they would be consistent, Christian edifices. Such a course would, at any rate, harmonize with the higher and spiritual principles of the doctrine of the Cross, which assumes the divinity, innate or corrupted, of all religions, and builds gospel truth upon it. As we find readers in the Indian peninsula, we would take this opportunity of suggesting, that accurate descriptions, and, if possible, plans and drawings, not only of the sacred structures of India, but of the churches built by the

Roman missionaries in Goa and Malabar, would be very useful. And the same request for information would apply to the regions of Abyssinia, and the Oriental patriarchates, our knowledge of whose actual or former Ecclesiology is next to nothing. Mr. Neale's essay in the present collection is an example of what we want.

A single but large volume by Mr. Forster of the Savoy, 'The Gospel Narrative [harmonized] with a continuous Exposition, marginal proofs in full, and Notes briefly collected from the best critics and commentators,' (J. W. Parker,) will be subject, of course, to very opposite criticism. The plan is such that this can scarcely be avoided; when no other standard of authority is appealed to than Mr. Forster's own judgment of the relative value of 'the best critics and commentators.' Mr. Forster himself, as he must admit, is amenable to everybody's judgment; and though he claims to have shown forth 'the doctrine of the Anglican Church—as her mind is 'discovered in her admirable formularies, our never-failing guard against all 'aberrations, &c.' (Preface,) still the difficulty remains that, as Mr. Forster has not adhered exclusively to the authority of any authorized exposition, what he calls 'the sound *via media* principles,' only come to us, after all, as a single writer's own private speculations. Were this openly declared, our objection would apply rather to the principle involved than to the execution of the volume; but, as it is, the author seems hardly to understand for how much all this makes himself responsible; he adopts by the act of selection: and it is a serious matter for anybody thus to assume what ought to be the Church's own function. In saying this, we do not know that Mr. Forster has fallen into very grave errors; but we will give two specimens of the notes, and one of the harmonized text, by way of showing the sort of controversy to which, from various quarters, he has laid himself open, as well as to furnish a notion of the work itself.

'(1.)—*Out of Egypt have I called My son.*] The parents of Jesus would be 'enabled to bear the expense of this journey [to Egypt], and of residence ' (probably for six or seven months at least in a foreign land,) through the 'oblations of the Eastern sages.'—P. 25, note. Does not this approach to being an addition to the text of Scripture?

'(2.)—*Thou art Peter, &c.*] "The Rock" has been interpreted of the *confession*, which yields a good sense; also of *Christ*, which is supported, &c. But the whole force and particularity is destroyed, unless we interpret it of Peter's PERSON, &c. [Surely this is not quite *via media*.] Unquestionably it was Peter's *preaching* that laid the first foundations,' &c. P. 176, note. These statements, from the 'best commentators,' we leave for those to harmonize who can.

'(3.)—And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, *that He, presiding as the master of the family, rather than occupying a place as a guest, took up a loaf of bread, and blessed God over it, and brake it, and gave portions to them, as He had formerly been accustomed to do in their presence. Now, the Lord's dignified manner of doing this made them observe Him,*' &c.—P. 384, text. The italics are Mr. Forster's own, and point out his insertions. To what serious objections this mode of comment and complement is reasonably

liable, our readers will see for themselves; we think it but justice to let Mr. Forster speak in his own person, since he has clearly spent much time and reading upon his subject.

'Eight Sermons preached during the Visitation of the Diocese of Exeter, in the year 1845, published by the command of the Lord Bishop.' (Murray.) A volume so full of earnestness, thought, and deep and true feeling, as this is, is an encouraging sign in the present state of our Church, and assures us that a good work is going on in the Diocese of Exeter.—The 'Consecration Sermon' by the Rector of Exeter College, has a quiet weight about it, which must impress any reader.—Mr. Scott of Duloe has in his sermon 'The Church's Path' touched on an important subject, the *via media* of the Creed, which he would be doing a valuable service to the Church to pursue. The Church has allowed no one theological truth to be developed mathematically within her pale; no one, that is to say, to be carried out into all those consequences into which human reason applying itself to that one truth, by itself, would carry it. One truth thus developed has been found to come into collision with another, and has then been condemned as error; and it is between such errors, that is, *such* developments of truth, that the Church's Creed has steered the middle course. 'Nothing more immediately strikes the student 'of primitive Church history,' says Mr. Scott, 'than the governing law by which every form of error generated its own opposite. . . . The names which hold an unhappy prominence in the most eventful period of the early Church's history—Artemas, Sabellius, Arius, Apollinarius, Nestorius, and Eutyches, are but the exponents of so many errors, each of which seems, in great measure, to have arisen by a sort of antagonism out of its predecessor, by mistaking the contrary of right for wrong, and one half of the truth for the whole.'

The first volume of Dr. Hook's 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' (Rivingtons,) is now complete. The name of the author will sufficiently recommend it without further notice. We need only say it is a very full, interesting, and useful volume.

A reprint of Leslie's famous 'Essay on Tithes' has appeared (Edinburgh, Grant): the accumulating attention to this subject is interesting, and the more so, because the late spoliation act has called men's minds to the really important matter, 'the *Divine* right,' to take Leslie's title. The subject was unpopular, because people would only look at it as a secular and monetary arrangement.

Mr. Burns has, we think, done real, and we hope permanent, service to English art by his noble publication,—it seems lowering it to consider it merely as a gift-book,—'Poems and Pictures,' (4to.) It is speaking only within compass, when we say that our literature has received a considerable acquisition in this volume, which exceeds in pictorial value the well-known illustrated editions of Moore, Byron, and Lockhart's ballads, by the superiority of its honest, fair, open wood-cuts, to the 'lean and flashy' steel, just as its contents are more healthy and genial. Both name and

thing are adapted from the pretty German thought, 'Bilden und Lieder,' which, we need hardly say, consist of a collection of ballads and songs, and small poetical pieces, original and select, enshrined in a mystic and suggestive frame, or net-work of arabesque twining, foliage, and flowers, together with the scene, or an incident in the poem, as a single pictorial subject. The present poems are, with some original pieces, from our ordinary authors; and the field being so vast, and no canon of selection being announced, we, without controverting the selector's taste, can only say that, in some instances, he might in our judgment have made a better choice. Every reader, if he misses his own especial favourites, will say the same thing, so that perhaps the objection is but little; though it is a legitimate complaint to ask, in the Laureate's glowing language, of any book of extracts, 'What is become of the Morning-Star of English poetry?—Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation?—Where is Spenser?—Where Sidney?—and lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those as a dramatist, we have vindicated, where Shakspeare?' Especially when pages are filled with Parnell's tiresome Hermit, and Collins' first Eclogue, false in feeling, as glazed in costume, and 'Oriental' neither in scenery nor conception. We should have welcomed something more than single scraps from Southey and Wordsworth—oddly enough, the weak piece, 'The Bucket,' attributed to this poet, (p. 6,) is certainly not his—and there are pieces of Tennyson, and even Shelley, which we would not willingly let die. Mr. Keble, too, only appears once under his well-known γ.; and of the anonymous pieces, the editor might safely, we think, have assigned the extraordinary lines (p. 134), 'On some old family portraits,' from Blackwood, to the only person who could have written them, Thomas Hood. The well-known passage on 'The Nightingale,' (p. 140), is not by Hartley Coleridge, but by his father. Of the pictorial part, as a whole, we can speak with fewer drawbacks from an unqualified eulogy than of the poetical. It is quite pleasant to see the vast and diffused improvement in English art displayed throughout this large collection of firm, consistent, dignified line-drawings on the block, and genuine honest line-cutting by the engravers, *line for line after the draftsman*, upon the value of which we have so frequently enlarged. The artists are mostly those who distinguished themselves in the cartoon exhibitions; Dyce, Horsley, Cope, Selous, Pickersgill, Tenniel, Redgrave; the results of which exhibitions are now beginning to bear high promise. Dyce has contributed little, *βαία μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*, two noble figures, the Captive, a surprising piece, p. 125; and the Maiden, p. 127; and a very neat and unaffected heading to the Christ-Cross Rhyme, p. 65. But the drawings by Horsley and Cope are, perhaps, the gems of the collection; they have not failed once, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the respective cuts to Cowper's poem, pp. 8, 9; to the Mourner, pp. 22, 24; the Lover, p. 64; Cumnor Hall, pp. 98 (this is our favourite), and 102; all by Horsley; and the Serenade (a silly title), p. 114; Maternal Piety, p. 139; and, certainly, Isaac Ashford, p. 237 (after Crabbe); all by Cope, as the highest specimens which our school has yet produced. Selous, too, though grossly exaggerating at p. 209 and again at p. 165, and p. 71,

is solemn and dignified at p. 79, the end of Flodden Fight, and in the death of the Bard, p. 214; and he is quite at home in the ghastly close of Bürger's Leonora, p. 232. Redgrave we think tolerably successful in the Coast-Guard tale, p. 11. Pickersgill is somewhat feeble and uninventive throughout the collection, and he often fails by creating difficulties, only to show how he can grapple with them, as at p. 58. Thomas has not, here at least, sustained the reputation gained by his *first* cartoon; and when these drawings were made, Tenniel certainly had not acquired that exquisite power of grouping, as well as expression, which distinguished him at the *last* exhibition at Westminster Hall. His figure of a boatman at p. 33, is, however, very good. Franklin, we think, wants rest, and the study of something else than the illustrated *Nibelungen-lied*, and Corbould attempts scenes for which wood is an unsuitable vehicle, though Creswick's pretty landscape, p. 6, and the Village Smithy (by Corbould, however,) at p. 155, show an extensive range of capabilities in the way of material. The Headpiece at p. 49, and the subject, p. 36, as well as the *diablerie*, p. 186, ought to have had no place in this collection. And, once more in the way of abatement of praise, we may observe Horsley's most extraordinary misconception of Cowper's subject, p. 8:—

‘The gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school, along the public way,’ &c.

—Mr. Dyce's very poor memorial-cross, p. 127—several anachronisms in heraldry and costume in the Merchant and Saracen Lady, by Mr. Corbould—Cumnor Church, at p. 102, quite discreditable, as an ‘Ecclesiological’ specimen, to Mr. Horsley; and throughout, with but few exceptions, we think the borderings rather heavy and insipid, as well as deficient in that fanciful and suggestive spirit which is so delightful in their German prototypes. Out of this general commendation, we do not desire to exclude either the engravers, among whom Linton, Thompson, and Gray bear the palm; or the printers, to whom much of the success of recent xylography is owing. We hope that Mr. Burns will meet with that encouragement which this volume—costly and creditable alike to all parties engaged in its production—fully deserves.

The first of a series of five volumes, edited by Mr. Brogden, has appeared under the title, ‘Catholic Safeguards against the Errors, Corruptions, &c., of the Church of Rome,’ (Murray.) Its value, at the present juncture, seems obvious, though the dispute has shifted ground since the seventeenth century, from whose divinity this is an elaborate collection of discourses and extracts. Would not the epithet ‘Catholic’ lead us rather to anticipate the positive than the negative side of the Church of England? We are sure that the former is not forgotten by Mr. Brogden, and we hope that he will one day allow us to welcome a constructive series from the writers of the same century, without which our Church character is far from complete.

Three new volumes of the ‘Juvenile Englishman's Library,’ (Walters,) have been published,—the ‘Charcoal Burners,’ an engaging German tale, ‘Lays of Faith and Loyalty,’ by Mr. Churton, and a ‘History of England,

for Children.' The last is a very difficult work: on the whole, it is the best we have; but the rare virtue of writing to one scale, and keeping events in due proportion, has not always been retained: the perplexing sixteenth century is made as intelligible as is, under the circumstances, perhaps possible. We recommend the volume, though it is far from faultless, erring, perhaps, in saying 'strong things.' A second edition might easily remedy some unfortunate and parenthetical offences. Mr. Churton's verses are always graceful, often touching (the first tale, for example), and sometimes dignified (the lines on Strafford, for instance). As we have mentioned this last poem, why does Mr. Churton use the conventional epithet, 'white-stoled,' for a clergyman?

'A Pilgrim's Reliquary,' (Pickering,) by the Rev. T. H. White, is a notebook of travels in Italy and Germany, a very odd composition of prose run mad, interspersed with occasional scraps of metre run frantic. It is full of all sorts of affectations and crudities, for which we had intended to laugh at Mr. White without mercy, but there are redeeming touches of power, and occasional traces of truth in his fantastic maze and arabesque of words and thoughts, or rather conceits; and so we allow him for the present to escape scatheless.

'Three Lectures on the Cathedral Service of the Church of England, by the Rev. John Jebb, A.M.' Second Edition, with Additions. (Leeds, Green; London, Rivingtons, 1845.) We sometime ago reviewed a larger work by Mr. Jebb, on the 'Choral Service of the Church of England,' (*Christian Remembrancer*, vol. vii. p. 438,) and to the volume before us many of the remarks we then made will equally apply. Without going minutely into the subject, which our space will not now admit of, we merely note down one or two things which happen to strike us by the way. Mr. Jebb, in a new Preface, announces himself an advocate of the *via media*, 'not in matters of devotion only, but in everything connected with God's service, even in Ecclesiastical Music and Architecture.' This *via media*, as may be supposed, turns out to be anything but a plain path; in fact, the book is altogether a perplexing one to the practical inquirer, who no sooner meets with a distinct statement, than he finds it followed up by so many conditions, exceptions, or limitations, as to leave him scarcely any solid residuum to lay hold of, and act upon. Mr. Jebb seems to be occasionally haunted by some phantoms, which he takes pleasure in demolishing, but which, we suspect, very few of his readers have ever encountered before reading his pages; e. g. where he speaks of the works of the older Church composers, Palestrina, Gibbons, &c. as having been *objected* to on account of their being in a Madrigal style, and then grants as a concession, what surely very few can be ignorant of, that Gibbons' style 'does, in many respects, resemble that of every ancient composer of an age when Madrigals or similar compositions were used.' He next announces, in the way of a discovery, 'I have examined Palestrina himself, who is justly held up as the model of a style purely ecclesiastical, and I find a similar correspondence between his secular and religious works,' adding very truly, 'that the characteristics of the Madrigal are a full and grave harmony,

'consisting of a just number of parts—its genius subdued and grave,' &c. The whole matter lies in a small compass. The case is this: A grave, solid, and majestic style of music prevailed universally at that era, whether the music was prepared for the church or the chamber, *only* that the Madrigal, while composed after a similar pattern as to its movements, was of a *lighter* cast, and adapted in its tone and feeling to secular, rather than to sacred, words. Both were fine and grand, but still there was a line of demarcation; and any one who will first listen to a Madrigal and then to a Motett, will at once perceive the difference. If we compare an *old Madrigal*, however, with a *modern Anthem*, we shall at once see the extreme inconsistency in which Mr. Jebb's objectors have landed themselves. We shall find people, in fact, complaining of Gibbons for copying from a secular source, who yet admire and use the compositions of Greene, Nares, &c., which compositions, for gravity and solemnity, fall far short of those of the old Madrigal writers, and are, therefore, more secular still. We can hardly be wrong in drawing the above conclusion; for if there be any such objectors, they must be the advocates of this modern school; indeed, it is absurd to suppose that those who fully appreciate the Palestrina style, and see in it, with Dr. Crotch, the only really 'sublime' style, could be so ignorant of its characteristics as to bring forward such an objection.

On the marked change which took place in the music of the Church at the Restoration, under the secularising influence of Charles II. and the court of his day, Mr. Jebb gives a most imperfect account; and he evidently has a nervous dread of the subject, as if it would not have suited his purpose to state the matter plainly. As the matter is a very important one, we will subjoin one or two testimonies.

Dr. Tudway:—'The standard of Church Music began by Mr. Tallis, Mr. Bird, and others, was continued for some years after the Restoration. But his Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, was soon tired with their grave and solemn way, and ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies, &c., with instruments, to their anthems, and thereupon established a select number of his private musicians to play the symphonies and ritornellas which he had appointed. The old masters of Music, Dr. Child, Dr. Gibbons, Mr. Low, &c., his Majesty's organists, hardly knew how to comport themselves with these new-fangled ways, but proceeded in their compositions, according to the old style . . . In about four or five years' time, some of the children of the chapel, as Humphreys, Blow, &c., began to be masters of a faculty in composition; this his Majesty greatly encouraged, by indulging their youthful fancies; so that every month, at least, they produced something new of this kind. Others educated in the chapel produced their compositions in this style, *for otherwise it was in vain to hope to please his Majesty.*'

Hawkins:—'The encouragement given to Church Music by Charles II. had an effect upon all the choirs in the kingdom. The most obvious effect was a variation in the Church style. The natural gaiety of the king's disposition rendered him averse to the style of our best Church Music; he had not *solidity of mind, nor skill sufficient to contemplate the majesty and*

'dignity, nor taste enough to relish that most exquisite harmony which distinguished the compositions of Tye, Tallis, Farrant, Bird, Gibbons, and many others. This was soon discovered by the young people of the chapel, and gave such a direction to their studies as terminated in the commencement of WHAT MAY VERY TRULY AND EMPHATICALLY BE TERMED A NEW STYLE OF CHURCH MUSIC. The particular instances of innovation were solo anthems and movements in courant time, *which is a dancing measure*, and which the king had acquired a great fondness for while he was in France. Among those that affected to compose in the light style of Church Music, Mr. Pelham Humphreys, Mr. Blow, and Mr. Wise, were the chief.'

Many other testimonies might be adduced, but let these suffice. Unhappily, the example thus set has, in the main, been followed by our Church composers ever since. The works of Purcell, (of whom it was too truly said, that 'in the exercise of his calling he became so equally divided between the Church and the theatre, that neither the Church, the tragic, nor the comic muse, could call him her own'), of Greene, of Nares, of Kent, of Weldon, of Croft, of Jackson, *cum multis aliis*, when compared with those of Gibbons, Bird, &c., will illustrate and confirm the account given above too plainly to admit of confutation. And yet our author, in his Choral Service, p. 378, does not scruple to avow his conviction that the change described in such terms by Sir John Hawkins, is to be looked upon as an 'improvement!' Let him hear one living musician, whom, (to use Mr. Jebb's own words,) 'all must respect as a disciple of the best school, who, by his interesting lectures and learned compositions, has done much indeed to sustain our Choral Service; to whose works the only objection that can be made is this, that they are too few.' Dr. Crotch thus speaks in the very Lectures to which Mr. Jebb alludes. 'As long as the *pure, sublime style*, the style peculiarly suited to the Church Service, was cherished, *which was only to about the middle of the seventeenth century*,¹ we consider the ecclesiastical style to be in a state worthy of study and imitation, in a state of perfection. But it has been gradually and imperceptibly losing its character of sublimity ever since.'² Improvements have, indeed, been made in the contexture of the score, in the flow of melody, in the accentuation and expression of the words, in the beauty of the solo, and the delicacy of the accompaniment. But these are not indications of the sublime—Church Music is, therefore, on the decline. . . . The remedy is obvious. Let the young composer study the productions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in order to acquire the true Church style, which should always be sublime and scientific, and contain no modern harmonies or melodies. There will still be room for the exercise of genius, without servile plagiarism. . . . But I must caution him that he will probably be disappointed at first hearing them. . . . He will meet with critics and writers who assert "that whatever does not produce effect cannot be worthy of our admiration." But the sublime in

¹ i.e. down to the time of Orlando Gibbons, organist to Charles I.

² The deterioration having commenced at the time we have indicated—the Restoration.

'every art, though *least attractive* at first, is most deserving of regard. 'For this quality does not strike and surprise, dazzle and amuse, [the 'very characteristics of the Purcell school] but it elevates and expands the 'mind, filling it with awe and wonder, not always suddenly, but in proportion to the length and quantity of study bestowed upon it. *The more it 'is known, the more it will be understood, approved, admired, venerated, I 'might almost say, adored.*'

Mr. Jebb speaks of Handel in a passage which we wish we had space to transcribe, as it furnishes a characteristic specimen of the whole book. We will only remark, first, that we admit fully the great merit of Handel, and the religious effect of much of his Oratorio Music, while we, at the same time, protest against his works being considered as models for the use of the Church. They are fine sacred compositions;—far, indeed, above the common run, but yet intended as Oratorios, *not* as Anthems or Services, and therefore decidedly better confined to their original purpose. And, in the next place, that Mr. Jebb's remark, (in proof of the great religiousness of Handel's music,) 'that he lived under the influence of the Church of England, 'that he was not unblessed by her services,' &c., does not go for much, considering the general tone of the times in which he lived. Although we may admit with Mr. Knox, (as quoted by Mr. Jebb,) that Handel's Oratorios 'have been one means of sustaining among us that spirit of devotion which infidel philosophy abroad, and laxity and indolence at home, 'had well nigh extinguished among us,' yet this, certainly, would not of itself argue much in favour of their unworldly character. They were religious, by comparison, at a time when the standard of religion was, to say the best of it, very low. We may, therefore, be thankful for what they were, but we need not wonder that they did not come up to the standard of the sublime models of the sixteenth century, nor need we be anxious to secure a place for them to which it is antecedently probable they can have no claim.

The '*Instrumenta Ecclesiastica*,' (Van Voorst), edited by the Cambridge Camden Society, has advanced to the Tenth Part, with undiminished value and interest. Indeed, the last number, which is devoted to church plate, appears to us the most important and the most successful of all. It is pretty generally known that the Society has originated and superintended, chiefly by the aid of Mr. Butterfield, the manufacture of nearly all church ornaments upon ancient models. Until now, their patterns have been kept quite private, for reasons which we can best give in their own words in the last Number, 'Hitherto no designs have been published, because it was 'known that goldsmiths could not execute them. It has now been proved, 'in more than one case, that the trade cannot manufacture anything like 'the Society's plate; and, what is more to the purpose for hindering any 'other fruitless attempts, ordinary workmen, who have the whole matter 'to learn, cannot produce their unsuccessful imitations at nearly so reasonable a cost. There are other reasons also why the Society should wish to 'maintain a control of the manufacture. Anything like correctness of taste 'is lost, when every person has his own suggestion to make as to design

‘and ornament. It has been found absolutely essential to maintain a strict rule with respect to applications. The Society could not, of course, make itself responsible for an incorrect work. The present designs are published, because it is hoped that no one, after the foregoing remarks, *will attempt to have them worked by his own silversmith*, particularly when, by application to the Society, he can ensure excellent skill and a very ‘moderate price.’ Nothing can more plainly show the wisdom of this advice than the fact, that in the case of the flowered quarries manufactured at the instance of this Society at Whitefriars, where no such stringent rule was imposed, the patentees have run into all kinds of extravagances. We ourselves were shown, at their glass works, several patterns of quarries and fanciful borders, which we are sure had no ancient authority. The flowered quarries themselves are the simplest and soberest things in the world, and it is an absurd mistake to attempt to produce a showy effect by combining them with brightly-coloured devices, or symbols, or borders. Artists in any department now-a-days, to be successful, must be firm in resisting the tasteless and ignorant whims of their patrons: otherwise they become mere tradesmen. There is a right and a wrong in such things; and people, if they will not be led right, ought not to be helped to go wrong. However, to do the Society justice, it spoke strongly enough about its own quarries in the letter-press to Part VII. of this series, Plate XLI. We hope its church-plate will be more successfully protected: and that it may continue to exert itself in this practically useful way.

Six—we think—new numbers, or parts, of the ‘Fireside Library’ (Burns), have arrived this quarter: one only of a serious character—‘Lives of celebrated Greeks,’ adapted from Plutarch—very carefully and creditably executed. The rest, with a view, we suppose, to the story-telling season, are all tales—a very good set from Hauff, the ‘Sheik of Alexandria’—‘Household Tales and Traditions,’ most of which we hail as old friends—‘The White Lady,’ by Woltmann, which some persons, not we, consider equal or comparable to ‘Undine’—‘Twelve Nights’ Entertainments;’ and a volume by the Baroness Fouqué. This last we think somewhat stiff and parched in style, while there is not much invention in the stories, and the poetry is as unintelligible, at least in the translation, as it is in the Baron’s novels; and that is saying not a little. We are almost afraid that we have had enough of German tales. Cannot so good a caterer as Mr. Burns, in the line of fiction, find something from the sunny South? Italia! story, like Italian art, treads with a more elastic foot, and glows more than its Northern sister. We are glad that ‘Marco Visconti’ has been added to the present series.

Our acquaintance with Seatonian Prize Poems is not very extensive; and we were not aware that tessellated Byron-metre was an allowable vehicle for these compositions. Surely a more dignified form would be more suitable both to the University and to the occasion. Mr. Neale’s ‘Loosing of the Euphratean Angels’ (Deightons), is quite a lyrical pattern-card; with fancy and ease, however, which show that he is much below himself as well as his subject.

'College Life,' a series of Letters by the lamented Mr. Whytehead, (Walters, and Burns,) is a very touching volume, and forms a beautiful memorial of one whose self-devotion and zeal recall the better days of the Church.

Three Tracts, somewhat sisterly in aspect, have reached us: 'Biddy Kavanagh,' 'Dorcas Green,' 'Olive Lester.' (Burns.) The scene of the first is laid in Ireland; that of the principal tale in the second collection, by the sea-side. Possibly they were composed for such localities. All are good, and suited for school prizes; but our favourite is 'Olive Lester,' in which there is a firm and vigorous touch in character-drawing. The Irish collection we fancied rather sentimental. As we have spoken strongly of the external defects of other tracts, we must complain of an illustration of 'Confirmation,' (p. 51, Olive Lester,) which, apart from its being a poor copy of one which appeared in 'The Illustrated London News,' (!) is open to serious objections. In the recent rubrical dispute, Mr. Harrison and others laid great stress upon the authority of the popular pictures of the time, as decisive of vestments, &c. Whether 'Olive Lester' is doomed to the immortality of quotation a century hence is doubtful, but we should be loth for any woodcuts in good tracts to testify what this illustration does of the ceremonial practice of our own days; viz. that confirmation is now administered to boys and girls together, and that the Bishop lays his hands on two catechumens at a time, and that the chaplain at the altar is dressed in a black gown. This may seem minute criticism, but others in station have set the example of this appeal to pictorial authority for the facts of Church observances at different periods of our history. The present is an apt instance of the fallacy of such mode of argument.

Our opinion upon the propriety of reprinting the 'Marprelate,' and other coarse Puritan tracts of Queen E'izabeth's time, has been already expressed: that it is an undertaking much to be regretted, and cannot be unaccompanied by ill results. But we must qualify this in the case of the republication of the very important account of the 'Troubles at Frankfort.' (Petheram.) This enters strictly into the class of historical books, and gives us (we have little reason to suppose otherwise) a faithful account of the facts which then occurred. Mr. Petheram, editor as well as publisher, seems, from a comparison which we have made, to have executed his task of editorship well, so far as regards an accurate reprinting of the original: and we cannot but recommend every inquirer into the Elizabethan history, who does not already possess it in *The Phoenix*, to secure a copy of this reprint. He will be amply repaid by the insight which he will obtain into the objects sought, and opinions held by men, whose names as reformers have been held too long high in common estimation. We observe that Mr. Petheram, in his preface—as others have before him—attributes the authorship of the history to Whittingham, Dean of Durham. We do not agree with him; for although it is evident that it was written by one of that party, the extreme section, yet the tone and moderation of language throughout, except when repeating Whittingham's own statements, in letters and speeches, &c., prove that it could not possibly have proceeded from

the pen of that ill-tempered and violent man. Besides, were Whittingham the author, he would have contrived to picture himself as less offensive than this narrative, very faithfully, represents him. We must remember that, in these questions, internal evidence such as this is the only kind on which we can rely. We have spoken of Whittingham as Dean of Durham. He held that dignity—for his conscience was a large one—but he was not in orders; and hated and denied, as he did other Catholic doctrine, the necessity of Episcopal ordination.

'Letters on the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond's Remarks on the Archbishop of Canterbury's Letter,' (Edinburgh, Grant,) contain a very solid, able, and argumentative exposure of Mr. Drummond's untenable position in Scotland as an Episcopalian without a Bishop, and a Churchman out of the Church. The writer has the history of the Scotch Church since the Revolution thoroughly at his command; and his accurate survey of the legislative enactments, with respect to her since that event, supplies a continual demonstration of Mr. Drummond's fallacy of the 'legality' of his position—a legality which has nothing to do with Church law, and is as completely irrelevant to the ecclesiastical question, as Mr. Drummond's rights of citizenship could be. Mr. Drummond occupies his chapel, and Mr. Drummond occupies his house and garden, legally: the law gives its venerable sanction to both Mr. Drummond's occupancies. If Mr. Drummond's conscience is satisfied with this sanction to his conduct, he may be a good subject, but he is certainly nothing more. The State is his Church, and the law his Bishop.

'The Words of a Believer. By the Abbé De La Mennais. Translated from the French by E. S. Price, A.B.' (Aylott and Jones.) What good there is in translating such incoherent nonsense as we have here, we do not see: *e.g.* 'I see a throne, two thrones broken, and the people scatter the fragments over the earth. I see a nation fight, as the Archangel Michael fought with Satan. Its blows are terrible; but it is naked, and its enemy is covered with thick armour. O God! the nation falls; he is struck to the death. No, he is only wounded. Mary, the Mother of God, covers him with her mantle, smiles on him, and bears him for a while out of the fight.' The book, once very popular, came out while La Mennais was in the Roman Church; yet the author's only notion of our Lord seems to be that of a great republican, who came to rescue the human race from tyrannical monarchs and oppressive laws.

'Esther: a Sacred Drama. By the Rev. John Sansom, B.A.' (Hatchard.) Scripture dramas have not been a successful department of sacred literature. Scripture will not be dramatized; its distinct tone is merged in the change; we do not recognise the sacred narrative in its new dress. Esther, Ahasuerus, and Mordecai talking blank verse, and not very good blank verse either, do not appear to advantage.

'Parish Tracts.'—1. 'Wandering Willie.' 'The Sponsor.'—2. 'Dermot the Unbaptized.'—3. 'The Baptismal Service.'—4. 'Private Baptism.'—5. 'Old Robert Gray.' (Burns.) These tracts are on the subject of bap-

tism, and they are designed for the poor. They also appeal especially to godfathers, and tell them their duty. They impress upon the poor what baptism is, make them realize it, and create a general feeling of awe and mystery in connexion with it. The author makes his subject, in a certain sense, poetical. Baptism takes us into a new world, and into a connexion with angelic beings. We are not conscious of this change, but the change is made; we are in a new spiritual sphere, which is hidden from our eyes. Baptism is thus essentially poetical. These tracts put it in this light, and refer to it as a deep, secret, inward treasure, of which we are in possession. This is the vein which runs through them. An under-current of allusion is always throughout taking us thither; and the baptismal mystery is made to affect our whole life here. The stories in these tracts, which have a good deal of conversation in them, have feeling and spirit, and carry us along; and the style is thoroughly simple, natural, and adapted for the poor. The author shows an evident acquaintance with the language and thoughts of the class for which he writes; and we cannot help thinking that his tracts will take with the poor. There is a statement, at page 15, (Dermot,) which we think requires more consideration than it has received: the author is picturing the soul of the unbaptized; he tells us, that Dermot unbaptized is ignorant 'what bad and good meant' (p. 12); and again, that in him 'there was no struggle at all against evil' (p. 15); and though, in a note, he refers to Rom. i. 12, for the fact, that 'the unbaptized have a conscience,' we think the former position too broadly stated. The case of Cornelius is surely in point. It does not seem that the two consciences differ as to their genus, but in the kind of their illumination.

We have before us two monthly numbers of 'Sharpe's London Magazine,' a new both weekly and monthly periodical. They show great skill and taste in their selections, and have a decidedly superior and educated tone running through them. The miscellany seems exactly calculated for family tables. The original contributions too display considerable spirit. We heartily wish it success; especially as it fills up what has long been a blank in magazine literature: it covers ground which has been hitherto insufficiently, not to say unworthily, occupied.

Mr. Formby, of Ruardean, has published 'A Plea of Conscience for retiring from Pastoral Duty,' in the form of a letter to his diocesan. His motive for the step, is the compulsory division of his parish by the authority of the Church Commissioners. We have already called attention to a sermon on the same subject, which Mr. Formby published some time back, when the difference of opinion originated. We are sorry that it has had this result.

'Lives of the Virgin Saints,' (Walters,) contains considerable beauties of style and description, on a subject of the most interesting character. We think that the later biographies might have been omitted, if for no other reason, because some—such as that of Jane Frances de Chantal—do not fall within the expectations suggested by the title.

The Oxford Architectural Society we are glad to find setting to work earnestly in the restoration of Dorchester Church. The members could

scarcely have selected a finer field for exertion; and we trust that the undertaking will be, as it ought to be, generally assisted in the University.

One or two musical publications have fallen in our way during the past quarter. 'A Manual of Instruction in the Gregorian Chant, by the Rev. James Jones' (Dolman); and 'A Treatise on the Gregorian Chant,' (Novello), are prepared for the use of the Roman Communion, and contain much useful matter. The first is printed in red and black, with the old ecclesiastical note, after the pattern of Mr. Dyce's well-known book. We are glad to see the approbation of eleven Bishops prefixed to this little work, and trust we see in it an omen of future improvement in the mode of celebrating divine service in the Roman Catholic chapels of this country. It is now many years since Charles Butler pleaded for the restoration of the ancient Ecclesiastical chant, which had become nearly unknown in England. Among publications by members of the English Church, are,—1. 'The Choral Service for the use of the College of S. Columba, Ireland.' (Cramer.) It is certainly a satisfactory symptom to find the Choral system at once recognised in its full extent in a *new* College, while we see it so totally neglected in the majority of older foundations. In this, as in other matters, it is sometimes easier to start aright *de novo* than to revive what has been long dormant. We must hint, however, at the desirableness of excluding very many of the Chants for the Psalms, if the principle enunciated in the Preface—the preservation of *simplicity* and *purity*—is to be observed. —2. 'The whole Psalter, with the Gregorian Chants in Unison,' edited, we believe, by Mr. Heathcote, of Oxford. This is, perhaps, the most satisfactory noted Psalter we have yet had; and though a preceptor would probably alter the syllabic arrangement here and there, in order to suit the English accent,—using herein the same freedom as the Roman choralists in the case of the Latin,—yet, as a whole, it may be safely recommended. We are glad to observe that it was used at the recent consecration of S. Saviour's Church, Leeds; and we trust that, along with this return to ancient solemnity in the matter of Chanting, there will also be a return in that Church to the ancient style of Service and Anthem. If we are rightly informed as to the style of architecture and fittings of the church, certainly any other will be inappropriate. Those who have heard a movement in jig time, by Greene or Purcell, in Westminster Abbey or York Minster, will feel what we mean. It was well said by Dr. Bisse, in his Sermon to the Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, in 1720, a period when the secular had but too nearly displaced the true ecclesiastical style, 'In the compositions for the sanctuary, let care be taken that a theatrical style be avoided, which is a subject of complaint and caution in the ancient church; but in our own is rather a modern and unnecessary condescension to the relish of the world. For as saucily becometh God's house for ever in the judgment of all times and persons; so doth a solemnity, which should always appear in all the offices thereof, and, above all, in the hymns which appear most in and adorn these offices. Behold the compositions of ancient masters. What a stateliness, what a gravity, what a studied majesty walks through their airs! Yea, their harmony is venerable; insomuch that, being free from the

'improper mixtures of levity, those principles of decay which have buried many modern works in oblivion, these remain and return in the courses of our worship like so many standing services, in this resembling the standing service of our Liturgy, these being established by usage as that by authority.' To which may be added, the opinion of Dr. Burney, who though more a musical critic than an ecclesiastical writer, could yet see that 'the fugues and canons of the 16th century, like the Gothic buildings in which they were sung, have a gravity and grandeur peculiarly suited to the purposes of their construction; and when either of them shall, by time or accident, be destroyed, it is very unlikely that they should ever be replaced by others in a style equally reverential and stupendous. They should therefore be preserved as venerable relics of the musical labours and condition of our forefathers, before the lighter strains of secular music had tintured melody with its capricious and motley flights.' If we endeavour, then, to emulate the glorious architecture of our forefathers, shall we not also—and at the same time—revive that majestic style of Choral service which is its fitting concomitant?—3. '*Lyra Ecclesiastica*,' a collection of original Church Music, edited by the Rev. Joshua Fawcett, (Bradford, Taylor; London, Rivingtons;) a handsome volume, published in aid of a good object, evidently attempted, too, in a right spirit. The preface contains some sentiments much akin to those above quoted; and though it would be too much to affirm that the compositions might be placed side by side with those of the great authors who are recommended as models, yet we may safely say, that they are considerably above the average of modern compositions. It is satisfactory, at least, to find the true style of music for the church proposed as an aim. The Chants, Hymn-Tunes, and Sanctuses, seem an unnecessary part of the volume. The first two, for an obvious reason—we have by far too many already; the last, because they appear to be a more extended provision for the use of the Sanctus at a part of the service where it ought *not* to be sung. The Introit, 'I will arise,' &c., we must also object to, as not being an Introit at all, in the true ritual sense. There is, of course, no objection to this passage being used as an anthem in its proper place; but we had hoped that the objectionable practice of singing these words at the commencement of Morning Prayer had been long since laid aside. Mr. Fawcett, however, arranges his contents thus:—1. '*Voluntaries*'; 2. '*Intros*;' 3. Chants,' &c.; showing that he sanctions the abuse.

Bishop Ken's poetical works have been remarkably neglected; this seems partly owing to their immoderate length, and partly to their style—a subdued resemblance to Cowley's artificial manner. His diction too is often prosaic, but there is much food for thought in his writings, and a certain austerity combined with a solemn sweetness of feeling, which will detain those who can get over uncouthness in metre and expression. The good Bishop is always full, but never flowing—a reservoir rather than a river: but linked with such household associations, as his verses will ever be, we are glad to see '*Preparatives for Death*,' (Burns,) being selections from the four volumes of which his poetry consists.

Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, has published, in a pamphlet form, certain newspaper articles on the Ronge affair, '*Notes on the new Refor-*

mation:' (Edinburgh, Maclachlan,) and other subjects quite unconnected with it. Mr. George Combe does not seem to possess any form of Christianity: we have, therefore, little concern with him. But it may be well, at the present moment, to remind those whose eyes are turned Berlin-wards of one result of the evangelical schools. The (Pseudo-) Bishops Eylert and Dräseke, together with Mr. Sydow, the King's chaplain, whose mission to England ended so remarkably, have formed themselves into a *via media* party, between the Pietists and the Friends of Light. This party, we find, 'professes to adhere to the Scriptures as the foundation of its faith,' but declares that 'the *spirit*, and not the letter of the Gospel, is its rule;' and has 'published a declaration of its sentiments, subscribed by ninety distinguished 'men,' embodying its views on the measures needed to counteract the influence of Ronge on the Prussian religious system. This document, dated Berlin, 15th August, 1845, contains the following noticeable sentence:— 'The subscribers—embrace the fundamental principle of the Reformation;—but the forms in which this conviction shall be freely developed in individual minds belongs to the guidance of Christ alone. From this conviction, they declare it as their opinion, that a satisfactory conclusion to the present strife can be attained only when no arbitrary exclusion shall be permitted, when the right of free development shall be conceded to all, and when a constitution of the Church shall be brought into operation, which, by the grace of God, and the lively participation of the congregations, may give her a new form and new strength.'

'Magazine for the Young' (Burns). We are glad to receive another annual volume: the conductors of this and similar useful publications are, perhaps, doing more real good to society than many a body of writers of far higher pretensions.

'Heroic Epistle, from Titus Oates to his lineal descendant Titus Oates at Oxford' (Edwards), is a satire upon an individual hardly of sufficient importance, except in his own estimation, to call for such exposure. To make an exhibition of himself is what he desires, and this sort of notice will only minister to the ruling passion.

'Conference on Christian Union: Narrative of the Proceedings at Liverpool,' and an 'Address on behalf of the London Provisional Committee,' (Nisbet,) are valuable in the way of documentary evidence on the state of popular feeling. But such an heterogeneous fusion of denominations can only be held in suspense on the infidel principle of agreeing to differ. The last paper is the production of Mr. Hamilton, of the Scotch 'Free Church.' It is curious, more than curious, as a literary specimen. We are told of 'a valiant spirit who, muzzle to muzzle, plies his roaring artillery on a beleaguered and reluctant Church, and waves his victorious stump, &c.'—of 'something august in the dark thunder-cloud, as it frowns and grumbles over quaking fields,'—of 'the hail-storm which hurls its icy boulders over a dismantled province, which strews the battered sod with dead birds and dragged branches, and leaves the forest a grisly waste of riven trunks and dismantled antlers. Even so, &c.: there may a terrible importance attend the rattling zealot, who sends a storm of frozen dogmas through Christendom, or through his particular society,' &c. Mr. Hamilton is too grave, we sup-

pose, for a jokester; but we really think that he must have been hoaxing the 'London Provisional Committee.' He reminds us of that grave mimic, who even while he was exhibiting in motley, did his tricks with a condescending, sly affectation of dignity; and if he danced on the tight-rope, would only dance to 'the genteelst of tunes.' There is something comic in this mixture of evangelicalism and nonsense.

'Episcopacy in Scotland,' by the Rev. Alexander Ewing, of Forres, (Burns,) contains the letters of the English Bishops on the Scotch Schism.

'Tract XC. historically refuted;' a reply to Mr. Oakeley by Mr. Goode, (Hatchard,) contains the results of a considerable amount of English reading, put together with less than the author's ordinary acrimony.

'Charges,' by the Bishops of St. David's (Rivingtons) and Calcutta, (Hatchard,) will command attention, from the station of their authors. 'A Sermon on Church Accommodation,' by the Bishop of Norwich, (Fletcher, Norwich,) is very remarkable, as an accession to the growing anti-pew movement, from an unexpected quarter.

Of Tracts, we have to mention:— 'Devotions for the Young,' (Burns,) a good thought, well executed. 'Mutual Intercession,' (Oxford,) a manual of which it is impossible to overrate the need. 'Spiritual Communion,' (Burns,) with a very deep and touching preface. 'The sum of the Catholic Faith,' (Burns,) extracted from Cosin's Devotions. 'The Baptismal Service, with notes and illustrations, chiefly scriptural.' (Burns.) 'Easy Lessons for Sunday Schools,' Parts I. and II., (Burns,) the objection to which is somewhat that which lies against 'Broken Catechisms,' &c.

And of Sermons, several important publications:—of Volumes, a second by Archdeacon Manning, (Burns,) of which we think the depth and vigour of style to excel its predecessor. 'The Living and the Dead;' a course on the Burial Service, (Walters,) by Mr. Paget, in which there is much warmth and affection of tone: the author's observations on Prayer for the Dead are important. Four volumes, 'Plain Lectures on St. Matthew,' (Capes,) by Mr. Perceval of Calverton; sound and simple. 'Hulsean Lectures, on the uses of Scripture,' by Mr. Trench, (Macmillan,) in which we recognise less of the author's peculiarities, and more of his beauties, than in some previous publications. 'Four University Sermons, on the Parable of the Sower,' (Hatchard,) by Mr. C. S. Bird. A posthumous volume, 'Plain Sermons,' addressed to a country congregation, (Bell,) by Mr. Blencowe; very stirring and practical. 'Two series of Discourses on Christian Humiliation, and the City of God,' (J. W. Parker,) by the Bishop of Edinburgh: the author's aim is an elaborate and technical correctness, which he has successfully attained. Two volumes, contributed by different writers, 'Practical Sermons,' (J. W. Parker,) under Mr. Crosthwaite's superintendence. A complete volume, and several parts of a similar series, 'Sermons for Sundays,' &c. (Masters,) under Mr. Alexander Watson's editorship; the writers of which represent a higher school than those of the last-named undertaking. And single Sermons:—one by Bishop Doane, a Commencement Sermon, (Burlington, Morris;) and a Visitation Sermon, by Mr. Lund, (J. W. Parker,) preached at Chesterfield.